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COLLECTION

FROM THE

PROSE AND POETICAL WRITINGS

OF

MARY L. GARDINER.

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TO

BENJAMIN F. THOMPSON, ESQ.,

MY EARLY FRIEND AND PATRON,

THIS VOLUME

IS VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.



## P R E F A C E .

IN committing a volume of some hundred pages to the press, it may not, without reason, be expected that the reader should be favored with some account of the author's labors, and of the reasons which may have induced the publication of the present work. Indeed, the explanation seems the more appropriate, at a period when productions of a similar character have become not only common, but, probably in the opinion of the great mass of readers, quite too frequent, to be useful. So considerable a volume filled with pieces mostly poetical, and upon subjects, many of which have scarcely the recommendation of novelty, may seem to demand some apology for its intrusion upon the public in these prosaic times.

The author of this miscellaneous collection, (many parts of which have appeared in different publications,) is, but to a small extent, known to fame, and possesses no inordinate ambition for distinction as a writer, beyond the limits of her native island.

Feeling, as she does, her own inferiority, in comparison with a host of others whom it would be easy to mention, it may be easily supposed, that it is not without much hesitation and solicitude, that she submits her literary labors to the judgment of an impartial community. The writer is as sensible as the most fastidious of her readers can be, of the many imperfections which exist in these compositions, and that others, which she knows not of, will be discovered, thereby exposing her performances (and justly too) to the severity of criticism. She is equally well assured that the privileges of her sex guaranties no exemption from an ordeal,

to which all who venture before the public as authors, must submit.

Whether the circumstances, under which most of her pieces were composed, will be accepted as a partial excuse for their defects, must be left to the candor and consideration of the reader. It is, however, true, that no idea of their publication was originally entertained, beyond, perhaps, the ephemeral pages of a newspaper; and they are now collected into a volume, more for the gratification of her friends, than from a conviction of their possessing any intrinsic value.

An almost uninterrupted state of ill-health, of many years' continuance, attended with a great prostration of energy, made it impossible for her to discharge the most ordinary domestic duties; and the writer could only employ her occasional exemption from pain, in such amusements as her books and her pen afforded. Poetry has always been to her the most delightful species of literature, and this propensity will account for the preponderance of her poetical, over her prose compositions. The subject of many of them were, as will be perceived, prompted by particular incidents, and written upon the occasions which called them forth. A few were addressed to friends, whose hearts had been wounded by the stroke of death within their family circles; while others were composed upon the happening of some event of a more general character. In all instances, the writer has had constantly in view the cause of virtue and religion.

Whatever value may be attached to these effusions of her pen, the writer cannot help indulging the fond hope that the perusal may yield a pleasure proportionate, in some degree, to that experienced in their composition.

In conclusion, the author cannot withhold the expression of her gratitude to Heaven, by whose assistance alone she has been enabled to prepare her materials for this purpose; and she consoles herself with the honest hope, that they contain naught which, in dying, she could wish to blot.

MARY L. GARDINER.

THE

PROSE AND POETICAL WRITINGS

OF

MARY L. GARDINER.



## VICISSITUDE.



AH, what is our life but a dream,  
A shadow that passes away ;  
A light which is cast on the stream,  
By moonbeams that fitfully play.

I CAME to the halls of Cona, where all was mirth and song. The old man in his pride sat gazing upon his children, while the silver tresses shaded his brow. The mother, living again in the fairy forms around her, revealed the joy of her heart in her expressive countenance. Their sons were like the mountain oak, and their daughters like the first roses of summer. The sun rose brightly upon their habitation, unobscured by a single cloud, and descended in rayless majesty into the crystal wave. The elms towered in the gusty air, and the willows waved in the gentle breeze. Flowers and shrubs emitted their sweet perfume, and the green grass bent in beauty beneath their feet. No sorrow was there, for love held its empire over every heart, and the holy chain of filial affection bound them together. They were bright and beautiful as the morning, and buoyant as the young fawns of the mountain. They danced at the sound of the viol and guitar, while the flute in its sweetness reverberated over the dewy landscape. From each other's eyes they drank their fullest bliss ; for in their soft light was mirrored the harmony within, which as yet no blight had marred. Beautiful structure ! and transient as beautiful !

Again I traversed the mountain, drank at the clear cascades, scrambled over the shelving clefts, stood amid the rattling thunder, and gazed upon the lightning as it played fitfully around my path. I saw the strong oak bend beneath the whirlwind, and trees

of lesser strength uprooted by the blast. The spirit of the storm screamed wildly as she passed, and my ears were stunned by the roar of the elemental war. The music of the tornado was awfully sublime and terrible, as it swept from before it every trace of beauty. Prostrate, I lay upon the damp earth, and felt sensibly my connection with my fellow clay. Fiercely the tempest howled, and swept thundering down the sides of the mountain, at the base of which was situated the dwelling of Cona, and thither I bent my footsteps.

As I approached, a kind of superstitious dread took possession of my bosom. Years had passed away since I was there, and as I mused amid the peltings of the storm, I anticipated a reverse of what I had witnessed during my first visit at the house of my friend. Hoarsely the tempest shrieked, and its fitful gusts hurried me forward. Brown and bare was the rock which, like a battlement, protected the house of Cona; no wild rose twined its clustering arms around its craggy points; no young violets reared their timid heads amid the clefts—all was bare and barren. Closed were the gates, and everything, as if awed to silence by the spirit of the storm, was still as death. There was something awfully foreboding in the silence which enwrapped every object—as the storm suddenly became hushed—so mysteriously enervating my whole system, that, as I rung faintly at the door of the mansion, I leaned against the portico for support. Faintly as I rung, the sound of the bell came back upon my ear unbroken. Presently a step approached—the door opened, and I was ushered into the room where I had passed hours of unmingled delight. “Has the storm been here?” I exclaimed, as I gazed around. “What means this silence? Has a tempest more destructive than the one I have witnessed torn from their native soil the beautiful blossoms which but yesterday were blooming in their dewy freshness?”

As I mused, the aged parents entered. Bent were their tottering frames, which trembled as they drew near. They read my inquiry in my looks, and, pressing my hand, motioned for me to be seated. Sobs, loud and audible, burst from the broken heart of the mother; while the father, calm, patient, and submissive, bowed to the will of Heaven, knowing that with God there is no injustice.

“Thou lookest around,” he exclaimed, “but what seest thou?”



Thou listenest, but what dost thou hear? - The lights of my dwelling are extinct; my birds of song are mute, and their notes of love and joyousness are no longer heard. You found us in prosperity, and left us united and happy; but the dark storm of adversity overtook us, beat upon our bosoms, desolated our hopes, frustrated our fondest schemes, and blighted our sweetest flowers. My sons, the pride and glory of my house, died in a foreign land; they fell in the field of battle, their brows crowned with laurels, and their life-blood swelling the tide of victory! My daughters, young and beautiful as the morning, faded and died in the dreamy month of June, whose roses were not more sweet and lovely than those fair sisters, who, hand in hand, wandered amid their blushing tints, training the delicate ones with their transparent fingers, not less transient than themselves. The flute and the viol ceased, the guitar quivered under their slight touch, as their voices died away like the evening breeze, leaving the world to us like the silence of midnight, unbroken by even the softest murmur."

Tears flowed from the old man's eyes, they gushed in streams from his heartfull fountain, and mingled with those of the companion of his declining years. What, thought I, are the outward storms to this? Nature revives after the sweeping tempest; the leafy oak becomes more erect, and the young shrubs and flowers, glittering in the rain drops, are again fragrant and flourishing; but where are the lovely, who were once here?

Transplanted to a purer clime  
They bloom forever, where  
No change, no storm, no coming time  
Their beauty can impair.

## THE FORCE OF EDUCATION.



It was a cold evening in November, when Mrs. Seldon, seated by a small fire, was anxiously waiting for her only son, who had left in the morning to ascertain whether he could find employment in a counting house in the city of New-York. Mrs. Seldon was the widow of a clergyman, who died when his son was in the twelfth year of his age, leaving him and his mother with a few hundred dollars, and an excellent library. Mr. Seldon had spared no pains in Henry's education; and, at the early age of ten years, he had become acquainted, not only with the general rudiments of the English, but had made considerable advancement in the Latin, Greek, and French languages. Henry Seldon was beautiful as the morning; his eye was keen as the young eagle's, at the same time soft as the beams of the setting sun. His hair was black and glossy as the raven's, his brow was lofty, his mouth sweet and fascinating, his nose aquiline, and the general contour of his face classical. His form was elegance and grace, and all who saw him loved him. His father and mother's existence seemed identified with his; they lived in their son, and next to their Saviour, they loved him. One Sabbath, after Mr. Seldon returned from church, he complained of indisposition. A physician was called; life lingered until morning, when he breathed his last sigh upon the bosom of his wife, in the full hope of a glorious resurrection. Henry in vain strove to comfort his mother, who, for a few hours, was in a fearful delirium. So sudden had been the blow, that her frame, like a tree twisted by the tempest, could only recover from the shock by the slow application of time. After she became composed, she summoned every effort of her mind and body for her son. Alone, they pursued the course they considered the most prudent for their scanty means. Henry applied himself closely to his studies, while Mrs. Seldon attended

to her domestic concerns. Henry instructed a few boys, sons of their particular friends, who remembered them with undiminished affection, when the pastor they loved, and to whose voice they had listened for many years, was silent in the grave. Years rolled by, and Henry, who was well calculated for mercantile business, left home for the purpose of obtaining employment.

Mrs. Seldon spent the day in deep reflection, and many were the tears which fell from her eyes as she thought of a separation. Fervent were her supplications, and her countenance shone with the holy emotions of her soul. The tumult in her bosom had subsided, and she felt a calmness within, such as the Christian alone knows, and affectionate mothers feel, when they have committed the children of their love into the arms of their God. She had spread her table; warm toast and coffee stood upon the hearth; and she sat with a heart subdued by divine grace, waiting for her son's approach. She soon heard the sound of his welcome step; the door opened, and Henry entered, his eyes sparkling with animation, and his face radiant with manly beauty.

"My child," said Mrs. Seldon, "how rejoiced I am to see you! Oh, how could I live without you?"

As she spoke the tears fell from her eyes upon the hand of her beloved son, who, kissing her affectionately, said—

"Dear mother! just dry your tears, and pour me out some warm coffee, for I am both cold and hungry."

Mrs. Seldon drew the table nearer the fire, and, seating herself by it, inquired how he had succeeded. Henry, after drinking a cup of excellent coffee, said—

"Now, my dear mother, I will tell you; just let me, however, finish this nice piece of toast. I called on cousin Mary as we proposed, who promised to remain with you during my absence, should I conclude to leave home. I then proceeded to New-York; I found Mr. Oswald in his office, who received me both politely and affectionately. He invited me to dine with him, which I did."

Henry's face crimsoned as he spoke; his mother saw it, but inquired not the cause. In a moment he proceeded.

"We have entered into an engagement which is satisfactory to both. I am to be there on the tenth, and cousin Mary is to stay with you."

Mrs. Seldon thought she was composed, thought her will was subdued, and no more conflicts would arise. But when she heard

him say he was going—when, on looking up, she encountered the softened brilliancy of his expressive eyes, and saw his look of love resting upon her, she sighed deeply, and her hand trembled violently.

Henry had finished; he drew the table back; he saw the struggle in her bosom. It was what he expected; as he took her cold hand in his, while she endeavored to remove her handkerchief from her eyes, her feelings overpowered her, and she wept in the fullness of her soul. Henry sat with her hand clasped in his. He spoke not, for he knew the conflict would soon terminate, and his mother's good sense prevail. A little canary, who had been their sole companion for many years, as if he knew their feelings and wished to alleviate them, trilled his sweetest notes in long and reiterated strains.

"Sweet bird," said Mrs. Seldon, looking up, "did you say you would cheer my solitude? I will indeed listen to you, for there is wisdom in your voice, and I will be composed."

"Thank you, my kind friend," said Henry, "you have broken a spell that was fastening too deep for nature."

The word of God closed the scenes of the day, and both mother and son slept sweet under the guardianship of the angels.

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One week had elapsed since Henry Seldon left his home, when a letter was handed his mother by the post boy. She broke the seal with joyful emotions, and pressed the well-known characters to her bosom. Mary Greenly, anxious to hear from her cousin, begged her aunt to read aloud, which she did.

"MY DEAR MOTHER—In compliance with your request, I will now give you a description of the family with whom I am connected. Mr. Oswald is a man of wealth and influence, possessed of good sense, and strictly honest, but rather inattentive to his business. Ardently attached to his wife and daughters, he seldom denies them anything they wish. Mrs. Oswald is a fine-looking woman, fond of high life, and quite out of her element unless engaged in some scene of dissipation. Still she is an excellent woman, and kind to all around her. Julie and Emilie, her two eldest daughters, are handsome, genteel girls; but, like their mother; their whole heart seems absorbed in pleasure. *One* remains, my dear mother, and now, as you ever have done, you shall still know every avenue to my heart. Smile, if you please, and say

I am in love; let it be so. I will endeavor to describe Gertrude, the youngest daughter of Mr. Oswald. Do you recollect hearing me speak of a young lady I saw on a sailing excursion, from the seminary of —? Gertrude Oswald is the same. She is just seventeen, and certainly one of the most lovely girls I ever beheld. She is truly beautiful; there is a sedateness in her manners which renders her both dignified and interesting. Her mind is highly cultivated, and throws a charm around her whenever she speaks, that is irresistible. I would hope she might one day be mine, but I am poor, and although I confess I admire her, I will endeavor to banish the idea from my mind. But really, my dear mother, she is just the very being that you would, and I *do* love. My love to cousin Mary. I fancy I see you seated by your cheerful fire, your table covered with periodicals and papers, all laid aside to read my letter. Home, with its endearments, often rushes upon my mind; scenes I can never forget, and a mother I can never cease to love, are the sweet anodynes which at night lull me to repose. You will say I am getting quite sentimental; was I not always so, and will I not ever be? Your affectionate son,

“HENRY.”

\* \* \* \* \*

All was confusion in Mr. Oswald's splendid mansion. Carriage after carriage rolled to and fro from the door, and the drawing-rooms were crowded with beauty and fashion. There was nothing wanting to make the scene interesting, for nature and art had united their efforts to render it enchanting. Mrs. Oswald was delighted, and Julie and Emilie were in raptures. But Gertrude, the youngest and the loveliest of the bright band, looked around upon a scene which, while it dazzled, sickened her. The continued round of folly and dissipation she was compelled to witness was trying to her nature, and she trembled at the vortex she saw the whole family approaching. The saloon was elegantly adorned; refreshments of various kinds were tastefully arranged. The fruit looked as if it was in reality growing upon the stem, so beautiful were the miniature trees represented; and the grapes hung luxuriant upon the vines which curled around the little fairy arbors. Wine sparkled in the goblets, pyramids glittered beneath the rays of the hundred lights, while music echoed in thrilling sweetness through the apartments. Beauty languished on elegant ottomans and reclined on gilded sofas; large mirrors were empan-

nelled in the wall, so that the rooms, as the giddy throng joined in the voluptuous waltz, had the appearance of magic. It was nearly twelve, when Henry Seldon made his appearance. He stood for some time absorbed in meditation leaning against an arch wreathed with artificial flowers, beautiful as if bursting from nature's shrine. Round and round flew the excited throng, and many were the bright eyes cast upon him, for there was not a lady present but would have been proud of his attention. Sighing deeply, he looked up and beheld Gertrude at the far end of the room, intently viewing a verbena he purchased a few weeks previous for his mother, and had given to her to nurse until he should send or carry it home. She was so engrossed in her own reflections as not to heed his approach.

"Can a simple flower," he inquired, "engage the attention of one so young in the midst of so much mirth and pleasure?"

Gertrude raised her eyes at his well-known voice, and blushing deeply, said—

"I can find enjoyment in nothing else; this alone seems redeemed from the blight of sin and folly, and I love it for its purity."

Henry, bending over her, whispered in tones which thrilled through every winding of her heart,

"One other lovely creation is also redeemed; will you allow me a few moments' conversation?"

Gertrude took his arm, and they walked about to escape interruption.

Henry Seldon entered the family of Mr. Oswald, when his whole estate seemed suspended upon the action of a single moment. He found his accounts in a disordered, loose state, and immediately commenced arranging them. Mr. Oswald's family was one of the most wealthy in the city. His wife and two eldest daughters were wholly absorbed in the fashion and extravagance of the day. New equipage, furniture, and dress, were the themes of their conversation. Gertrude, the youngest, had lately returned from a boarding-school near the village where Henry Seldon and his mother resided. She had been absent four years, and boarded in a pious family, where her young heart became imbued with the spirit of religion. So strongly and steadily had the voice of wisdom sounded in her ears, and so beautifully were the precepts of the Gospel exemplified in the family of Mr. L., that she loved

the very earth which surrounded his habitation, and every shrub, flower and tree, were dear to her. It was during an excursion on a lake near the dwelling of Mr. L. she first saw Henry Seldon, though she never met him again until at her father's table. They conversed but seldom; but there was a mingling of souls, a communion of hearts which expressed itself in their eyes, and unfolded the secrets of their love. Mr. Oswald, having the fullest confidence in Henry, intrusted him with the whole care of his business. Henry saw with regret Mr. Oswald's and his family's thirst for show and pleasure, and knew by the bills that were continually handed in, that he could not long keep up such an appearance. Anxious for his family, he consulted his excellent mother what course to pursue. Great responsibility rested upon him. Mr. Oswald felt as if all was secure; knowing the fidelity of Henry, whose control over the clerks was absolute, though not despotic. They loved him; and a look, a single word, was sufficient, and they obeyed him as if by magic. Mrs. Seldon wrote her son that it was her opinion he had better speak to Mr. Oswald, and plainly state to him his situation.

For weeks there was a continued rush of parties, etc. One day a bill of five thousand dollars was handed him, and he could not meet the demand. Mr. Oswald came into the counting-room at the same moment, when Henry, in the mildest manner possible, mentioned his fears to him. Mr. Oswald started, and his color went and came with every impulse of his feeling.

"Young man, I certainly know my own business."

"Dear sir," said Henry, "let me be candid with you; indeed, you do not. I do not mention this to irritate or displease you: far from it." And laying his hand kindly on Mr. Oswald's arm, begged him to pay instant attention to his affairs, as he felt the responsibility resting upon him more than he was willing to bear. Mr. Oswald listened for a moment with evident emotion.

"What can I do?" he inquired.

"Retrench," said Henry; "not suddenly, but gradually."

"My wife and daughters will spurn the idea."

"Be resolute," replied Henry, "and all may yet go well; a few steps further and you are lost."

Mr. Oswald remained silent for a moment; his face was blanched, and his bosom heaved with an inward struggle.

"I have given my consent for a *soiree* to be at my house next

week, and I cannot prevent it, for the invitations are given out."

Henry looked distressed, but remained silent. Mr. Oswald walked the room much agitated, when turning suddenly round, he exclaimed, "Henry Seldon, can I bear these expenses?"

Henry spoke not.

Mr. Oswald, still paler, said, "Speak quick, and save me from distraction, and my wife and daughters from despair."

"Daughters!" said Henry; "have you no bright spot, no redeeming virtue?"

"Yes, my Gertrude; and if I mistake not, she is also your guiding-star. But you will not want a penniless wife. Oh, why did I not listen to you before, when in the gentlest terms you have hinted to me we were living too fast!"

Henry felt deeply for Mr. Oswald, and taking him kindly by his arm, closed the door, and led him to the desk.

"Here are all your bills; I will look them over, and if this party can be given, and you can be saved, I will inform you; but, then, you must remember and be resolute."

After investigating the accounts, it was concluded to give the party, and then acquaint the family; and if possible go on with the business. Henry and Gertrude conversed freely upon their situation. They had both for a long time dreaded the result of their extravagance. As they were promenading they met Mr. Oswald, who, looking upon them, rejoiced; there were those who arose above the fascinations of folly and fashion. He longed for the scene to end; it pained him to see his wife and daughters so wholly absorbed in pleasure, and he trembled for the morrow. He looked on Henry as his guardian angel; and on Gertrude, who had so often been ridiculed by her sisters for her Methodism, as a beautiful flower which had escaped the blight of the destroyer.

"To-morrow, Mr. Oswald," said Henry.

"To-morrow, my dear father," said Gertrude; "be resolute, and all will be well."

"Can you bear the storm that will burst, my child?"

"Yes," replied Gertrude; "and long to hear its approaching murmur."

"Your father might have prevented it," said he; "can you forgive him?"

Gertrude took his hand—she loved her father dearly—she was



his youngest, and his darling child—pressing it affectionately to her bosom, she said, “Dear father, you have never offended me; you need nothing but resolution, and we shall again be happy.”

Mr. Oswald could not rest. Such were his emotions, that sleep departed from him.

After the company had all retired, and the family, as he supposed, asleep, he entered the deserted rooms. All was still and cheerless. Their silence spoke volumes to his soul. He looked around; the few remaining lights burned dimly. Here was a glove from the hand of beauty, and there a wilted flower, dropped amid the strife of folly and affectation. Looking upon it, he exclaimed, “Such will be the remembrance of the past, and the scene for which I last night expended thousands, live no longer in remembrance than this simple flower, which, last evening for an hour, drew around it the gaze of the multitude.”

He walked on the terrace, for his brow was feverish, and his heart beat wildly. The scene from where he stood was delightful. The night was still—the moon wending her way through fields of light, surrounded by innumerable stars, all singing in sweetness and harmony, “The hand that made us is divine;” while man, God’s best and noblest work, lives unmindful of his high destiny. The East River lay in beautiful relief before his eyes; it was calm and peaceful as the sleep of infancy; not a sound was heard; nature was hushed, and silence spread her pall over the universe. He gazed upon the scene until he became composed. “I will,” said he, “listen to Henry and Gertrude. I will be resolute! I will now enter my office and see the worst of my affairs. Alone, I can venture to look over my bills.” As he proceeded, he passed by Gertrude’s room, from whence he heard a murmuring sound. He listened. It was his daughter’s voice; it was his own Gertrude at that late hour praying for him. He heard her distinctly say, “Sustain him, oh, my God! in this trying scene, and give him fortitude to perform his duty.”

Mr. Oswald wept; “Fortitude to perform my duty!” and clasping his hands, he hurried to his office, repeating, “fortitude to perform my duty.”

On opening the door, he was startled by a light at the further end of the room, where, sitting by a table, was Henry Seldon busily engaged in looking over bills and papers which were strewed around. His entrance was so still, he was unheard by

Henry, who, with a pen in one hand, was resting his head upon the other. On seeing Mr. Oswald, he arose precipitately from his seat, and approached him.

“Excellent young man!” said Mr. Oswald, extending his hand, “and have you devoted your hours for rest to me, who have been so ungrateful and unmindful of your kindness? What do I not owe you?”

“Mr. Oswald,” said Henry, knowing the probability of receiving many bills to-morrow, and the necessity of having the past accounts accurate, “I have deferred taking my rest that I might aid you.”

“How are my affairs?” said Mr. Oswald; “let me know the worst, for I am nerved for the investigation—nerved by a daughter’s prayers.”

Henry cast a look of inquiry, and Mr. Oswald related how he had passed the night.

“Gertrude is a treasure,” said Henry, “an exception to all I ever knew.”

“And she shall be yours, Henry Seldon. I have read your note, and shall with pride own you for my son. You have, since you have been here, accumulated a handsome property. I am happy to hear from you that your mother has come in possession of so handsome an estate. But had you not a penny, and Gertrude a million, I would rather have her your wife, than any other man’s living.”

Henry’s heart was full; he had loved Gertrude from the first moment he saw her. She was just the being he admired—just what his young heart panted for. They had plighted their vows, and he had that day asked her of her father. Gertrude seldom went with her sisters and mother; she did not wish to go; and they, conscious of her superior charms, did not urge her. At home, conversing with Henry, and reading his mother’s letters and talking of her, she had derived more enjoyment than in all the round of fashionable life. Mrs. Oswald had always been accustomed to parade and show, and knew not how to live without it. She loved her husband and worshipped her children; and thoughtlessly, rather than wilfully, pressed her wishes upon him. She, with all the family, looked upon Henry as a superior being, and shrank from his penetrating eye, and chilling but true remarks. They knew he loved Gertrude, and was willing she should return

his affection. Still, in the moment of irritable excitement, she was often the butt of their unpleasant feelings—she and her Calvinistic beau, as they termed him.

The next morning Gertrude hastened to the breakfast-room, where she waited long for the family. At length Mrs. Oswald entered. "My dear mother," said Gertrude, approaching her, "you need not wait for my father, he is engaged, and cannot breakfast with you."

"Not breakfast with us! why, this is quite uncommon; where are your sisters?"

"Here," said Gertrude, as they entered.

"Well, girls, how did you enjoy yourselves last evening?" inquired Mrs. Oswald.

"Very much indeed. It was indeed a brilliant affair. Did you notice how astonished the Darlington's were when they entered the room?"

"Yes," replied the mother; "and many others. We succeeded in our plan to admiration, and eclipsed all the other parties that have been given this winter. You were a good girl, Gertrude, for arranging the flowers and fruit so beautifully. All, even Henry Seldon, admired it; but how singularly you behaved!"

"I know it," said Emilie; "I never saw you so provokingly Calvinistic in my life."

"You are well aware, my dear sisters," replied Gertrude, "I do not love these parties; I cannot enjoy them, and I do sincerely hope our father will never give his consent for another."

"Mercy!" cried Julie; "why, you are growing not only more puritanical, but a real pope; and before we know it, we shall have an inquisition established."

As she spoke, Mr. Oswald and Henry entered. Gertrude turned deadly pale.

"Why, really, Mr. Oswald," said his wife, "what in the world has detained you? it was very late when I arose; we waited some time for the girls, and now it is nearly twelve. But here," ringing the bell, "you shall have a good cup of coffee."

"No, my dear," replied he, in a softened voice; "I do not wish any. I have particular business to attend to."

"Well, do hurry, papa," said the girls, "for we have an engagement at two, and must be ready at the time appointed."

"Where?" demanded the father.

“To Harlem; all of us. It is Queen Victoria’s birth day, and there will be a great rush to the celebration.”

“I cannot go,” said Mr. Oswald.

“Cannot go?” said his wife and daughters; “but we are absolutely engaged.”

Gertrude, “severe in her youthful beauty,” reproved her sisters, and urged them to be still.

“I cannot,” said Mr. Oswald; and approaching his wife, he reached her his hand.

“Mercy!” shrieked Mrs. Oswald, “what ails you? How pale you look! Oh, reach me my salts—I shall faint.”

Julie and Emilie looked wildly at their father, but meeting Mr. Seldon’s look and Gertrude’s pale face, they remained silent. Gertrude handed the smelling-bottle to her mother, who was indeed faint, took her hand, and affectionately pressing it to her bosom, said, “My dear mother, do not go; do not urge papa; be silent for a few moments.”

In a few words, Mr. Oswald made his family acquainted with their situation. A clap of thunder from a clear sky could not be more sudden. The girls shrieked, and their mother fainted. Mr. Oswald looked to Henry, who, waving his hand, said, “Be still. The storm is at its height, and will soon be over.”

Mr. Oswald kissed his wife and folded her to his bosom. Gertrude and Henry soothed the sisters, who became calm by listening to their melting importunities. “How the Arlingtons will exult!” said they; “oh, how can we endure their scorn! how they will delight to see our pride humbled!”

Mrs. Oswald, recovering, said, “Why was this delayed? Why did you not tell us before?”

“It was owing to my neglect,” said Mr. Oswald. “Can you forgive me?” and he wept freely.

“Oh, my husband!” said Mrs. Oswald. “Oh, my father, my dear father!” said the girls, all hanging around him; “you never did wrong. Oh, look up and smile, and we shall be happy!”

As Henry Seldon gazed upon the interesting scene, he seemed like the fabled Mentor, when he saved Ulysses from the snare of the Syren. “Mrs. Oswald,” said he, approaching her, “I hope you will pardon me for being the cause of this sudden sorrow? Mr. Oswald might have continued for some time in the course you were pursuing; but the bubble would eventually have burst, and

there would have been no redemption. Now, my dear madam, by retrenching gradually, and by proper management, you can be saved."

"We owe all to Mr. Seldon," said Mr. Oswald. "He is our preserver, and what reward can we make him? It is owing entirely to him we have a house to live in—that we are not beggars in the street."

Mrs. Oswald and the girls crowded round him and wept their thanks. "We can never repay him," said Mrs. Oswald, "and I blush to look up."

Henry gazed around, and his eyes overflowed with the pure emotions of his soul. "May I claim my reward?" said he, bowing to Mrs. Oswald; "will you bestow on me the richest gift heaven can bestow?"

"With all my heart, provided it is in my power."

"Then, give me," said he, stepping to Gertrude, and leading her forward, "give me your child." Gertrude, trembling with excess of feeling, sank upon her mother's breast. "Will you bestow the gift?" he tenderly inquired.

"My child," said Mrs. Oswald—"my sweet Gertrude, what shall I say?"

"Have I no debt to pay my mother?" she said, and bursting into tears, she hid her blushing face in her bosom.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was on one of those beautiful mornings in June, when everything in nature has a softening influence upon the mind, and comes home to the soul in a mysterious, yet delightful manner, when a carriage stopped at the parsonage of C——, and Henry Seldon led his young and lovely bride to his fond and dotting mother. Mrs. Seldon wept tears of joy as she folded Gertrude to her bosom. She had been acquainted with all the circumstances relative to her father's family, having heard from her son all that had transpired.

"We have just stopped to look at you, my dear mother," said Henry; "we are on a short tour; when that is accomplished, we will return and spend the remainder of our days together."

Gertrude gazed around in an ecstasy of delight. Rural simplicity reigned in every direction. Nothing could have been more gratifying, more as she wished. It was a true picture of what, in her imagination, she had long sighed for. The place had undergone a thorough repair. A beautiful lawn surrounded the dwell-

ing, embowered with trees of various descriptions, among which were elms of half a century, under whose branches Henry had wiled away the happy hours of childhood. The shrubs and curling vines ran luxuriantly over the portico, the seats of which were filled with flowers of the choicest kind. Henry led her to one, which was placed upon his mother's work-table. It was the verberna she nursed. Gertrude's heart was full, as Henry asked her, "if *there* it was the only redeeming virtue?" "No! oh, no!" she replied; "all is redeeming here. This is the earthly paradise my soul has panted for." At that moment the canary trilled his sweetest notes, and associations, strong and irresistible, came over them. Cousin Mary appeared with strawberries and cream. After partaking of them, and enjoying a walk in the garden, they bade Mrs. Seldon adieu, and started for Saratoga.

Reader, would you behold a scene of as perfect happiness as this changing world can afford, go to the parsonage of C——, and in a room neatly furnished, you will find seated on a sofa, two females, their feet resting on an ottoman, on which sits Henry Seldon, with a hand of each clasped in his. They are his wife and mother. The breath of love lingers upon their lips, as the dew of the morning on the young rose leaves. The law of kindness is in their hearts, and their dwelling is the abode of happiness and peace. Such is the force of education, such the effect of rightly training the mind, such the ways of virtue that there is more real pleasure to be derived from the consciousness of doing good, than from any other source. Here in this picture is plainly portrayed from whence all true enjoyment springs. Religion and virtue wreath the altar of domestic love, and happiness flows spontaneously from a fount so pure and lovely.

## FILIAL PIETY REWARDED.



MRS. STANHOPE was the widow of an American officer, who was killed in the battle of Princeton, and who fell by the side of the brave Col. Mercer. Mr. Stanhope's grandfather, Robert Stanhope, crossed from Europe to America in the *Mayflower*, and was one of that bright constellation, who sang the song of praise on Plymouth's ice-clad rock. His son, Samuel Stanhope, penetrated the wilds of Virginia, cleared for himself a farm, on which he lived many years, and which, at his death, he bequeathed to his son, Robert Stanhope, the officer above mentioned.

He had become in early life attached to Adelaide Mowbray, whom he married with every prospect of earthly enjoyment. Never were hearts more truly devoted. They lived in each other's smiles in calm retirement, and cultivated their farm with comfort and pleasure. The rising sun brightened, as he cast his radiance upon their dwelling; and the soft rays of their beaming countenances, as they knelt at their devotions, mingled with the pure glow of the morning. Labor to them was sweet, for it was love which prompted them to action; love cleared the land; love spread the table; love enlightened the winter's eve, and shed its benign influence on all around. The labors of the day ended with a smile; their slumbers were sweet and tranquil; their own soft breathings lulled them to repose, and with the lark their songs of praise arose on the morning breeze. One lovely child was the pledge which sealed their vows, and made their union still more sweet. For her they labored, and each shared in her soft caresses. Her infant glee, her merry laugh, her tottering steps, her every action, served but to rivet the chains which bound them closer together.

The little Emily operated like a charm upon their senses, and her presence threw around them a halo of increasing brightness. Religion, innocence, peace, and contentment were the inmates of their abode. When the difficulties first commenced between Great

Britain and America, a day was set apart, as one of fasting and prayer in their own State, which was observed by them with holy devotion. Mr. S. was a true patriot; his country was as dear to him as life, and he was among the first who stepped forward in the defence of his nation's rights and privileges. It was an hour of bitterness when he told his young and lovely wife he must leave her. Well as she loved her husband, agonizing as was the idea of parting, she did not yield to despair. He saw the color forsake her cheek as he spoke of his departure; saw the tears, like rain drops, fall from her beautiful eyes, but heard no loud exclamation from her lips. She was a woman of noble mind; she understood the situation of her country, and panted for its deliverance. But could she yield up her husband, dear as her own life, the father of her Emily, the sharer of every joy and sorrow? Could she be left without him? It was indeed a struggle; but he must go.

Never did a more fervent desire ascend before the throne of infinite purity, than arose from this fond pair on the night previous to the departure of Mr. S. As their petitions ended, they embraced each other in silence for some moments; while on their knees they took little Emily between them, and solemnly dedicated her to God, and gave themselves renewedly to his care. Overcome by contending emotions, they sank to repose. The morning broke upon them, and the bright rays, which peeped through the casements of their window from the rising sun, were the last beams which ever met their views together while in this vale of tears. Mr. Stanhope took his beloved Adelaide in his arms, and held her for many moments in speechless agony: as he brushed back the raven curls from her beautiful brow, he imprinted upon her lips his farewell kiss. With frantic agony she hung upon his neck, and clasped him to her bosom—bathed his face, his hands, with her tears, and stood the silent picture of woe. Stepping to the bed, he kissed and blessed his sleeping babe—cast one more glance upon his beloved wife, and hurried away from the spot dearest to him on earth, to return no more.

After the agony of parting was over, Mrs. Stanhope turned her attention to the cultivation of her farm, to her household, and her child. She was a woman of high-souled courage, although possessed of the finest sensibilities of her sex. Well as she loved her husband, she gloried in his patriotism and his honor. Many were



the prayers, which arose from pious mothers and wives during that momentous struggle for liberty and independence, but none more fervently than those of Adelaide Stanhope, while her husband was following his brave commander, the immortal Washington, from place to place, amid discouragements, hardships, cold, weariness and hunger, even with naked, bleeding feet, over our newly fertilized land, in the pursuit of those blessings we so richly enjoy. For hours would she plead for them and for her beloved country; and often would her little Emily, while kneeling by her mother's side, wipe the tears from her eyes, and twine her little arms around her neck. So fervent, so pure, so rapt, were the devotions of this sainted woman, that the sacredness of the scene was such as to inspire her child, young as she was, with feelings that her mother's communion was holy and sublime; and thus her youthful mind became imbued with the pure precepts that were continually instilled into her expanding intellect.

Anxiously did Mrs. Stanhope watch for any intelligence concerning the army; sometimes encouraged, sometimes almost ready to despair of ever seeing him she loved, or of hearing the silver clarion of peace echoing throughout our then bloodstained land.

It was in November, just at evening's soft and tranquil hour, as Mrs. S. was sitting with her little Emily, chanting her vesper hymn, that a rap was heard, and a stranger entered. Mrs. S. read the fatal news in his eye, and it was soon confirmed. Her beloved husband was no more! He had fallen on the battle-field, crowned with the laurels of his country!

Like the lily which bows its gentle head to the winds of heaven, Mrs. Stanhope yielded to the blow with the meekness of a Christian. Closer than ever did she cling to the throne of grace, and nearer and more holy was her communion with her God. The salvation of her child was now her chief desire, and she looked forward with a sacred joy to their re-union in heaven.

After the storm of war was hushed through our land, and Peace sat triumphantly upon her throne, crowned with a chaplet of unfading laurels; when Liberty, waving her star-spangled banner, declared our country free, Mrs. Stanhope disposed of her farm, bade adieu to the place with which the image of her beloved husband was strongly associated, and settled upon the banks of the beautiful Potomac.

Her health received a shock at her husband's death, from which

she never recovered. She was a stranger in R. ; lived secluded, and was seldom seen, save in the sanctuary of God. Possessed of a well-cultivated mind, she attended to the education of her daughter, whose intellectual powers were not inferior to her own; and under her fostering hand she bloomed, like the young flowers of summer; nor were they more beautiful or more pure than Emily Stanhope.

One Sabbath afternoon, while they were at church, a shower suddenly arose, accompanied by heavy thunder and vivid lightning. Mr. James, the clergyman, awed by the sublimity of the scene, spoke eloquently of the coming judgment. The earth had become drenched with rain: Mrs. Stanhope's health being extremely delicate, she hesitated on going immediately out. As she and her daughter were standing near the door, viewing the scenery around, the trees and bushes, dripping with the rain drops, now glittering like emerald blossoms, Emily directed her mother's eye to a beautiful rainbow which arched the heavens. The sun at the same moment, bursting from behind a cloud, added brilliancy to the scene. Laying her hand gently upon her mother's arm, she exclaimed, in a sweet, soft voice,

“Is not this delightful?”

Her mother, glancing her eye upward, said, “It is the bow of promise, my child; it tells me we shall meet in yonder heaven.”

There was a sacredness, a solemnity, in the words of Mrs. S. which touched Emily's heart, while an unaccountable sensation pervaded her soul.

At that moment a carriage drove up to the door, and a young gentleman, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, had heard the conversation between the mother and daughter, and had more than once seen Emily Stanhope, stepped forward, and asked them to take seats in his carriage. As he was a stranger, Mrs. Stanhope declined his proposal; when Mr. James came forward, and, introducing him as Mr. Charles Hammond, said,

“I am to go in this carriage, and beg that you and your daughter will permit us to see you safe home.”

Mrs. Stanhope trembled violently; her countenance was pale with excitement; the discourse to which she had been attentively listening had affected her spirits. Bowing to the young man, she ascended the steps, followed by her daughter. When seated, Mr. James, being animated with the beautiful appearance of na-

ture after the shower, spoke in raptures. But his observations were unheeded by Emily, who saw her beloved mother unusually agitated; and knowing how frail she was, she trembled with fear lest some rude blast might sweep her away forever. As she sat silently gazing upon her wan countenance, she sighed involuntarily, and a silent tear fell heavily upon her hand. She raised her eyes, and met the ardent, the fixed gaze of the stranger riveted upon her, as if to read her very soul.

When they reached their dwelling, the gentlemen assisted Mrs. Stanhope from the carriage, who, leaning on the arm of the clergyman, walked toward the door, while the stranger aided Emily. On opening the gate, she raised her eyes to thank him for his politeness; but she was confused, and without saying one word, entered the yard.

“Good afternoon,” said Mr. Hammond; “I hope neither yourself nor your mother will receive injury from the storm.”

She turned, and met a smile so sweet, that her young heart drank in its exuberance, while a sun-lit glow came over her almost new existence.

Hastening to her mother, she prevailed upon her to lie down for a short time and rest. She then entered her chamber, where alone she poured out her soul to her heavenly Father for submission to his will; for she saw evidently she must soon be left an orphan. She arose calm and serene; on entering the parlor, she found her mother seated on the sofa.

“Come here, my Emily,” said Mrs. Stanhope, when taking her daughter’s hand. “I see you are agitated about me, and beg you will be composed. You have ever heard from me, my child, how fleeting and vain are all terrestrial things. I have ever endeavored to lead your mind above, to prepare you for the scenes of life; and feel confident that He, who clothes the lilies of the field, will take care of you. I may live long, but feel a presentiment that I shall not. The discourse this afternoon has opened a future state so clearly and powerfully to my mind, and the glories of the upper world have beamed so sweetly upon me, I feel almost anxious to become one of the happy number who, through much tribulation, have washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb.”

“Oh! my dear mother—my dear mother,” said the weeping Emily, “what can I do in this bleak world without you? Oh that I might die too!”

“Say not so, my child,” replied Mrs. S.; “be willing to remain here, and accomplish your Father’s will. Endeavor to fill with fidelity every station in which you may be placed, looking by faith to One who will never leave or forsake you. You have long been devoted to me, and your filial piety and affectionate love will never pass unrewarded. Look, my Emily, to yonder setting sun, and as he quickly sinks behind the mountain, sing me my favorite hymn.”

With a faint voice, and a countenance lit up with holy fervor, the sweet girl obeyed her mother’s commands. Her soul caught the inspiration of the hour, and her voice, clear and melodious, rose and swelled on the gentle breeze, then died away in heavenly strains, as she sang the following hymn—

#### AN EVENING THOUGHT.

AH! what is our life but a dream,  
 A shadow which fleeth away,  
 A light which is cast on the stream,  
 By moon-beams that fitfully play ;  
  
 A flash of delight, which at best  
 Is false as ’tis fleeting and vain,  
 Which retires like the sun in the west ;  
 When he dips his bright disk in the main ;  
  
 An arrow which flies through the air,  
 And is borne in its speed from our sight ;  
 A vision as transient as fair,  
 And brief as a dream of the night ;  
  
 A dew-drop which sparkles at morn,  
 And glows in the sun’s golden rays :  
 Its brilliance the flow’rets adorn,  
 Then dies and expires in his blaze.  
  
 Then why, oh my soul ! dost thou sigh  
 To drink in its cup of delight,  
 When earth’s brightest glories all die,  
 All vanish and fade on our sight !  
  
 Its cup of enchantment is broke,  
 Its loveliest vision has fled ;

'Tis crushed, 'tis eclipsed by a stroke,  
'Tis withered, 'tis blighted and dead.

Away through yon regions of peace,  
Where pleasures unceasingly roll,  
I would fly to behold that lov'd face,  
Whose beauties enrapture the soul.

Where tempest and clouds never come,  
Where all is immortal and fair,  
I would rest in my heaven, my home,  
And revel in blessedness there.

On the ensuing day, Mr. James called: his conversation and his prayers were soothing to the souls of both, and his visit more esteemed, more gratifying, than the choicest treasures of the East. He informed them that the young gentleman to whom they were introduced was the only son of a respectable merchant, who had lately fixed himself in the place. He left them with the promise of calling soon.

Mrs. Stanhope's circumstances were humble. Emily had the sole care of her mother, who was so unwell as to be confined to her room. She did not let her know how many difficulties she had to encounter, but carefully concealed them from her. She was her nurse by day and by night, and watched with intense anxiety her very breath.

One day, as she was crossing the street to obtain from a store opposite some necessaries, being in haste, the wind took her bonnet, which was untied, and carried it a short distance from her. Throwing back her hair, which hung in wild confusion around her beautiful neck and finely-turned shoulders, she saw a gentleman bringing her bonnet. It was Charles Hammond,

Whose memory, like a brilliant star,  
Around her pathway shone;  
Whose twinkling beauty from afar,  
Oft cheered her when alone.

She received it from him blushing, and thanked him. He inquired after her mother's health, and passed on.

Mrs. Stanhope continued more unwell; a physician was applied to. She was subject to faintness, which so much alarmed Emily,

that she was entirely overpowered. She had become nervous through continued watchings. It was after one of these affections, that Mrs. S. opened her eyes, and beheld her beloved child gazing upon her with all the tenderness of her young heart.

"I am better, my love, I am better," she exclaimed, "and shall live a little longer, I hope, for your sake."

"Oh! my mother," said Emily, "I was fearful the long agony of your life was over;" and, stooping down, her warm tears mingled with her kisses.

Long and still was the silence which ensued, broken only by an hysterical sob from the lovely being, who, while bending over her mother's almost inanimate body, saw nothing before her but one wild solitary waste.

Just then the physician entered, who was about forty years of age, kind and attentive, constituting a friend and physician both. He entered their abode as a stranger, but he felt, after a few visits, like a friend and a father. He admired Mrs. Stanhope for her meekness, her piety, her sweetness of manners; and he looked upon Emily as one of the most perfect of human beings. He had witnessed her unwearied care, her entire devotedness; saw how her whole soul was identified with her mother's life: and his heart bled within him, when he beheld how fast the messenger, death, was approaching to sever this young and tender blossom from its parent stem, and at a time when she most needed her counsel and her love. He became acquainted with their circumstances, and had consulted with Mr. James, who was his friend, what course to pursue in regard to Emily after her mother's decease. Mr. James was anxious she should live with him, as he had no child; and it was concluded upon.

On entering the room one day, he found Emily sitting by the bed side of her mother, and reading aloud in the sacred book. Upon Mrs. Stanhope's wan countenance a glow of unearthly brightness lingered; for, as she listened to the soft voice of her child, she seemed to catch a glimpse of a better world.

"Oh!" said she, "doctor, could I but see my Emily pleasantly situated, I should have no further wish. I could depart," raising her emaciated hands, "yes, this moment."

"Say not so, dearest madam," said the doctor; "perhaps your wish may yet be granted." As he spoke, he handed Emily a note. She opened it—a deep blush overspread her face.

The doctor said he would retire for a few moments, and call again, casting an arch look at Emily; "for I wait your commands."

After he was gone, Emily read the note to her mother. It was from Charles Hammond, stating an avowal of his love, and requesting permission to visit her. Mrs. Stanhope fixed her eyes upon her child. She had, from the day they met in the church, felt confident an attachment had sprung up in her heart, although she never mentioned it; for Charles Hammond was a youth of uncommon beauty and suavity of manners. She remembered her young dream of love, a bright vision which had followed her through life, and never slumbered; and she read in her daughter's face, which was the index of her heart, that all was not quiet there.

"Shall we admit his visits, my dear?" said Mrs. Stanhope, "for I see the doctor is coming, and he will require an answer."

"Dear mother," said the blushing girl, "what shall I do?"

"Just as you please, my love."

As she spoke, the doctor entered. He seated himself by Mrs. S., while Emily retired. Alone, in her chamber, she knelt and prayed for divine direction. That she loved was true—sincerely, devotedly, from the first hour they met. She arose from her resting-place, calm, determined, and happy. Having answered the note, she handed it to the doctor, who immediately withdrew; then leaning her head on her mother's pillow, she burst into tears. Mrs. Stanhope, parting the raven hair which shaded her beautiful face, kissed her; then, laying her trembling hand upon her daughter's, she closed her eyes in silent prayer.

The next day brought Charles Hammond to the habitation of one he had adored from the first moment he saw her. Emily received him with modest dignity, and unaffectedly listened to an avowal of his ardent affections.

"I had seen you often," said he, "before you knew it; have often watched you and your mother as you walked in the garden, and wished for an introduction, a desire that was granted me in the church. I am anxious you should receive assistance; your mother's health and your own require it. Will you permit me to see her?"

Emily led the way into her mother's room. Mrs. Stanhope received him with ease and a degree of cheerfulness. She listened to his requests, and permitted him to supply her with a nurse.

From this time Mrs. Stanhope gradually declined. A smile of content rested upon her once beautiful features. She saw her beloved Emily surrounded with friends, with the pleasing prospect of being united to one truly deserving of her.

One day, as Emily and Mr. Hammond were sitting by her mother, each had tenderly taken her hand. She was gazing intently upon them. Emily was pale with excitement, and her eyes red with weeping; for she loved her mother as her own life, and she wept as she saw her sinking to the grave. Mrs. S., sensible of her feelings, spoke of the happiness which awaited her in a better land, and of the re-union which would take place when liberated from her prison of clay. Seeing a change in her appearance, they arose. At that moment the doctor and Mr. James entered. They assisted Mrs. S., who had fainted. Emily bent in anguish over her beloved parent, who, looking up, motioned for Mr. Hammond; then taking a hand of either, she joined them together, saying,

“Love and cherish one another, and meet me in——”

Heaven, she would have said, but again fainted. In a few moments she revived, when, looking upon Mr. James, she feebly articulated—“Pray.”

All knelt but Emily: she hung in agony over her dying mother, kissed her cold marble brow, laid her hand softly on her's, bent low to catch her last breath. Her respirations grew fainter and fainter; and as Mr. James poured forth his soul to God, Mrs. Stanhope's pure spirit fled, and Emily fell senseless into the arms of her friends.

As the timid flower rears its beauteous head beneath the genial rays of a summer's sun after a pitiless shower, so did Emily Stanhope look up and smile amid kind and devoted friends. Her lovely eyes beamed with lustrous softness as she met the ardent gaze of Charles Hammond, who watched over her with intense affection, and, by his kindness and love, caused her gentle soul to repose quietly under his protecting care. After spending a few months with her reverend friend—with a blushing face, and a trembling hand, she gave herself forever to the object of her dearest affections, who received her from Mr. James as the choicest blessing heaven could bestow.

On the evening of the same day, winding her arm around her lover's, with a look of ineffable sweetness, and a countenance radiant with smiles and tears, she asked him to accompany her on



a short excursion. With a basket of fresh flowers in one hand, culled from the choicest plants, she led their way to the place in silence. Over the green turf which covered the remains of her beloved mother, she strewed the sweet blossoms of spring, and round the white urn of love she twined a garland of jessamine and roses, formed by her own fair hands, and bathed with her flowing tears; then, kneeling upon her mother's grave, she looked upward as if to invoke her sainted spirit to smile upon and bless them. So calm and tranquil was the scene, so impassioned her look, so exalted her piety, so free, so unmixed with earth, that her husband, as he gazed upon her, felt his own soul imbued with the spirit of Emily's, and, like her, he inhaled the very atmosphere of heaven.

Years have passed away, but the place remains. It is hallowed by the recollection of those who sleep within its bosom. A white stone, inscribed to Filial Piety, points the wanderer to the resting-place of Charles and Emily Hammond, and their sainted mother.

## THE CONTRAST; OR, THE BLUE MANTILLA.

CHARLES MILNOR and Edward Crayton, were, for many years, joint partners in a mercantile house in the city of Philadelphia, where they accumulated an immense fortune. When they closed their business, Mr. Milnor retired with his family about two miles from the city, and took possession of a beautiful villa he had purchased. He married in early life an amiable, pious, and judicious woman; one whom he loved from his youth. A striking similarity of taste existing between them, rendered every object they pursued both pleasant and delightful. Heaven had blessed them with three lovely children—Charles, Alice, and Augusta—who shared equally in their affections. They were educated by their mother, who was possessed of a superior mind, and had received a thorough education. Their servants were faithful, and but seldom exchanged—owing to the prudent management of Mrs. Milnor. Her knowledge of housewifery, and the systematic arrangement, afforded them leisure hours for their own benefit, without the suffering of her domestic affairs by their relaxation.

Theirs was indeed a happy family, whose chief source of delight sprung from their own hearts, which were fountains of contentment, and the little tributary streams that flowed from them fertilized every spot they visited. Mr. Crayton was himself fond of parade and show, and exceedingly fond of his wife, who, sensible of her complete influence over him, by her management and tact accomplished every undertaking. Extravagant in the highest degree, her ambition knew no bounds; every new and fashionable article was eagerly sought after until obtained, when the gratification ceased with the possession. The more exorbitant the price, the more congenial to her taste for display, until Mr. Crayton saw, too late to remedy it, the evil result of his indulgence.

The last article she had fixed her eyes upon was a blue mantilla; the extreme beauty of the color rendered it an object of attraction, being one becoming her complexion, and she was determined to procure it. For the first time in his life, her husband was resolved not to purchase. Their children—Agnes, Isabella, and George—were very handsome, but ungoverned and unrestrained. They were seldom the companions of their mother, who should have concentrated their centre of attraction—whose bosom, to them, should have been a receptacle of all that was delightful, her smile their meed of reward, and her kiss their seal of enjoyment. They were placed under a governess, and *foreign teachers*, who were more anxious to obtain a handsome support, than to bend the young minds, committed to their training, as would be most beneficial to them, to their parents, and to the world. Thus these sweet children were left to the guidance of their own wills, without that restraint which would have rendered them agreeable to all. Mr. Crayton beheld with mingled emotions the situation of his family; his expenses were enormous; a continued routine of fashionable life engrossed every moment of time; and not until he felt his own health impaired did he awake fully to the misery of his situation. He pitied, while he admired, his beautiful wife, the victim of folly and dissipation. He was ardently attached to his children, and much, indeed, did he wish for an alteration in his mode of living. He called occasionally on his friend Mr. Milnor, and was struck with the order and regularity of his family; and wished Mrs. Crayton and his children to have more frequent interviews with them—hoping his wife might be led to imitate what she could not but admire in Mrs. Milnor, and the children be prompted to obedience by the amiable deportment of the little Milnors. Although Mr. Milnor and Mr. Crayton were daily together, their families were, for a long time, strangers to each other. A sister of Mr. Crayton's married under the most cheering prospects, but her hopes were soon cut off in the death of her husband; and, in giving birth to a daughter, she expired, leaving her little Emilie in the care of her brother, in whose family she became a member. Although surrounded by her cousins, who were of the same age as herself, she was lonely, and sighed for something she knew not what. She delighted in sitting alone, gazing upon the clear blue sky, fancying each beautiful fringed cloud, as it floated in the liquid air, the abode of her parents; and,

when oppressed with a sense of her desolation, would reach forth her dimpled hands, as if to implore their blessing. She loved to ramble among the flowers, and rear their drooping heads; and was never more happy than when nursing the little slips committed to her care by her cousins, who seldom gave their attention to them—leaving, like their mother, the cultivation of all that is lovely, to the gardener and nature.

One day, on his return home, Mr. Crayton expressed his desire for his wife to call upon Mrs. Milnor.

“Why, if she wishes my acquaintance, does she not call on me? but I imagine she is such a home body, and has so little intercourse with the fashionable world, that she is quite out of the way of making or receiving calls from them.”

“You are much mistaken in your opinion, Mrs. Crayton,” said her husband; “I have been there a number of times, and am anxious you should call upon her. I will order the carriage and go.”

“Well, you can go if you please, but I shall remain at home. I do not like to be dictated to, when and where I shall go.”

“I do not know wherein I have dictated; name your own time, and we will go whenever you say.”

“I have been waiting for these two hours for the money I asked you for this morning.”

“Why, really, my dear, I thought you had given up that foolish project.”

“No, indeed, I have not; and if I am not there by eleven o'clock, the mantilla will be sold, as it was to be kept for me no longer. Have you the money?”

Mr. Crayton shrugged his shoulders, and commenced humming an air, which he ever did when he felt determined not to comply with a request.

“Oh, do, mamma, go,” said Agnes.

“Oh, yes, do,” responded Isabella.

“And let me hold the whip, papa,” said George.

“Life is but a song,” said Mr. Crayton, walking up and down the room, occasionally viewing himself in a large mirror.

“Do go, mamma,” said the children. “Father, will you?”

“Certainly, if it is your mother's wish.”

“Dear papa, if you will just drive down to Coney's, and let mother get the mantilla, and me a whip,” said George, “and Ag

nes, and Isabella, and Emilie, each, one of those beautiful boxes made at the fair, she will go."

"Only hear these sweet coaxers," said his wife; and putting her arm in her husband's, being determined to get the mantilla, she promenaded the room with him, to the great delight of their little ones, who followed them.

"What a dear little group of love," continued Mrs. Crayton. "Come, love, please us all; give me the bill I have asked you for, and we will go; and you will have the sweet consolation of knowing you have made us all happy."

"Oh, do, papa," cried the children; "it is a beautiful morning, and we want a ride very much."

Mr. Crayton hesitated a moment; then, putting his pocket-book into his wife's hand, he yielded to her request, in the hope it might eventually be for the best.

"Oh, this is really very good—very kind;" then, calling for her hat and shawl, and ordering the children to be ready on their return, she gave her hand to her husband, and, putting on her sweetest smiles, asked him, "if she did not look happy?"

Mr. Crayton, with a sigh, replied, "Yes, if it would but last: but I have not the most distant hope the mantilla will satisfy you; for, as has ever been the case, the possession of this article will only make you wish for another."

"Oh, fye, Mr. Crayton, why do you wish to check my vivacity, when you know how very nervous I am? I am almost tempted to be angry with you;" then, casting her eyes upon the ground with much tact, her husband, fearing an overflow of unpleasant words, called aloud for the carriage.

"Your most obedient, Mrs. Crayton—you have come just in time," said the witty tradesman. "Five minutes more, and the mantilla would have been sold; there are three ladies now waiting for it."

"How very fortunate we are, my dear," said Mrs. Crayton, turning to her husband—her spirits reviving at the idea of being the purchaser.

"I think the mantilla, you said, I might have for eighty-five dollars, the pocket-handkerchief for thirty, the cape for twenty-five, and six yards of lawn for fifty, which makes one hundred and ninety dollars; take this bill, and hand me the remainder."

"Thank you, madam, thank you; but will you not just look

at this piece of dark satin? It is partly engaged, but it is such a good fit for the mantilla, and so becoming to your complexion," holding it up, and letting the rich folds fall over her white hands, her taper fingers peeping from beneath as if to show the contrast. "Partly engaged, I allow," whispering her; "but you have been such a constant customer of mine, that I really feel bound to let you have it, if you wish."

Mrs. Crayton took up the satin and examined it. It was, indeed, beautiful; and so soft as to show no marks of pressure.

"There is but one like it in the city, and that I sold to Judge Laurens' lady. It was not quite so nice as this. I was fearful she would discover it, for she seemed most inclined to take this; but I thought of you, and just laid it aside, praising the piece she purchased very highly, that you might, if you wished, take this for yourself—there is but one pattern."

Mrs. Crayton wanted the satin—its being superior to Mrs. Laurens', increased her desire.

"Come," said Mr. Crayton, "the children will be waiting for us."

"Stop one moment, my dear; do you not think this satin elegant?"

Mr. Crayton said nothing, but looked reproachfully at her.

"Oh, you see, my dear madam, your husband has no objections; let me do it up for you."

"How much is it?" inquired Mrs. Crayton.

"It comes to just the remainder of the bill, with the exception of these three quarters of a yard, which I will throw in. It is quite a bargain—quite a bargain, I assure you."

"Mr. Crayton, if you have no objections, I will take it."

Her husband bit his lip with vexation, and, turning round, bent his steps toward the door. The bundle was placed in the carriage by the delighted shopkeeper, who bowed low to his fair customer as she ascended the steps, when they went home in silence—Mr. Crayton offended, and his wife conscious she had gone a step too far, but determined to conceal her feelings. The mantilla had occupied her thoughts both day and night, but never met with her husband's approbation: he seemed from the first opposed to it. She had "priced" the other articles unknown to him, and knew not how he would bear the purchase, but as he had given her much more than she expected, she presumed to take them. The

satin was what she never thought of. But she was taken in the snare of the practised salesman, and could not resist the temptation; she knew her husband had too much pride to deny her in public, and she took advantage of his situation to her future sorrow. On the steps of their fine dwelling, stood the children equipped for the ride.

“What have you got for me—and for me?” cried the children, after they were seated.

Mr. Crayton looked at his wife, who had been so completely engrossed in her own selfish motives, that she had forgotten their simple requests.

“Did you get me a whip?” said George. “I said I wanted a whip, so I could drive the horses.”

“Did you buy me the box and the screen?” said the girls; “oh, do let us see them?”

“What did you expect, Emilie?” inquired her uncle.

“Not anything.”

“Well, I declare,” said the heartless Mrs. Crayton, “you alone are not disappointed.”

“What is this?” said George, taking up the bundle, which they omitted leaving at home. “My whip is here, I know?”

“No, my child, it is not; I forgot to buy it, but you shall have one.”

“I want one now, and will have one;” and down went the contents of the bundle.

“Oh, you image!” said Mrs. Crayton, picking them up; “my mantilla is unfolded, and my lace undone.”

George, persisting in searching for his whip, became entangled in the lace, and, in extricating himself, tore it.

“Oh, my lace!” exclaimed Mrs. Crayton; “George, you must be corrected. Mr. Crayton, why do you not speak to him?”

“He wants his whip,” he replied; “and he is a child.”

Mrs. Crayton felt the reproof. The girls helped her to collect the articles. Mr. Crayton took George upon his knee, and gave him the driver’s whip. Thus the difficulties were settled, and the children became composed as they drove up to Mr. Milnor’s dwelling.

“I have never seen them in their new habitation,” said Mrs. Crayton. “It is a pity that people of so much wealth should be so penurious; no one knows they are alive.”

"In your circle they may not," replied her husband; "but ask those around them," pointing to the neat white houses on either side of the road.

As the carriage drove up the avenue, the children were told to behave well. They were met by Mr. and Mrs. Milnor, and received with much politeness.

"You have got a very pretty place," said Mrs. Crayton, astonished at the elegance of the hall and rooms through which they passed.

"I believe you have never called upon us since we moved," said Mrs. Milnor.

"Why, no; I have so many engagements always on hand, that I ——"

"Come here, Emilie," said Mrs. Milnor, very prudently turning the conversation, in order to prevent the fashionable beauty framing a wrong excuse. "How do the plants grow that Alice gave you?"

"Oh, finely; they are as large as those," pointing to a number arranged in the window.

Agnes and Isabella, observing a beautiful geranium in bloom, without thought, broke off a large branch. At that moment, Alice and Augusta, with their brother, entered.

"Good morning, my dears," said Mr. Crayton, "you see I have fulfilled my promise, and brought you your young friends to see you."

"Bless me," said Mrs. Crayton, taking Alice by the hand, "how you have grown! and Charles, too! why, really, I am surprised;" and a feeling of envy rankled in her bosom as she looked upon them.

Charles and his sisters returned her compliments with so much dignity and ease that she was confounded.

"Come," said George and his sisters, "come, let us go down the lawn—we want to see the flowers and the beautiful pond."

"Shall we go, dear mother?" inquired the little Milnors.

"You may, but be careful of the plants."

Alice took Emilie's hand, and away they flew, followed by George, with the whip, of which he still kept possession.

"What have you here?" inquired Mrs. Crayton, turning over some new books which lay upon the centre-table. "Anything new?"



“This is the ‘Patriarch,’ and this the ‘Christian Family Magazine,’” replied Mrs. Milnor; “the plates in both are very fine, and they are excellent works.”

“Dear me, do you read them? I seldom read, and when I do, it is always my favorite authors—‘Bulwer,’ and ‘Byron,’ and sometimes ‘The Lady’s Book’—all other reading appears insipid.”

“We have a great variety of books. Here is Abbott’s works, Phillips’s writings, and my favorite Cowper.”

“What is this?” inquired Mrs. Crayton, taking up an elegantly bound book.

“‘Milton’s Paradise Lost.’”

“Mercy! Did you ever read it through?”

“Often,” replied Mrs. Milnor.

“Why, I should think it would take you an age. Is it a late production?”

Mrs. Milnor caught Mr. Crayton’s eye, who blushed deeply at his wife’s ignorance.

“‘Johnson’s works,’ ‘Montgomery’s Poems,’ ‘Rogers,’ ‘Campbell,’ ‘Henry Kirke White’—why, these are quite new;” and, laying them down, she walked to the window.

“Isn’t it very lonely out here?”

“By no means,” replied Mrs. Milnor; “our time is all occupied.”

“Who are your teachers?”

“Mrs. Milnor is the principal one,” replied her husband.

“Mercy! you teach your children? I should never have patience. I am always rejoiced when school commences, that I may be relieved from their noise and confusion. But, pray, how do you employ yourselves?”

“It would take some time to make you acquainted with my form of managing. Shall we walk out and meet the children?”

“Oh, yes, for it is nearly time for us to go.”

“Will you not spend the day? you surely cannot be lonely with your husband and children.”

Mrs. Crayton pleaded an engagement, and they walked down the lawn. Charles and Alice were busily engaged in arranging the pots of flowers, some of which were overthrown and the branches broken. At the same moment came Agnes and Isabella, followed by George with his whip in his hand. In his haste he overthrew a beautiful verbena, and broke the pot which contained it.

"You have made sad work with the plants, my children," said Mr. Crayton, very much mortified, and trying to replace them.

"Oh, they are nothing but children," said his wife; "I know you will forgive them."

"See, he has broken another!" said Agnes.

"No, I did not—'twas you," he replied, with a stroke of his whip.

"Come, come," said his mother, "you are crazy, I believe. Really, Mrs. Milnor, you have a very fine yard. The children are like birds let out of a cage; we brought them out for liberty, and they do so enjoy it."

"Shall we return?" inquired Mr. Crayton, extremely grieved.

"Oh, don't go," cried the children, "we want to stay longer."

Mrs. Crayton thought of her new purchase, and told them they must. On returning to the house, they visited the music room, in which was an elegant organ, a piano, and harp: at the end of the room was an extensive library of choice books. Charles played the organ, Alice the piano, and Mrs. Milnor the harp. At Mrs. Crayton's request, they performed a few pieces in such an admirable manner that her heart died within her, as she listened to a hymn in which every member of the family joined. Mrs. Milnor ordered refreshments, and the children, without ceremony, enjoyed the banquet. Strawberries, raspberries, cream and cake, disappeared under their touch, like dew in the sunlight.

"Will you come again and see your young friends?" inquired Mrs. Milnor.

"Yes, ma'am," replied George, "if you will give us more of your nice fruit."

"I wish I could stay now," said Emilie.

"Do you?" inquired Mrs. Milnor "If your uncle and aunt are willing, you may stay."

"Can I stay, dear aunt?"

"I have no objections, if you wish to stay, and Mrs. Milnor requests you."

"Let her remain, if you please; we shall be happy to have her spend a few weeks with us."

"Good morning," and, with his whip in his hand, George led the way to the carriage, followed by his parents and sisters.

Mrs. Milnor soon arranged her books and flowers, and, after a few orders to the servants, entered the recitation room.

“ My dear Emilie, as you have expressed a wish to remain with us, you must submit to the rules of the school, and if you wish, can study with the girls; would you like that?”

“ Oh, yes, very much.”

“ Well, here is a geography, and here are globes, atlases, etc. ; your first lesson will be on this page. Have you ever studied geography?”

“ I have a little ; I like it much, but aunt says it is too hard for us, and not very necessary.”

“ Have you studied grammar?”

“ Yes, madam, and can parse very well ; aunt says that it is a dry study, and we must be older to understand either.”

“ Well, my dear, we shall see what proficiency you can make here.”

“ I will show you,” said Charles, who was older than his sisters.

“ You must not think you are too young to learn any of the branches my children study. You must be patient, be willing to be taught, and apply yourself closely.”

The evening closed with reading a chapter in the Bible with the notes, and singing a hymn, in which all, including the servants, joined. A prayer was offered by Mr. Milnor, whose grateful heart went up in holy aspirations under a sense of the goodness of God. After Emilie retired to rest, she could not sleep ; the idea of returning home was painful. At her uncle's all was noise and confusion. Continued calls occupying most of her aunt's time, either in making or receiving them, she paid but little attention to her children, who were often ill-natured if restrained by their governess, and out of patience with their teachers if they exacted a perfect lesson. They flew with every little complaint to their mother, who, fatigued with continued excitements, satisfied them by saying she would write an excuse—thus every attempt of the teachers for their improvement, was rendered abortive. They were pleased with Emilie, and took much pleasure in instructing her. But it was in vain to keep up any regular system in the school, it being continually interrupted by calls to ride, to see particular friends, etc. ; thus their education was neglected. Mr. Crayton saw with pain the situation of his family, but knew of no way in which it could be remedied. He was struck with the order, neatness, and regularity of Mr. Milnor's, whenever he called ; and

concluded the best way to commence a reformation in his own, was to take Mrs. Crayton there, with her children. He was much attached to Emilie; saw how unlike in many ways she was from her cousins, and knew she was unhappy. He conversed with Mr. and Mrs. Milnor respecting her—the latter proposed her staying with them, which was brought about as has before been mentioned.

Emilie was left with a handsome estate, and only required proper instruction to be all he wished. She was the exact image of his sister, whom he idolized; and he felt a deep interest in her welfare. Owing to Mrs. Crayton's extravagance and utter neglect of household duties, their expenses were enormous, and continually increased. On looking into his affairs, he was astonished at finding his expenditures much larger than he apprehended. The pressure of the times he felt to bear hard upon him. One bank, in which he had thirty thousand dollars, failed; others were following—failures every day, and he trembled for himself. It was in vain for him to inform his wife that they were living too fast, that the times were hard, and every kind of business in a fluctuating state. She only laughed at him, told him he was growing old, and that avarice increased with years. Fashion was her idol, a shrine at which she worshipped, and wreathed with her own wild fancies. She gave large parties, attended places of amusement, was excessively vain, fond of flattery, and little suspected those loudest in her praise, who were the first, when absent, to laugh at her ignorance and folly.

Mr. Crayton hesitated a long time about the mantilla, not on account of the price, but, seeing no end to her requests, he felt it was time to be firm. She had many times in a joke called him 'Rip van Winkle,' and, although he knew it was done in mere pleasantry, still he saw with his own eyes, a resemblance. He knew of no way to induce her to call on the Milnors except by gratifying her in the purchase, and it was to accomplish that end he gave her the money, not knowing what other articles she had in view. These, too, he could have put up with, but her effrontery in purchasing the satin, and taking advantage of him in public, was a point beyond what he conceived to be right. And in this last act, she severed the chain which had hitherto bound them, and her beauty from that hour ceased to attract. His whole soul was in requisition for his children—he saw the precipice on

which they stood. He felt his own health yielding to the nervous tremor, which, by weariness of mind, shook his frame, and an occasional cough he could not control. When they returned, the bundle was opened; and when the mantilla was unfolded and thrown around her, she discovered a large spot on the corner. It was found to be a stain from a bunch of strawberries, accidentally dropped into the bundle by the children. The lace was torn in two places. After scolding George, and fretting at the servants, for not leaving it at home, she tried in vain to remedy the injury; it was seriously hurt and looked bad.

“Are you not ashamed, George? you must be punished, indeed you must.”

“Why did you not buy me a whip? I should not have touched them if you had. I only wanted a little whip to drive the horses, mamma.”

“Go away—you are a troublesome boy. How the satin is injured; dear me! I wish I had never seen the Milnors, nor heard of them.”

“Oh, mamma, I do not,” said the girls; “I loved to be there; what a fine yard, and what a beautiful woman; how pleasant she spoke to her children.”

“And how well her children behaved,” said Mr. Crayton. “I hope my own little boy and girls will pattern after them. I was grieved that you should behave so rude, and overturn the pots of flowers; you must never do so again.”

“I never upset them,” said George.

“Yes, you did,” said Agnes. “And where is the orange you picked? You need not deny it, for I saw you,” said Isabella.

Poor little George, already irritated by his mother, and sensible he had done wrong, could not restrain his passions; and giving his sister a blow, said, “take that!”

“Stop, stop!” said their father; “come here, and I will tell you what I wish you to do in future.”

“Mercy, Mr. Crayton, do let the children be; you are always raising a breeze in some way or another. If it had not been for the Milnors, all would have been well, and my mantilla would not have been spoiled. Do, pray, let the children alone, they have done no material injury to anything.”

“Done no injury, Mrs. Crayton! Have you not just scolded George for injuring your shawl, and said he ought to be corrected?”

His behavior at the Milnors, in my opinion, requires far more censure. I do hope we have *all* seen that in our friends we shall delight to imitate."

"Imitate! Do you think I am going to keep school, and confine myself to the drudgery of housekeeping, cooking, etc.? but I am both hungry and tired."

"And vexed," said Mr. Crayton, "about the mantilla."

A servant entering, announced dinner was ready; when the children scampered after him, followed by their parents.

The next day Mr. Crayton received a note from Mrs. Milnor, saying Emilie would like to remain with them a few weeks, perhaps months, with her aunt's permission. Mrs. Crayton consented, quite willing to be released from her niece, who, young as she was, became often a silent reprover of her actions. George had his hobby-horse and whip, the girls their embroidered boxes, and all went on as usual.

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"We will, if you please, ride to town this afternoon, and take the children to the water works," said Mr. Milnor, to his wife, one pleasant morning.

"I will mention it to them," she replied, "and we will go."

"Shall we return Mrs. Crayton's call?" he inquired.

"I think we will; I should like to see how they appear at home. Emilie is a very interesting child; she certainly has the most discernment I ever saw one possess at her age; she has already wound herself around my heart. I am fearful her cousins are suffering, in consequence of improper example, from a reverse, where they ought to derive the most profit—a mother's example and instruction."

"I fear the same," replied Mr. Milnor; "I tremble for my friend. He has, it is true, many imperfections, but some excellent traits of character. He is the dupe of his wife—an artful, designing, ignorant, ungrateful woman. He married her without a penny—married her for her beauty; he loves his children, and of late has manifested his anxiety for them."

"Why does he let her have such influence over him? Why not at once put a stop to her extravagance, and deny her?"

"Because she has so much tact to manage him. He hates confusion; and would rather suffer that he may have peace. He was unwell when he called last; he has a cough, and looks pale and

care-worn. I am fearful, should these times continue, he may be still a greater loser. He has indorsed notes for a large amount for two of our great business men, who, to-day, I hear, are calling in their accounts."

"We will call there this afternoon, and, in the meantime, I will attend to the children's recitations; we shall be ready by four."

As Mrs. Milnor entered the study, she found the children busily engaged in studying the globes, and pointing out particular places to Emilie, showing her the meridians, equator, latitudes and longitude, of which she understood but little. These necessary items had been overlooked, and she was anxious to learn every particular. Their lesson was a description of Palestine. With delight did Emilie listen to Mrs. Milnor, as she mingled the history of the Jews with their lesson—commencing with their earliest history. Emilie, to whom the theme was new, listened with intensesness to the description given of Abraham and his descendants. As Mrs. Milnor led her through their wanderings until their entrance into the promised land; and gave their history, their types and shadows, their sacrifices, their captivity, etc., to the birth of the promised Messiah, she became entranced. Mrs. Milnor, pleased and gratified with the deep interest she took in the story, drew her affectionately to her bosom; and pictured the Saviour in such glowing colors, that her young heart seemed as if it would burst its frail tenement.

"This is the Saviour who sweat drops of blood in the garden of Gethsemane, and who expired upon the cross to save sinners—this is the God we worship; and will you love him, too? You have no father, nor mother, my dear Emilie, but God will be both, if you put your confidence in him."

Thus did this excellent woman lead the little orphan to Him in whom she afterwards found comfort.

"Your dear father intends taking you all to town this afternoon, and I will now release you; you must be ready precisely at four"

At the hour appointed, the coach was at the door, and soon each one of the happy family were seated. Mr. and Mrs. Milnor, with the truest pleasure, pointed out the surrounding scenery, and the children were delighted.

"See what a beautiful world God has made, my children," said their father; "how he clothes the field with grass and flowers—

how the harvest bends with its rich stores; and, like the waves of the ocean, rises and falls beneath the gentle breeze, forming the most perfect shades. Behold the clouds, how sweetly they blend their gorgeous hues, and sail away in the distance like islands of the blessed. We shall have, I think, a brilliant sunset when we return."

"Dear father!" said the children, "will you have the curtains up that we may see the sun's rays upon the mountains, and watch his retiring beams as we ride upon the banks of the Delaware?"

"I would much rather look at the fields, and remain in the coach with you, than go to my aunt's, or ride around the town," said Emilie.

"Why, my dear, do you not wish to see your uncle, aunt and cousins, and shop with us? are there no little things you wish to purchase?"

"Oh, yes, I love my uncle dearly; I do want to see him," said Emilie, brushing away a tear; "and my aunt and cousins, too, but I do not want to stay with them."

"You shall return with us, my dear."

"May I? that is all I desire; and I would like to buy some oranges for the poor sick woman we visited last evening."

"You shall, my love, and carry them to her when you return."

"I love to go with you to visit poor Mrs. N., and hear her talk about heaven; she said we should all meet there by and by, and be happy."

Snap went the coachman's whip, as they turned the street by Girard College.

"Drive slowly," said Mr. Milnor, "while we view this noble edifice."

"Mr. Girard was a good man to do so much for the poor, was he not?"

"Yes, my son, he was compassionate and full of benevolence."

"Was he very rich, father?" inquired the girls.

"He was. He endowed this college, and thus immortalized his name. Through coming time he will be handed down to posterity, like many other great and good men. Drive now to the water-works," said Mr. Milnor.

Here the children were delighted, as their father explained in what manner the water was conducted in its devious course through the city.



"I wish you could have been with me at the Croton celebration in New-York," said Mr. Milnor, "it was, indeed, a splendid affair."

"How far is the Croton River lake from the city?" inquired Charles.

"It is forty-five miles from the Battery; it cost the city twelve millions of dollars; a large sum, but well appropriated. The fountain in the Park is very beautiful, its jets throwing the water sixty feet into the air. I saw it playing, and its appearance was like a silver tree; the sun-light on the spray was fine, forming ten thousand diadems sparkling with excessive brightness. So transparent were the streams, and so tremblingly beautiful did the beams of a noon-day sun fall on them, that they wore the semblance of magic as their mimic rainbows fantastically arched the scene."

"Do, dear father! tell us the particulars of the celebration."

"At sunrise, one hundred guns were fired, and all the bells in the city were rung. Every one seemed to wake up upon the occasion, and in less than an hour the streets and public places began to be filled. In the centre of the Bowling-Green there was a beautiful temporary fountain, constructed of shells, and marble images of the Graces, etc., arranged with great taste, and having eight jets, throwing small streams to a height of some twenty feet. The procession was very large, consisting of the various societies, fire companies, etc., and was two hours and fifteen minutes in passing Niblo's Garden. You would have been delighted to have seen it all, but particularly a little boat eight feet long, mounted upon wheels; in it were seated two little girls and two boys, some seven or eight years old, tastefully dressed and bearing flags; the boat was inscribed 'The Sisters of the Croton Lake.' Among others was the identical press lately brought from England by J. B. Murray, Esq., on which Franklin there worked. Colonel Stone, the oldest representative of the craft, was comfortably seated in a large arm-chair, and presided over the typographical performance with due grace and dignity. Copies of the ode of General Morris were worked off and distributed through the crowd, as the procession moved along the streets; the one I brought you was struck off in Broadway. All day the bells rang; balloons were sent into the air; trees were covered with banners; flags and streamers waved from the Astor House, City Hall, Museums, Tribune Buildings, and other public places—the roofs of which were cov-

ered with spectators. It was, indeed, a proud day for the city of New-York ; and well may she be named the *City of Fountains*."

"Oh, how delighted we should have been could we have been there!" exclaimed the children.

"Let us turn our attention for a moment," said Mrs. Milnor, "to another topic. I have been thinking, while standing here viewing this beautiful city, of the day when Washington, Rochambeau, and La Fayette, passed through with their troops, before the surrender of Cornwallis. What a brilliant throng, and what patriotic hearts there panted, trembled, and died, for the blessings we now enjoy. But for them, New-York would never have witnessed such a day as your father has described."

"Mother, will you tell us how the victory was obtained when we get home?"

"Yes, my children. We must now hasten, and make our purchases and our calls, for it will soon be time for us to return."

Mr. and Mrs. Milnor, with their lovely family, were welcome customers in the few stores they entered. They inquired for nothing but what they wished, and were decided in what articles they purchased. The dress patterns for the girls were quickly chosen, a few books and worsteds, and a box of oranges. They then called at Mr. Crayton's. Mrs. Crayton was out; the children had gone a walking. Mr. Crayton was confined to the house by his cough.

"I am very glad, indeed, to see you," said he; "pray be seated. I regret Mrs. Crayton is out, and the children—and yet I am glad, on my own account, they are; I have long wished to see you. Come here, Emilie," taking her upon his knee; "how do you like your new home?"

"Oh, my dear uncle, I am very happy there; I like it much better——"

"Than here, my child, do you not?"

"Yes, dear uncle," said Emilie, clasping her arms around his neck, and kissing him; "but I do love you."

"Is your cough better?" inquired Mrs. Milnor.

"No better," he replied; "I have tried various remedies, but they afford me no relief."

Mr. and Mrs. Milnor were startled at his altered appearance.

"I have wished to see you for some time, my friend. I see by the papers the banks are giving way, and the Cliffords have

closed their business. They have ten thousand dollars of mine, which I fear I shall lose. It is in vain for me to convince my wife of our situation. She either does not wish to know, or will not believe me, when I converse with her upon the subject of retrenchment. Should my health fail," and he wept, "what will become of my children?"

At that moment they entered; George first, with his hands full of toys; the girls with each a new basket made of shells.

"Look, father, see what we have got!"

"But, my children, do you not see Mr. and Mrs. Milnor, and your cousin and friends?"

Emilie flew to them and kissed them. They were delighted at seeing her.

"Now, you will stay with us—will you not?" inquired her cousins.

"Do you wish me to?"

"Yes, indeed, we do."

"Well, I will one of these days."

"Oh, do stay now," they cried.

"My dears," said Mrs. Milnor, seeing Emilie's distress, "your cousin is now engaged in her studies; we shall have a vacation by and by, when she shall come and see you."

Then, calling them to her, and brushing back their rich flowing hair, she kissed them, and folding them to her bosom, a tear of commiseration stole down her cheek at the idea of their situation. Mr. Crayton had a very severe attack of coughing, and broke a slight blood vessel. They were much alarmed. However, it soon subsided, and he was better. He lay upon the sofa, supported by pillows; Mrs. Milnor stood bending over him, with her bonnet partly off, when his wife entered. Had she been dressed for the opera, she could not have made a greater display. She wore the elegant satin before mentioned, a collar of the finest work trimmed with broad Mecklin lace, a pink shirred hat, and a blonde veil thrown over her shoulders which nearly reached the floor. Flowers were wreathed in her dark hair—pearls and brilliants glistened on her hands and arms. Entering the room with her usual grace, she inquired the cause of such deep interest as was manifested. When explained, she replied that Mr. Crayton's cough had been better, and she presumed he would soon recover.

"Do you feel better?" she inquired, approaching him.

“I do,” he replied.

“How long have you been here?” said Mrs. Crayton, addressing Mrs. Milnor.

“Nearly an hour.”

“Dear me, I did not think I had been gone so long; but time flies so quickly in good company, and I have been so delighted since I have been gone——”

“That you forgot your husband,” said Mrs. Milnor.

Had a viper stung her, she could not have started quicker. Conscience-struck, and surprised that any one would have the presumption to speak to her in such a manner, she blushed and remained silent.

“We must leave you, Mr. Crayton,” said Mrs. Milnor, taking his hand; “I hope you will soon be better.”

The children kissed each other—seeing their father ill, and witnessing the kindness and attention of their friends, they were filled with surprise; and following them to the door, begged they would come again. Mr. Crayton took Mr. Milnor’s hand. “Come to-morrow, will you?”

“If nothing prevents; good afternoon.”

They left Mrs. Crayton still sitting in the elegant chair into which she had thrown herself on entering, her bonnet in her hand, her cap untied, her face flushed, and holding in her hand a bouquet of flowers which partly concealed the brilliants that sparkled upon her fingers.

After Mr. Milnor’s family were seated in the coach, they were silent for a few moments. Emilie’s tears fell fast, and her young heart beat with fearful rapidity.

“Poor friend Crayton,” exclaimed Mr. Milnor; “yours is a hard case.” His eyes filled as he looked at his amiable and beloved wife. “You see, my children, in Mrs. Crayton, the effect of vanity and folly. We will all allow she is beautiful—very beautiful; but heartless and cold. So strong is her ruling passion, she can leave her husband for display, for dress—leave him when he needs her care, to gratify her vanity; she is truly to be pitied.”

“Had mother found you so ill, how frightened she would have been,” said Alice; “but Mrs. Crayton was not.”

“It is not fashionable, my dear, to weep and to make a *fuss*, as it is called, when our friends are sick, or die; we must be

philosophers—we cannot alter anything, and it is not genteel to mourn.”

“Who says so, my dear mother?”

“The fashionable and the gay, my daughter.”

“Not you, my mother.”

“No, my children,” replied their father, “not your mother. She is quite the reverse, and I wish you all to be like her.”

“I hope I shall be *just* like her,” said Emilie.

“I hope you *will*,” said Charles; “and then I shall love you still better.”

He spoke with animation and feeling. Emilie, young as she was, blushed; and Charles understood by his own emotions the secret spring from which the roseate hue emanated.

“Then you would rather have your mother appear in her plain dress, and manage in her own way, than be like Mrs. Crayton?”

“I do not like Mrs. Crayton at all—she does not please me,” said Charles.

“But you allow she is handsome.”

“I do not see her beauty—to me it is hid under the dark shade of unkindness. If we had found her with her husband, administering to his wants, and cheering his solitude by her efforts to please, even in a cottage, in the humblest garb, she would have appeared more lovely.”

“Well, my children, I hope we shall all profit by this day’s scene.”

“See the sun, dear father! it is not so brilliant as you anticipated.”

“’Tis true,” he replied; “human life is drawn in glowing colors upon the heavens. The sky was bright when we left—bright and beautiful—and indicated a rich, an Italian sunset; but see, it is obscured, and a dark cloud awaits the sun’s disk; the mountains are dark: can you not draw a moral from it?”

The children looked at their mother—who sat absorbed in thought, and had scarcely spoken since she entered the coach. The scene she had witnessed oppressed her—her heart was touched; and she pitied the heartless beauty she had beheld, and still more the dying husband, for as such she looked upon him. The children had touched her soul; she saw and felt what they needed, to be useful and respected in the world, and imagined what might be their circumstances should their father die.

“Come, dear mother, the moral.”

“Have you not,” she replied, “seen those whose prospects were bright as the blue heavens when we left our home. No cloud dimmed their horizon, and all was serene and lovely. Have you not witnessed the gathering cloud setting around the strong and the healthy as they shrank away beneath the chill blast of adversity, while their nearest and dearest, best beloved ones, deserted them? Have you not seen blasted hopes, losses, trials, disappointment and gloom, settle upon each treasured object, until the horizon, but yesterday so brilliant, became obscured, and the *soul* setting like the sun in darkness?”

Mr. Milnor looked at his children; his heart was full as he gazed upon the being dearest to his soul, and beheld her countenance light up with the pure principles fixed in her bosom, as invariable as true.

“Do you understand the moral, my children?”

They looked one upon another.

“Speak,” said their father.

“Oh, yes, papa, we all understand it; it is Mr. Crayton’s family. Do you think he will die, dear mother?”

“I fear he will. Let us remember him and his dear children in our prayers—also his dear wife.”

Emilie laid her head on Mrs. Milnor’s hand as she spoke, and kissed it in the fervency of her soul. All was silent until they reached home. Early the next morning, Mr. Milnor received a note requesting his immediate attendance on Mr. Crayton, who was very ill—having had an attack of hemorrhage during the night, and was thought to be dying. His wife, conscience-smitten by Mrs. Milnor’s remark, for the first time condemned herself. She looked at the happy family of Milnors as they left; she looked at her own blooming children, so entirely neglected both in mind and morals; she looked upon the altered countenance of her husband, and she recollected his conversation with her respecting his property—all rushed upon her recollection, and for some time she remained motionless. She felt her heart softened by reflection, and repented of her unkindness to her husband. The children entered, crying because Emilie had left them. Mr. Crayton called them to him and embraced them, while tears coursed rapidly down his cheeks. Mrs. Crayton was touched; she threw down her bonnet, and approaching him, said, in a subdued tone, “I did not think you was

so unwell. I am sorry I left you," and, sinking upon the sofa beside her husband, burst into tears. Her sympathy was, indeed, welcome to both father and children; and they spent a more pleasant evening than they had in a long time. Mr. Crayton rested well the first part of the night, but toward morning he was extremely restless. About sunrise he coughed much, which produced another hemorrhage. A physician was called. Mrs. Crayton went into strong hysterics, and the children cried aloud. Mr. Crayton desired Mr. Milnor to be sent for. When he arrived he was no better.

"I want to see you, my friend," said he. "I feel I am going. It is my wish that you attend to my business when I am gone; save what you can, and take care of my wife and children."

Mr. Milnor begged him to be composed, and hoped he might revive—although he feared that the hand of death was fast fixing its seal upon his sunken features. He pointed his views to a brighter and a happier world, and found, by Mr. Crayton's reply, that he had reflected upon their former conversation respecting a future state.

"I wish my children to be religiously educated; will you promise to be their guardian?"

"I will," replied Mr. Milnor.

He then administered some medicine, and begged him to seek repose. He lay very still for a few moments, when, opening his eyes, he asked for his wife and children. They came—horror-stricken, Mrs. Crayton fainted—the children, seeing their father's altered looks, and their mother's fainting form, cried aloud. He extended his hand; they clung to it and kissed it. He was deeply affected as he clasped one after the other to his aching heart, and, exhausted by the effort, he sank upon his pillow.

"Oh, my father—my dear father!" they cried; "do not die; do not leave us!"

"Love God," said their dying father; and, casting a look of thrilling interest upon them, expired.

All was confusion. Mr. Milnor dispatched a messenger for his wife, who, in a short time, arrived there. He led her immediately to Mrs. Crayton, who lay in violent hysterics. She did not notice her children, although their fears that she would die made them nearly frantic. Mrs. Milnor removed them gently from the room, and sat down by their wretched mother. She untied her

cap, bathed her beautiful forehead, and parted her long dark hair, which hung in profusion over her face—hair that she had dressed and adorned to please her vanity, and influence her husband to submit to her requests by her unrivalled beauty—bathed her clenched hands, sparkling with diamonds, and removed them one by one as they relaxed. By judicious management she succeeded in restoring her. She inquired for her husband. Knowing by her friend's looks that he was dead, again she would have fainted, but the administering of prompt remedies relieved her. She sat by her until she fell into a gentle slumber, and leaving her with a domestic, she sought the children. They flew to her as she opened the door of their apartment; taking them in her arms, and folding them affectionately to her bosom, she wept tears over them of kindness and love. They were like frightened lambs; their eyes were red with weeping, and their little hands burnt as with a fever. Overcome by her feelings, she drew them still closer in her embrace, and, falling upon her knees, she raised the voice of supplication and prayer for them. So sweetly did she plead, so fervently did she pray that God would be their father, and so unreservedly did she commit them to the care of the gentle shepherd—so touching was her language, so new, so novel was the scene, they felt as if they indeed had a father somewhere, although they knew him not, who would take care of them.

Emilie and Mrs. Milnor were admitted to the chamber where the remains of Mr. Crayton lay enshrouded. Emilie wept bitterly. Mrs. Milnor soothed her, by saying she should remain with them; and Charles, taking her hand, wiped away her falling tears. The little Craytons ran to meet their cousin and the children, and wept together. Silence was at last restored where mirth and hilarity had so long held their sway—where discontent and vanity had been a worm that had gnawed at the root of every enjoyment, and nipped every flower in the bud. The breath of passion and folly had blighted every unfolding petal, and its perfume died away ere it was inhaled. The parlor was closed—the piano's notes were hushed. The servants stepped lightly; the hall echoed to every tread, as awe-struck they wandered through the lonely rooms, once the resort of the fashionable and the gay—where wine and music flowed, and where many a sharp contest was held. Mr. Milnor attended to the funeral obsequies; all was over, and the body of his friend left to mingle with its kindred dust.



Mrs. Crayton continued in an excited state until a fever fixed upon her nervous system, and she was ill indeed. Mrs. Milnor watched over her continually, and she awoke to consciousness only to relapse again into a state of deeper despair. She talked of her husband, of the Milnors, the mantilla—said she had never worn it, that it was spoiled, and she would never look upon it again.

Her physician was of the same mind with Mrs. Milnor; both thought she would not recover. A continued round of excitement, close rooms, late hours, and excesses, had injured her health, and brought on a nervous attack, which they feared would prove fatal. At one time she would call for the carriage, then for the children, and always for the mantilla; then declare she would not wear it. The third week she was more rational. Mrs. Milnor remained with her, and, like an angel of mercy, watched around her bed.

“I know all,” said Mrs. Crayton, gazing upon her one day as she awoke; “I know all! Where are my children?”

“At my house.”

“How very kind you are,” she replied, and a tear trickled down her face.

Mrs. Milnor bending over her, kissed it away, and quieted her by saying they were well. She expressed her thanks for her friend's kindness and attention; and through the night conversed considerably, acknowledging her faults, and lamenting over them.

Mrs. Milnor, by degrees, led her mind to the subject of religion; she read the Bible, which was once, to her, a sealed book, and its truths fell like idle tales upon her ear. But she could not resist the melting importunities of Mrs. Milnor for her salvation, and wept under their soul-subduing influence. Daily she mourned her ingratitude, and said she had never enjoyed an hour's peace since she purchased the mantilla, for Mr. Crayton's conduct was ever marked and cold after it: she saw her error, but could not remedy it. The more cold he became, the more she would have her own way. When she saw how correctly everything was managed in Mrs. Milnor's family, she was filled with envy. The more Mr. Crayton praised, the more she condemned them, until her own children reproved her. And now she saw her folly when too late to atone for it. Her children were permitted to see her occasionally; she besought them to listen to Mr. and Mrs. Milnor's advice; and calling Agnes, her eldest daughter, told her to keep the mantilla, the cause of all her sorrow, and never part with

it; and, whenever in after life she was disposed to act contrary to the wishes of a superior, to look at the mantilla, and think of her mother. A rapid decline soon laid the unfortunate woman, the victim of folly and extravagance, by the side of her husband. Mr. Crayton's estate, after his affairs were settled, was sufficient to make his children independent.

Charles and George entered the University in New-York. The Miss Craytons are placed under the care and instruction of Mrs. Milnor with Emilie and her own daughters, for she has no disposition to resign them or her own to other hands. Under her fostering care they grow in every virtue, and they love her as their own mother.

## THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

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A TRUE STORY.  
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E. P.H. was the youngest child of a large family, and the "pet lamb" of the flock. His brothers and sisters were well settled in life, and happy in their connections. His parents were of the old Puritan origin, who were driven to this country during the persecutions of the Huguenots in France in the reign of Louis XIV. They settled first in Rochelle, to which place they gave the name. His father, S. P.H., was converted under the preaching of the immortal Whitfield, at the time when he passed through our land like a brilliant meteor, whose dazzling light was remembered long after the bright vision had fled.

They were great readers of history; their library consisted of a selection of books from the best English and American authors. The first book their children remember, next to the Bible, is Josephus, a large, unwieldy volume, filled with pictures of the Jews and Romans, which they were permitted to look at whenever they pleased, with the express command not to injure it. Scarcely was there a step taken by the Jews, from the days of Abraham, until the first society was formed for the melioration of that devoted sect, with which their parents were not more or less acquainted. His mother, among various other reading, from the time she was eleven years of age until her sixty-ninth year, when she died, read the Bible every year once, twice, and very often three times. The village, where they resided, was one hundred miles from the emporium of our land. The population was small, and although very near a town of the first settlement in our country, was young in its institutions.

Mr. P.H., the father of E., was a man of eminent piety, sound and vigorous mind, of much influence, wealthy and respected. For some time after the close of the American revolution there

was no church in the place where he resided. Mr. P.H. on the Sabbath met with the few, but devoted Christians, dwelling in the village; after organizing a church, he himself, for a long time, led their worship, when the people were called together by the beating of a drum.\* The abode of Mr. P.H. was, for many years, the resort of gospel ministers, among whom none met with a more cordial reception than the Rev. Dr. Richards, of Newburgh. A clergyman was soon settled among them, and, in a few years, they were a fast growing people. Commerce and agriculture increased with institutions for learning. The eldest son of Mr. P.H. was, for many years, a merchant in London, after which he returned to America, and established himself in New-York, where he became a police officer. Another son removed to the then far West.

Dispersed thus, in the providence of God, the young E. became the idol of their hearts. He was kept constantly at school, under excellent teachers, in an adjoining town. At the early age of fourteen, he delivered an oration before the debating society, which gained him great applause.

He continued his academical studies in a classic school, where he made rapid advances, until he went to New Haven, then under the superintendence of the Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D., and graduated with much honor at nineteen years of age. He delivered an oration in his native village during the war of 1814, wherein he displayed his oratorical powers much to the satisfaction of his friends. His vacations were spent at home, in the bosom of his father's family, and were often afterwards looked upon as green spots in their existence.

Never was a youth more idolized than E., and how could it have been otherwise. He was all the fondest wish could desire. His heart overflowed with the very milk of human kindness; his address was easy; his manners winning and endearing; his whole soul was devoted to his parents, brothers and sisters, and one other, whom he dearly loved—a young lady of intelligence and virtue, possessed of every pleasing attraction. Many and long were the petitions offered for him by his parents. Oh, how has that tender father plead for his child; many are the petitions

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\* The same village has now three churches, a population of nearly three thousand, and a fleet of whaling ships, amounting to between forty and fifty.

registered in heaven, that ascended for his salvation; and how delighted was that father when his son returned from New Haven, as he placed his diploma in his hands, and thanked him for all he had done for him! After spending a few weeks at home, he left for New York, where he studied with the Hon. N. Sandford until admitted to the bar. With much delight his friends saw him rising to eminence, pleasantly situated in his office, with his books, etc., around him. Young, healthful, ambitious, talented and respected—his prospects were bright, his sky clear, the world smiled, and he was happy.

Alas, for human expectations! the morning came—the long-desired and looked for day, when the full cup of happiness was to be drunk. Yes, the morning dawned; the nuptial feast was prepared, all things were ready, and the lovely Mary, looking from the window, discovered a sail in the distance. “He is coming?” she exclaimed, and dressed her hair with maiden pride to receive him.

“There is a sail in sight,” said one to the doting parents.

The aged father, delighted, walked the room; the mother wiped the full tear of joy from her eye; and the sisters, with smiles, prepared the festive board, and impatiently waited the coming of their beloved brother. The door opened, and a person entered.

“Has he come?” eagerly inquired his father.

The messenger remained silent.

“Has he come?” again inquired the old gentleman.

“No!”

“Is he coming?”

“No!”

Rising suddenly from his chair, and looking earnestly in the speaker's face, he tremblingly inquired:

“What is the cause of your silence?”

He returned no answer.

“Is my child dead?” said the old man.

“Yes,” replied the messenger, “he is!”

Great God! what a scene ensued. Covering his face with his hands, his father bowed his hoary head, and, like David of old, exclaimed: “My son, my son, would to God I had died for thee!” His mother, pale as the mountain lily, remained immovable; tears coursed each other down her cheeks; her hands were clasped around her weeping daughters, as they knelt before her.

“Oh, my son!” “Oh, my brother—my dear brother!” they cried. Sighs, groans, prayers, despair and agony, mingled in their aspirations. One beloved sister had been with her husband to a neighboring town, where he had been preaching on a thanksgiving day. On their return home, a cloud, dark and impervious, was seen rising with fearful rapidity from the north. She watched it with much trembling, as it indicated a heavy rush of wind. Expecting her brother, it alarmed her, and wrapping herself in her cloak, she silently watched the scowling heavens until she reached her father's dwelling. Seeing the front door open, she said quickly to her husband: “He is come!” As she entered, a gentleman's cloak was hanging across the bannister “He is here!” she cried; and ran quickly through the hall, and opened the door leading into the parlour. But, oh God! what a scene met her eye!

Letters lay scattered upon the table; a profound silence reigned, although the room was filled with people. Instantly she guessed the cause, and flinging herself upon her knees before her aged father, she faintly inquired:

“Is my brother dead?”

The old gentleman laying his trembling hand upon her head, said:

“Yes, my daughter, he is gone—winged his way to a brighter world—gone from us for ever—gone from his poor old father.”

Again their sorrows burst forth, when the door opened, and a brother of the deceased entered, leading in the young lady to whom E. was betrothed, almost in a state of distraction. She, who in the morning was the affianced bride—the happy anticipator of promised bliss—who dressed the hymeneal bower with taste and beauty; who counted the lingering moments as they fled; who watched each rippling wave, until the bark that was to bring to her embraces a lover, arrived; bearing not E.—not the young, the lovely, the ardent admirer—but the heart-rending intelligence of his death! Can fancy paint more finished wretchedness? What a scene!

Amid this tempest of grief, the aged father's voice arose in prayer. His soul still relied upon his God, although smitten with the rod of his power. And, while his heart was bleeding at every pore, by faith he drew near to Him, who controls not only the elements of nature, but the conflicting, overwhelming passions of

the soul. What a lesson! How uncertain and fleeting are all earthly joys! how frail the tenure by which we hold all created things! how liable to disappointment is man! how quickly are his best plans frustrated, his fairest prospects blighted, and his fondest hopes destroyed! Alas! for E.; when his heart beat high with promised happiness—when all was bright, and the cup of enjoyment had well nigh reached his lips—death, sudden and unexpected, came, and in three days laid the young and the lovely low. When the arms of beauty were opened to receive him, the cruel spoiler claimed him as his own, and clasped him for ever within his cold embrace.

Like evening's sweetest star,  
The earliest in the train;  
While pleasure woo'd him from afar—  
He sank beneath the main.

Just as he raised his head,  
To quaff the honied bowl,  
The charm dissolv'd—the vision fled,  
And night involved his soul.

Far from the friends he lov'd,  
He gently closed his eyes;  
Passed like a meteor from the sight,  
And sought his native skies.

His beloved mother yielded to the blow, and faded away like the flower of the field, when visited too rudely by the winds of heaven. Patient, resigned, and calm, she sat amid her surviving children a treasured one indeed. But all their fond desires, nor all their tender care, could keep her with them. The husband of her youth bent in anguish over her dying bed—like the oak that withstood the tempest's rage, with its branches spread around the objects of his love, forming a shade from the heated furnace. Her children clustered around, and knelt beside her, when dressed for the grave; knelt beside the mother who bore them—who shared their every sorrow, and their every joy; knelt by her, as she lay sweetly released from every earthly ill—her countenance calm, composed and happy; her hands, which were ever ready to administer to their wants, gently laid upon that bosom which had been a receptacle of every kindness which had so often beat

with convulsive sorrow—that *dear* bosom, to which in their infancy they had clung—was still and motionless. Ye, who have bent over a beloved mother, and felt as if every tie on earth was riven—ye can only know their feelings. Then, in a good old age, with a hope full of immortality, the aged father smiled, as the messenger of Death approached, and with a brighter, and a happier world in view, bade him welcome.

“Sure the last end of the good man is peace.  
Night dews fall not more gently on the earth,  
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire more soft.”

How many precious souls have met above—how many beloved ones are garnered there. Delightful hour, when the cherished of earth shall meet in a “better land,” where separations, and adieus, can never come, and disappointments never have admission.



## THE RETURN

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On a cold December evening, Mr. and Mrs. Heartly, seated by their cheerful fire, surrounded by their children, seemed lost in deep reflection, as the winter winds howled around their dwelling. "Father," said little Gilbert, "when will brother Henry return?" His father, with a deep-drawn sigh, fastened his eyes upon his little boy, and attempted to speak, but the effort was ineffectual; and, placing his hands over his eyes, he remained silent. The child, as if divining the cause of the father's musings, again inquired, "When will my brother Henry come, for I want him to make me some more tops, and balls, and help me to fly my kite as he used to do when he was at home." His father arose from his chair, and cast his eyes upon the countenance of his amiable companion, which was pale, and her eyes suffused with tears. He read in her bosom feelings corresponding with his own—for they had both been thinking of their eldest, best beloved son, away from his home, and under what circumstances they knew not.

Henry Heartly was the eldest son of the Rev. James and Mary Heartly, occupants of the parsonage of C——, a delightful village in one of the New England States. It was a lovely spot, seemingly designed by nature for a contemplative mind. Their dwelling, embowered by large elms, shewed its white front through the vines, which curled around the piazza and bow windows; and was situated upon a beautiful sloping lawn, adorned with beds neatly arranged, and bordered with green myrtle and box, forming a name of each loved inhabitant. Trees of various descriptions decorated this earthly paradise, and flowers of the choicest kind emitted their sweet perfume, and displayed their beautiful hues to the eye of the passing stranger. It was here that Henry Heartly first drew his infant breath, and was first taught to lisp the endearing names of father and mother. He was a young man of ardent piety, promising talents, beautiful exterior, manners soft

and dignified, a heart tremblingly alive to every sense of honor, and ardently attached to his parents, brothers and sisters. He was ever the idol of the family—one, whom every member had exerted themselves to assist in educating. He had been graduated at Yale College, at the early age of eighteen. His vacations were a sweet repast; and it was during these seasons of enjoyment, he assisted his little brother Gilbert in spinning his top and flying his kite, and entered into all his little sports with the feelings of boyhood.

He assisted his sister Mary in drawing and painting, and selected such books as he wished her to read. In the garden was a beautiful arbor, where, for hours, he would read to her, and watch with delight the bright beams of her intelligent countenance, animated by the inward impulse of her sensitive mind as it responded to the touching descriptions. His father, whose salary amounted to one thousand a year, by the prudence and economy of an excellent wife, managed to live genteely, and within their means. Mrs. H. was a woman of highly cultivated mind, and eminently pious. She loved her husband with an intensity of soul which is known by few, and her children seemed identified with her very existence. Henry was her eldest child, upon whose infant charms she had gazed with all a mother's love; and, as he lay upon her bosom, with laughing eyes and dimpled mouth, her tears and prayers would mingle with her smiles and caresses; and her heart was so full of rapture, that its clay tenement seemed too small to contain its prisoner. For this son she had exerted every faculty of mind and body. In the nursery, she had poured into his opening intellect lessons of wisdom and piety. With his little hands clasped together, as he knelt at her maternal feet, often and often would he repeat "Our Father" in accents sweet as the rapt seraph's song. Mr. H. was also much attached to Henry, and looked upon him with glowing pride as he arose to manhood. His heart beat but for his welfare, so anxious did he feel for his temporal and spiritual interest. He exerted every effort, and denied himself and family many necessaries, that he might meet his expenses. Many a homely meal was sweetened by the mentioning of his name, and smiles and prayers were to them a richer desert than all the choice viands of the great. Each one arose stimulated to greater efforts for one so beloved. His sister, contented with her plain white dress—without ornaments, for she needed none—and

her close cottage hat, with a wreath of green and white flowers made by her own fair hands, exerted every power for him she loved. The piece of embroidery she worked, the baskets she made, the flowers she formed of wax—so beautifully constructed, so exquisitely blended in their different shades, that, ere one was aware, they would eagerly strive to inhale their perfume—were all quickly disposed of by the discreet and devoted mother, and the avails carefully expended to procure such articles as were necessary for her son's advancement. Nor was he insensible to it. In a thousand ways did he return this love. Books, atlases, and prints, would he send to his brothers and sisters. Thus this happy family glided on in peace.

In the city of New-York, he rose rapidly to eminence and respectableness, and faithfully did he return every testimony of their affection. Mary, his idolized sister, was fully compensated for all she had done, as on her guitar she played and sung the following piece, which Henry composed for her one day as he placed in her hand a beautiful rose which he brought her :

T O M A R Y —.

OH, let me place this rose divine  
Beside thy forehead fair,  
Its blushing beauties, let them twine  
Among thy raven hair.

The tear which falls from thy dark eye  
Shall but renew its bloom,  
And, fanned by memory's gentle sigh,  
Yield thee a sweet perfume.

Remember, that a brother's love  
Till death for ever flows—  
Pure as the drops that from above  
Fall on this beauteous rose.

Dear sister ! keep this little flower,  
Which blooms so sweet for thee,  
And oft in twilight's pensive hour,  
When gone—remember me.

Pure incense arose from the domestic altar, and often did the firm voice of the pastor tremble under a sense of the goodness of God.

It was on an evening of one of those autumnal days which often diffuse the beauty of a southern clime in the surrounding atmosphere, as this happy family were seated at their evening's employment, a carriage drove up the lawn, in which, from the window, by the clear light of the silvery moon, they discovered, as they alighted from it, their brother, accompanied by two young gentlemen. They soon entered, and were introduced as Edward Middleton and Charles Bentley, who were his classmates at Yale.

The latter was tall, well proportioned, handsome, and extremely polite—a beau ideal of the polished world; but there was an expression of haughtiness in the curl of his lip, as he cast a hasty glance around the room. Edward Middleton, a fine, noble-looking young man, in the full flush of youthful manhood, as he cast his expressive eyes around the apartment, seemed delighted with all he saw. If he was pleased with the appearance of the parsonage as he rode up the beautiful lawn, decorated with dahlias of varied hues, artemisias, and every description of those bright, gaudy flowers which, at seasons of the year, charm every eye; if he involuntarily jumped from the carriage after Henry, as they stopped before this charming spot, and with him caught a glimpse of the bright faces peeping from the window, how was he now pleased and delighted! He looked from the father to the mother, to her beautiful daughter, from her to the two little boys, and their youngest sister, whose eyes were fixed on their beloved Henry. Happy, thrice happy scene! Contentment, innocence, and love, were there. The father spoke; but the mother, her countenance radiant with the overflowing of a grateful heart, sat with her hands clasped in her lap, in which she held one of her little Adelia's, who would look alternately from one to the other, and then nestle in her mother's bosom. The little boys had climbed upon their brother's knees, and were engaging him for their sports on the morrow. Mary, with a heart vibrating like the aspen leaf, to the feelings and sympathies which surrounded her, could only reply by her smiles to the remarks of her friends, as she cautiously wiped away a tear of the purest joy from her eyes, which vied in beauty with earth's brightest gems, and sparkled more resplendently from the liquid gems which filled them. Henry gazed with pride on all around; his young heart was full; his eye rested upon his father with delight, as he saw him con-

versing with his friends, for he was in early life an elegant scholar, and in the University held a high eminence. Years had but brightened his intellect, and on this happy occasion he developed the powers of his feeling, eloquent heart. Henry's eye caught his mother's enraptured glance, and Mary's ardent gaze ; delicacy alone prevented their flying to him, and folding him in their warm embrace.

Moments of rapture could you fear an end ?  
" That ghastly thought, would drink up all your joy,  
And quite unparadise" this realm of bliss.

Before they retired family prayers were offered, and on their pillows each one sought repose. But "tired nature's sweet restorer" came not to all ; Mary's eyes, although "unsullied with a tear," she could not close as usual. She had before seen Edward Middleton, and she loved him ; he of whom she had so often dreamed, and of whom her brother spoke in the most glowing terms as his friend. The next morning, as she was gathering fresh flowers for the vases, he approached and begged permission to assist her. His discriminating eye soon selected the fairest ; as he presented them to her, he took one of the purest white, and said, "accept this, Miss Heartly, as an emblem of yourself." She received it with blushing sweetness, and, as she raised her eyes, the glance which emanated from his thrilled through her soul, and the words "thank you," died away upon her parted lips. At that instant Charles Bentley drew near ; he had witnessed the scene, and felt, as the wily serpent did when he saw our first parents in Eden's blissful bowers, that it was to him

"Sight hateful—sight tormenting."

He had heard much of Mary Heartly ; often had she been the theme of her loved brother's conversation, and he knew that Mr. Middleton's visit was to her, whom he had before seen and admired. Though confident of Edward's favored reception, he took every opportunity of rendering himself agreeable, to win Mary's gentle heart, and make an avowal of his love. She received his proposal with modest dignity, but declined his attentions.

Stung to the quick, he left the day following. His sudden departure caused Henry some uneasiness, and he inquired the reason of his sister, who told him all. "You have done right," said he ; "my Mary—it is not wealth that will make you happy ;

true merit, like a never-failing spring, will ever tend to enjoyment. Let the man you love be worthy of you."

She affectionately pressed his hand in silence, and at that moment their father appeared. He was soon made acquainted with the circumstances, and enjoined silence respecting it. Mrs. Heartly, on Henry's arrival, had perceived in him, occasionally, a disposition to cough. She did not at first mention it, but her maternal bosom augured evil. She thought it might pass off in a few days, but was disappointed. In answer to her inquiries, he always replied he was well, and gently reproved her for her unnecessary anxiety. The time drew near when he and his friend were to leave his paternal roof. Mr. Middleton had become ardently attached to Mary. Her innocent loveliness had won his undivided heart; and sweet were the hours he passed with her in reading, walking, and listening to her soft voice, as she accompanied her guitar. He loved the sensibility of her soul, the fervor of her piety, which led her to breathe cadences of such thrilling pathos, such entrancing melody, as awakened, as if by magic, those sensations in his bosom which drew from him the warm expressions of his subdued heart. As he gazed upon this sweet child of nature, the fascination of her mind riveted the chains her artless beauty forged, and he longed to call her his that no rude hand might tear her from him.

To Edward and Mary the hours flew imperceptibly away; they plighted their young vows in the pastor's beautiful garden, when the flowers shed their delightful fragrance, and seemed vying with each other to attract the eyes of the one who had arranged them in their perfect order. Herself the fairest flower, unconscious of her surpassing loveliness, she listened to the fascinating voice of Edward, as he pictured before her youthful imagination, years of unclouded happiness. The day arrived when Henry and his friend were to leave the parsonage for New-York. Henry, after embracing his little brother and sister, turning to Mary, said, "In a few months we shall return," and, as the soft flush of beauty lighted up her cheek, he whispered, "when you will be given away forever." He took his father's hand, and received his parting blessing. Last was his mother—she was pale, and her eyes red with weeping; clasping him in her arms, she held him long to her agonized bosom. Tears, burning tears, stole down her face, for she felt a sickness at her heart—a presentiment that this was her last embrace. "God bless you, my beloved son!" she cried;

"oh, fly to Him in every time of need." Henry folded her closely to his bosom, as he whispered, "farewell, my mother!"

As the drops of dew on the blushing leaves of the rose, so stood the tears on the beautiful cheeks of Mary, which fell fast from her humid eyes, as she received the hardly articulate adieu of Edward. He took her passive hand, and led her to her father, saying, "Into your care I commit this precious trust; keep her for me." The servants had taken their trunks from the hall, and announced that all was ready. They were gone, and silence reigned in the pastor's dwelling.

Six months from this period had elapsed, when little Gilbert, softly whispering his father, asked him the startling question when his brother Henry would return?

For some time after the departure of Henry and Edward, every mail brought letters of love and affection to this happy family. Henry mentioned his leaving New-York for a short time, to accompany Mr. Middleton as far as Washington, on his intended tour; he thought it might be of service to him, as his health was delicate. After an absence of two months, he returned to New-York, but his letters only brought a confirmation of his illness. Edward's had entirely ceased, and a paleness came over the beautiful face of Mary, "who never told her grief," but her parents marked the change, and trembled for its consequence. Her elastic step became slow, and her sylph-like form no longer glided like the fawn before them.

She loved with all the ardor of youth, and had received letters from Edward, which she treasured up as a sacred deposit. She had read them again and again, and laid them in her bosom. By some unaccountable circumstance they had ceased, and she knew not where the beloved of her young heart now was. Perhaps he loved another, and she was forgotten. Uncertainty rested upon this once happy family; and it was while musing upon these events, that Mr. Heartly placed his hands over his eyes, and sighed in the fullness of his soul, as little Gilbert urged him to answer his questions; for his young heart participated in the general gloom, although he knew it not, and he longed for his brother to return, that all might be bright again. "Sister, do sing," said he; "here is your guitar," placing it before her; "sing to me as you used to do," and he softly whispered, "when Mr. Middleton was here!"

She clasped him in her arms, and burst into tears. The dear child, not willing to yield his point, collected his books and took them to his mother. "Will you," said he, "hear me read and say my lesson? I will recite the one brother Henry taught me, and you and father must clap your hands when I am done, just as you used to." That angel woman, regardless of her own feelings, strove to render her little son happy, although he had touched the finest chord of her soul; and as her bosom heaved with a convulsive effort, she told him to begin. He commenced, but suddenly stopped.

"Father," said he, looking around, "what is that?" He bounded to the window, for his ear had caught the distant sound of a carriage. "Come here," said he, "for I see something coming very slowly." Amid the shadows of the evening, they descried a carriage. It drew near—it turned toward their dwelling—it stopped at the door. All was intense anxiety.

"Who is it?" said Mary.

"Hush!" said her discreet mother. "Let us raise no hopes nor anticipate joy, but calmly wait."

Mr H. went to the door, and soon returned. "Come, my love," said he to his wife, "our beloved Henry has come; will you not go and meet him?"

"I cannot," she replied—for she saw by her husband's looks that something dreadful awaited her.

Mary sprang forward, and returned with her beloved, idolized brother. He clasped his mother to his bosom, who silently returned his embrace, as she beheld him pale, wan, and enfeebled. Although cold, there was an unnatural heat in his breath, and she beheld with agony upon his countenance, the premonitor of the tomb! While under her mingled emotions she fainted. Her husband assisted her to a sofa; Henry knelt at her feet assuring her he was better; and Mary, kissing her mother, begged her to be composed. Mrs. H. soon became tranquil—the deep agony of her soul was over. The bitterness of death was lost in the interview so long desired, so often dreaded, so truly anticipated. From that moment she arose in her Saviour's strength. With her faith fixed on heaven, she forgot herself, forgot earth, and lived only for her son and his soul's salvation. She saw the grave opening before him; she viewed the dark chamber of the tomb, where the son she loved so well must soon lie; where that beau-



tiful form and intelligent eye must repose in darkness. As soon as Henry was sufficiently rested, he related to his listening friends what they so much wished to know. He, soon after leaving home, found his cough very troublesome. Edward, anxious for his health, knowing how dear he was to his friends, procured him a physician, who thought a change of climate might be beneficial to him. It was Mr. Middleton's intention to travel, and spend about six months in different parts of the United States, then return, accompany Henry home, and receive from a father's hand his precious treasure. They informed Mr. H. of their intentions, carefully concealing Henry's indisposition, hoping soon to communicate the pleasing intelligence of his recovery.

At Washington they were met by Mr. Bentley, who, chagrined and mortified by Miss Heartly's refusal, had vowed vengeance upon that happy family; and had long been waiting for an opportunity to inflict a wound which Mary, in particular, should feel. As soon as he ascertained from Mr. Middleton his intention of travelling, he offered to accompany him, and was accepted. On leaving, Mr. Middleton gave Henry a letter to Mary, assuring her of his undiminished love, his intention of soon returning and claiming her by the endearing appellation of husband. Henry returned to New-York, but finding his cough increase, he settled his business and hastened to his beloved home. He had received but two letters from his friend—the first in his usual warm, friendly style; the last, cold and distant, and without alluding to the parsonage. He was surprised and grieved on finding that Mary had received no intelligence from Edward. He conversed freely on the subject with his parents, but said little to Mary, who strove to be cheerful for her brother's sake; while, at the same time, her retired moments and sleepless nights witnessed her utter desolation of soul. "Oh, my Edward!" she would often exclaim—"oh, my Edward, where are you? Has another supplanted me in your affections? If so, indulgent heaven, let me never know it; let me fall and die, like my own fair flowers, and with my beloved Henry, soar to our native heaven!"

Week after week passed away—the storms of winter beat around that hallowed spot, while the fervent prayers of the parents, and the secret sighs of the sufferer mingled with the mournful breeze and the howling tempest. Often would Henry, for he was now confined to his room, request his mother and sister to bring their

work-baskets, and sit with him. His little brothers and sister, finding his strength decay, teased him no longer with their balls and tops, but stood still at a distance, as their mother, with her finger on her lips, motioned them to silence. Occasionally, as they peeped in at the door, they were admitted for a few moments, and each in turn permitted to take their brother's emaciated hand in theirs, and softly imprint upon it a kiss of love. One very cold afternoon, when nature was locked in adamantine chains, all were at Henry's particular request, seated in his room. He looked at his father, calm, dignified and submissive, who sat with his eyes closed, his hand resting upon the word of God which he had just been reading. His mother evidently struggled with conflicting emotions; while Mary was silent over her piece of embroidery. As he gazed upon her, he saw a tear fall from her eye upon a beautiful rose she had just finished, and, blending with its rich colors, for a moment it seemed robbed of its beauty. She looked at her brother, who, in his sister, beheld a striking resemblance of the lovely flower. Disappointment had withered the bloom on her cheek. As she rested it upon her fairy hand, and sighed a response to her brother's anticipated thoughts, he motioned for her to approach, when, bending over him, he whispered, "Fear not, my dear sister, all will yet be well; and your own Edward will restore again, by his presence, the bloom on your cheek."

She sobbed aloud in the embrace of her brother, as he held her close to his bosom. What a scene for their beloved parents! Overcome by their emotions, they involuntarily fell upon their knees, and fled by faith to their only refuge. Fervent was that prayer, and as the recording angel registered it in heaven it was heard and answered. The ensuing month brought a letter, which was quickly opened. In it was one inclosed to Mary. They were from Edward. He was in New-York, and would soon be with them. At Henry's request, his father read as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—My feelings at this moment rush upon me with such impetuosity, I can hardly allow myself time to write one word, so anxious am I to see you. Henry, could I but know how you are, how our beloved Mary is, and our dear friends, I should feel relieved. But oh! uncertainty rests upon everything dear to me. I will try to be composed, while I state to you the cause of my present agitation. Charles Bentley, whom you left with me as a companion and friend, is dead! but my resentment

follows him no further than the grave. He has been a deceiver—a villain; he has made me wretched, and wrapt all my bright visions in gloom and obscurity. We travelled through different States, visited every place of notoriety much to my satisfaction, and I should have been charmed with my tour, but for your and your sister's silence. I wrote continually, but received no answer. When I spoke of you to Mr. Bentley, he would reply by a disdainful smile, and sing, 'They say that absence conquers love,' in an ironical, unfeeling manner. Two weeks since he was seized with a malignant disease, which terminated in his death. I rendered him every assistance in my power, and was continually with him. He seemed one day unusually agitated as he looked upon me. I inquired the cause.

"'I am very ill,' said he; 'my physicians give me little encouragement. Oh, Mr. Middleton, I am wretched beyond description! Now do I awake to the awful realities of what I have ever ridiculed—the immortality of the soul. I am a villain, a deceiver; I have ruined my own soul, and I fear ruined your peace for ever.' I asked him what he meant? He replied, 'I loved Mary Heartly; I offered myself, and was refused, as you know.' 'No,' I replied; 'I never knew it.' 'Noble girl!' said he; 'and did she then conceal what so many of her sex would have triumphed to declare? But it is too late to make reparation. Now, then, Mr. M., I was determined upon revenge; I hated you because you were beloved, and I felt as if you gloried in it. I swore revenge; I intercepted your letters—not one has ever reached your friends. I wrote Mr. H. in your name. You know how well I can counterfeit your hand. It was a letter calculated to wound deep, and lead him to believe your friendship for him and his sister had ceased.' Oh, Henry, my friend, judge what my feelings were. Seeing my distress—'Oh! forgive me,' said he, with an imploring look; 'you will see them again—you will be happy. But where, oh, where shall I appear?' His anguish was intense; I bent over him as he grasped my hand. 'Forgive me,' said he. 'I do,' I cried; 'I do forgive you.' He lived but one day after this; and after seeing him consigned to his mother earth, I have written this hasty letter. I shall write to my beloved, my injured Mary, and be with you immediately. Oh! that I could annihilate both time and space, and be with you.

Yours,

"E. MIDDLETON."

Mary's letter contained sentiments of unaltered love and fidelity. What a change! Health and strength quailed beneath the overpowering effects of joy; and she who had never sunk amid earth's desolations, now fainted. On the following morning, Mary Heartly entered the room where her flowers were kept—flowers often watered by the tears of sadness, but now moistened by those of joy. She loved them all—but the one most dear was the white dahlia, from which Edward had selected one on the first morning after they met, and presented her. Overcome with mingled emotions, she sank involuntarily upon her knees; and so engaged was she in prayer, so fervent were the aspirations of her soul, so deep were her devotions, that she heeded not the sound of the carriage which conveyed Edward Middleton to the parsonage. He was met at the door by Mr. and Mrs. Heartly, who received him with paternal kindness. As he entered the room, he cast his eyes around in search of still dearer objects. He was informed of Henry's illness, but it was thought proper that he should not see him immediately.

"Then lead me to Mary," said he.

Mrs. H. led the way to the flower-room; the door was open just sufficient for them to have a view of the fair pleader. Her eyes were filled with tears—were turned upward; her hands were clasped together, while a beautiful glow played over her almost divine countenance, as she ejaculated,

"Let me but see my Edward again, oh! my heavenly Father!"

"You shall, my Mary—my lovely, injured Mary," said he, and caught her fainting form in his arms.

Restored to life, to happiness, she gazed upon the beloved face of Edward, and listened to his well-known voice. Mrs. H. hastened with her husband to their beloved Henry, to inform him of his friend's arrival. He was calm and collected; a holy joy beamed in his eye, for he, too, had held sweet communion with his Maker, and by faith had tasted the blessedness of a brighter world.

In a few moments Edward and Mary entered. Henry extended his hand and welcomed his friend, who started at beholding the change in him; his beautiful form prostrate; his eloquent eye sunken, yet resplendently bright; the hectic flush across his pale face, and his raven hair falling over one of the most beautiful foreheads he had ever beheld, thrilled through his soul. Henry perceived it, and exerting all his strength, said,

“Look not thus upon me, Edward, but rather rejoice I am so near my Father’s house above—so nearly released from the conflicting scenes of life.”

Together they conversed upon the past events, upon the perfidy of Charles Bentley, and rejoiced that vice was not permitted to triumph over virtue. It was Henry’s wish that Edward and Mary should be soon united, and the day was fixed for the ceremony. The lamp of life burned dimly, and its flickering light seemed ready to expire; but death for once spared his victim until his last earthly wish was accomplished.

On the morning of the eventful day, little Gilbert entered with his brother and sister, bearing a small basket of white roses. They took them to their mother, who had them formed into a beautiful wreath according to Henry’s directions, which she then gave to him. The children were seated; the nurse and servants entered, happy, yet melancholy, and took their seats in silence. Mr. Heartly entered with light and tremulous step; he assisted Mrs. H. in supporting Henry, as the nurse pillowed him up. She took her station behind her beloved son, whose head rested on her maternal bosom. As Edward and Mary entered, they perceived a change in him; they knelt at his bed side—he laid his hand upon their heads, and uttered a short prayer. As they arose, he placed the wreath of white roses around the head of his idolized sister, and give her a parting kiss! A profound silence reigned as Mr. Heartly, with the deepest emotion, began the ceremony. Mary was slightly pale, although happy in the prospect of being for ever united to the one she had ever so fondly loved; still, to her young heart, there was something so awfully sacred about her as sent a chill to her soul. Occasionally a faint glow passed over her beautiful face, like the reflection of a summer’s sunset cloud upon the blue expanse of waters. Edward gazed with unmingled admiration upon her as he pressed her trembling hand, and his warm, eloquent blood mantled his manly brow, as they gave themselves to each other in that chamber of death. Henry had fixed his eyes intently upon them: as the ceremony closed, a celestial smile played over his icy features. He placed his hand in his mother’s, and turned his cold cheek upon her beloved face; and quiet and serene as the first born pledge of love falls asleep in its young mother’s bosom, so did this pure and gentle spirit pass into the hands of Him who gave it.

## A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE CELEBRATION AT BUNKER HILL.

“ OH ! is not this a favored spot ?  
’Tis the high place of freedom’s birth.  
God of our fathers ! is it not  
The holiest spot of all the earth ?”

I SAID, as I gazed upon the immense multitude which crowded Boston heights, on the late memorable and glorious celebration. It was a day of uncommon loveliness ; a morning without clouds. The sun, as if exulting on the occasion, appeared in his most brilliant attire, and cast a flood of the purest light over the whole heavens. The air was soft and balmy ; the atmosphere exhilarating, as if filled with the wild harpings of martyred souls, who hovered around and chimed their sweet response to the many thousands there congregated. Amid that immense throng, my attention was particularly arrested by an aged man, who supported himself, partly by the fence on which he leaned, and partly by his staff. He gazed around upon the multitude, and then raised his eyes to the noble spire which towered in all the majesty of American glory ; and covering his face with his hands, wept in the fullness of his soul.

I approached him with caution and deep respect, for there was a sacredness in his tears which inspired me with awe, as I gazed upon his venerable form, bent with infirmity, while over his sunken temples the silvery locks flowed carelessly in the breeze. After the throng had dispersed, and the noise and shouts of the populace had ceased—although surrounded with loveliness and beauty, (for never were brighter eyes seen, in this land of song, than sparkled that day on that consecrated ground,) I tore myself from the fascination of their charms, and followed the aged veteran, determined, if possible, to learn the cause of his

emotion. He was among the last who left the enchanted spot, when, casting his eyes upward, he exclaimed—

“Stand thou there, thou noble spire, a lasting monument of our nation’s glory, and a terror to every foreign foe; lay your foundation deep, for the soil on which you stand, was moistened by the choicest blood of my country!”

He tottered under the mingled emotions of his heart, and would have fallen had I not caught his arm; for in his enthusiasm, he raised his hand, and the staff on which he leaned had dropped. I picked it up and presented it to him. He received it with gratitude; and, as he walked along, I accompanied him.

“This is a proud day for America,” I remarked, “and the excitement will be long felt by those who witnessed the interesting scene.”

Looking upon me with surprise, he replied—

“A proud day, indeed I can remember well, when a foreign foe paraded through these streets, and brave-hearted colonists met the points of their bayonets.”

“You are weary,” said I, “and if you will permit me to convey you to your home, I will order a carriage, and take you there.”

“You are near my home,” said he, pointing to a neat white house, but a little distance from the road; “and if you will enter my humble dwelling, I will tell you a story which will ever be fresh in my mind, and which this day’s scene, as old as I am, has rendered vivid in my remembrance.”

He was received at the door by an intelligent-looking woman, who politely invited me to enter, which I did. Seated in his easy chair, surrounded by myself, Mrs. —, and two fine lads, who, with their cheeks glowing with health and beauty, had just returned from the all-absorbing monument, he related the following narrative.

“My name is Sidney; my forefathers were among those who were treated with rigor and cruelty during the reign of Elizabeth, Queen of England, and, in the commencement of the reign of James the first, fled from the kingdom to Holland. After remaining there a few years they sailed for America, and in 1620 arrived in Plymouth, where the first permanent settlement was made in New England. The colony then was small; they landed amid all the perils and privations of a barren shore, and labored under various

difficulties in erecting habitations for their wives and children. At the time Governor Winthrop and others came over, they brought the charter of the colony, and founded Boston. My grandfather at that time became a resident of this town; he suffered much on account of the hostilities of the Indians, and lived through those days of terror and oppression, which tried the patriot spirits of our fathers. He had but one child, Frederick Sidney, who was the father of three sons, James, Henry, and myself, and one daughter. He inherited all the energy of his father, and was one of the bravest men of the colony: he was among the first who rose up against the taxation imposed upon the colonists. The stamp act he deprecated; and helped to muffle the bells when the knell of freedom was tolled in this place.

“He was determined, with others, to resist the enforcement of British laws; and when the bill was repealed in England by our bold defender, William Pitt, he assisted in firing the cannon, and aided in all the festivities of joy. He was one of those fearless ones, who, disguised in their Indian costume, poured the tea into the ocean, and came home rejoicing. My eldest brother, (who was married to one of the most lovely of women,) accompanied him. I can remember well, how my father spoke to my mother as he entered—‘Come, Isabel, make me some toast, and bring me some pure water; I would rather drink it until I die, than submit to British task-masters.’ And I can remember how she spread that oaken table with a cloth, white as the pure snow of heaven, and with what pleasure she listened to his relation of that daring attempt, as the tears fell from her eyes on the head of my young sister, who stood by her side. On the 5th of September, 1774, my father was among the delegates who met in Congress, at Philadelphia. This session continued eight weeks. Many and long were the speeches there made; theirs was burning eloquence; their patriotism was pure—flowing from hearts firm in the cause of freedom. Their sound reasonings and ardent vindication of their rights, caused many of the British Parliament to favor their cause, particularly Mr. Pitt, who spoke in the highest terms of the Congress. My eldest brother, James, was a captain in the militia; my brother Henry was a bold, intrepid lieutenant, when I was 18 years of age. Great was the excitement among us. We began to train ourselves to the use of the sword and musket, and were among the 12,000 men who stood ready to march at a mo-



ment's warning ; determined not to submit, but maintain our rights against the most powerful nation in the world.

“ At this time, the Colonists had collected a quantity of provisions and military stores at Concord, which General Gage resolved to destroy. This news spread like electricity, and bells and signal guns gave the alarm. My father and brother were at the battle of Lexington, and heard Major Pitcairn exclaim, ‘ Disperse, you rebels ! ’ Well I remember when Colonel Ethan Allen demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga, and took it without resistance. And why ? because he demanded it in the name of the Great Jehovah ! who fought our battles and gave us victory ! yes, the victory ! ”

Here the old gentleman paused, and, raising his eyes, exclaimed,

“ Oh, liberty ! liberty ! how dearly thou wert purchased ! For thee, the brightest flowers were withered that ever bloomed in the western Acadia. For thee, men fell, whose hearts were firm as their own mountains. For thee, mothers' cheeks became blanched, and the young and the lovely wept over their heart's first love, beneath the moon's pale beams, and mingled their souls' deep symphonies with the breeze of evening. Congress again assembled in May, 1775, when John Hancock was chosen President, and voted that an army of 20,000 men should be raised, under the command of the immortal Washington. Many a night have we sat in close debate, and many and fervent were the prayers offered under my paternal roof. My brother's wife, as I have before mentioned, was truly lovely, and was ardently attached to her husband. Often have I seen her twine her affectionate arms around his neck, the tears flowing like rain from her beautiful eyes, and exclaim, ‘ I love you, James ; and I love my country ! be faithful to its cause ; and when peace spreads her soft banner over us, may we, with our sweet little ones, rest in calm security beneath its flowing banners. ’ My mother possessed a true Roman spirit, while her heart was filled with the finest sensibilities of woman. How often have I seen her weep as she wiped the dust from our muskets, and smile through her tears as she gave them to us, saying, ‘ Never forsake your cause ; be firm ; be faithful ! ’

“ The evening preceding the eventful battle of Bunker Hill, we sat around our table, for the last time together : we gazed upon each other in silence. My mother spoke not, but her countenance was voluminous with feelings too deep for utterance. My sister, paler than the mountain lily, looked upon her husband with in-

tense affection, as the tears fell fast on her sleeping babe, which lay cradled on her bosom; she rested her head upon her hand, waiting for the usual blessing to be implored. My father attempted to speak, but could not: the solemnity of death reigned in that peaceful dwelling, broken only by sighs from the heart's deep fountain. At length, my aged grandfather, lifting his trembling hands, and raising his streaming eyes to heaven, prayed that 'God would give us the victory over our enemies; bless us together; bless us when separated; and finally, gather us, an unbroken band, in heaven.' It was our last meal, and it was a cheerless one—like the Israelites of old, it was eaten with bitter herbs.

"The hour of separation had come! My father and brothers were to leave immediately, and commence operations on Breed's Hill at midnight. We separated amid sobs and groans! As the door closed on those beloved ones, my mother sank beside my aged sire, and buried her face on his knees; he laid his clasped hands upon her head, and bowed his silvered brow in silence, and incense, pure and holy, ascended to heaven from their souls' deep orisons! As I received from the arms of my sister her sleeping babe, her blue eyes opened from her tranquil slumbers amid this scene of anguish, as the light of heaven gleams forth amid the gathering tempest. I released it from its mother's arms as she fell senseless in mine. Oh! it was a night of thrilling interest—one I shall never cease to remember!" exclaimed the old man, with excitement. "The morning was ushered in by a roar of artillery; and every house-top, hill, and street, was crowded with anxious spectators. I need not tell you how nobly they fought—how repeatedly they vanquished the foe; I need not say how they retreated, overcome by numbers. There the brave Warren fell; and with him, my two brothers!"

As the solitary oak is shaken by the winds of many winters, so did this aged man tremble under the mingled emotions of his soul's deep feeling. My tears flowed with his; the little boys, who had often heard him "recount his battles o'er," listened at this time with increased interest, and sobbed aloud. The lady of the house advanced, and tenderly soothed his bursting sighs, saying, "My dear uncle, this is too much for your feeble nature." Again and again I thanked the heart-broken pilgrim, no longer wondering at the feelings he manifested on viewing the monument on Bunker Hill. Taking my hand, he exclaimed—

“Did I not say right, when I told you the soil was moistened by the choicest blood of the nation? A brother’s blood! blood, which brought the gray hairs of my aged grandfather to the grave—broke my mother’s heart, and drove the smile of joy for ever from the bright blue eyes of my beloved sister. This is her daughter,” said he, pointing to Mrs. —, “the babe I took from her mother’s arms on that eventful night.”

I took her hand—I took his—my heart was full; and bowing, I bade them adieu. It was an eventful day to me, a day which will live on the last pages of my memory. I had seen the famed city of the East, the grand theatre of events gone for ever—events pregnant with the future destiny of my beloved country. I had gazed on Bunker Hill, till I became inspired with the spirit of Warren and his brave associates. I walked over those grounds, wet with their tears, and hallowed by their blood. I entered Faneuil Hall with feelings of veneration, and almost listened to catch the burst of Ciceronian eloquence which had there rolled over congregated assemblies, and, by its magic influence, moved them, as the waves of the ocean are agitated by the winds of heaven. But never were my feelings more strongly excited, and my heart more deeply touched, than while listening to the narrative of the descendant of those who fled from the cruel rage of persecution, and found an asylum

“Where the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,  
O’er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.”

## THOUGHTS ON THE PAST.



TIME, where hast thou fled! Thou hast been here, but where art thou now? Where can we trace thy steps, or listen to thy awakening voice? Look we to the leafless trees, now brown and bare, bending beneath the tempest? But yesterday they were covered with foliage, which scarcely trembled in the summer's breeze. The spirit of beauty rested upon them, but it has departed. Flowers, which drank the evening dews, and smiled with renovated loveliness in the morning beams—opening their petals to the rising sun, and exulting in his splendor—whose perfume floating on the gentle gale, embalmed the air with their odors—these, also, have departed; and all we can retain of their beauty, are the treasured leaves which affection has placed in some favorite book. Time, time has laid his withering hand upon them, and they have passed away. Look we into the dear domestic circle, where mirth and song resounded through the dwelling; where the young and the beautiful clustered around their parents, and drank in their fullest bliss from their smiles and approbation; where the beaming eye, the light step, the merry voice echoed and re-echoed from day to day; where hearts light as their own mountain air, beat in sweet unison with each other, unconscious of what awaited them upon the tremulous billows of life. Where are they now? They *were*—but now, now where *are* they? Time has been there, but is gone. The hearth is desolate, the music has ceased; the light step, the pleasant laugh, is heard no more! The spirit of beauty placed her stamp upon the fairest of earth's creatures, but they vanished beneath her plastic hand! The parents sleep in the tomb; some have passed into maturity, while the bright-eyed and beautiful, who were actors upon life's busy stage, are no more! The family circle has narrowed; the harp hangs neglected, the piano's notes are hushed, the books remain untouched, and the music-seat is desolate. The spirit of beauty, which

delighted in lingering over a scene so pure, has departed! Who are those that sit weeping, as the grate burns brightly, and the astral lamp emits its softened lustre? Why do they weep, when all around bespeaks comfort and enjoyment? Why do they weep? Because their hearts are full of sorrow. "They had but one, one darling child," who grew up in all the pride of beauty.

"Each morn their life they lighted at her eye."

From the dawn of infancy they watched each opening charm, cherished each honeyed word, steadied each trembling step, until increased strength enabled her to approach them, and eagerly share the impassioned kiss of fond affection. From infancy to childhood they loved and caressed her; from childhood to youth, they idolized—they more than loved her. She was the light of their eyes, the joy of their hearts, the sun of their existence. Theirs was a wealth greater than Peru—more valuable than all the riches of the East. On such an evening as this, she would strew the table with her choicest books, and read aloud to them. Her voice was as sweet as a seraph's, and such was the melting expression of her words, that music flowed in every sentence; while the characters, feelings, and scenery described, stood in beautiful relief before them. She played, she sung to them—she loved them. She was their all: the "Eden bird" which formed their paradise.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love."

Her beauty and accomplishments drew around her many admirers, who sought her hand in vain; until a youth of talent and beauty, by his winning address, his fascinations and smiles, won her young and trusting heart, and she vowed to be his. There they sat in that very room by the same grate, read by the same lamp, where her parents watched her, as she listened to his voice, her fair cheek resting upon her jewelled hand, shaded by the rich dark curls which clustered around her beautiful face—watched her as they saw her turn her eyes with such confiding trustfulness to his, as drew tears from their own. Not that they were unwilling she should love him, but lest in some future day he might wound the fair being who clung thus fondly to him. Hers was no common love; it was deep, fixed, and changeless. He left them for the South, where his parents resided, with the promise of soon returning, when they were to yield their hearts'

sweetest treasure to his embraces. A correspondence, tender, affectionate, breathing love, picturing unclouded days of bliss, became less frequent, until it finally ceased. They saw, with deep regret, the effect it produced upon their child. Their hearts ached with intense anxiety; while they encouraged, they trembled, nor were their fears groundless. A report of his marriage reached them, and his perfidy became public. Before his acquaintance with Matilda, he was engaged to a young lady in his native town, who was heiress to an immense property, which had far more attractions than her mind or person. The beauty and artlessness of Matilda captivated his heart, and won his affection. He was determined on his return home to break his engagement with Miss E—, and marry Matilda, whom he truly loved. Great, indeed, was his astonishment on his return home, to find his father deeply involved in debt, and extremely anxious for his immediate union with Miss E—. As there was no other possible way to save him, he yielded to his wish, and was married. Matilda gave no credit to the report, and believed him true, until it could be no longer doubted, for the full conviction of his treachery flashed upon her, and she fell senseless into her parents' arms. In vain was their sympathy—in vain their love, to heal the anguish of her soul. For her parents' sake, she endeavored to be cheerful, and would try to smile; but it was transient as a sunbeam, and served only to deepen her gloom. No word of reproach escaped her lips, no wish breathed, but for the happiness of one who had smiled but to destroy. Her parents beheld her fade away like a beautiful flower, when too roughly visited by the winds of heaven. The bright hectic flush upon her cheek, and increasing lustre of her eyes, revealed the fatal malady which was rioting within. Fainter and fainter grew each trembling step; quicker and quicker each hurried breath, until upon her mother's bosom she closed her lovely eyes upon all created things, and her pure and trusting spirit took its upward flight.

Weep on, ye bereaved ones; let the tears gush forth from your heart's full fountain. The finest chord of life is touched, and well may you weep. The chain which bound you to life is sundered. Look where the treasured object of your garnered affections is at rest; where the unfaithful will wound no more, nor the trusting heart be deceived by the perfidy of inconstant man. What has the present to do with the past? Yet how striking the resem-

blance! as in a mirror we view each living feature, and trace each varying expression. Time was—time is. The present moment will be sought for, but none will find it! The verdant grove, the balmy leaf, the beautiful maiden, which passed away in their own brief loveliness—they will be sought, but never found. Remembrance will sweep the chords of the soul, whose echoes will die, when the spirit of beauty departs from this world for ever!

## A SKETCH.



"It is a dreadful night," said Joseph Anderson, to his wife, as he shook the snow from his fishing coat—"it is a dreadful night, indeed."

"God have mercy on the poor sailors, and save them," said his wife, wiping a tear from her eye with the corner of her apron. "Oh! that my poor William had never left his father's cabin on this lonely shore, for the dangers of the ocean. For never since he left us have I heard its dashing waves, but they seemed to speak his name."

"Just so," replied her husband; "and yet, when I have been fishing from the banks, when it was clear and pleasant, I could not blame him."

As he spoke, Susan Ellis came in.

"I have come over to stay with you to-night," said she, in a plaintive tone; "I fear we are going to have a heavy tempest."

"You are a kind, good girl, Susan," said Mrs. Anderson; "and I hope God will reward you for all your kindness to us this lonely winter."

"Ay," replied Joseph, "that he will; and I do hope our boy will return again, and make us all happy once more."

"Amen," said the young girl, laying aside her bonnet and cloak, which were wet with sleet and rain; and throwing back a redundance of fine auburn hair, displayed a face of loveliness. As she drew near the fire, a tremendous gust of wind shook the cabin, and at the same time twisted the only tree which shaded it in pieces.

"Alack-a-day," said Mrs. Anderson, "what a crash that was. Oh, my poor William!"

"I thought of him, too," said her husband; "dear me, how he loved that tree."

Susan spoke not, but her heart died within her at the sound;



beneath its branches she had passed many a pleasant hour with William Anderson, who was a youth, and who loved his parents, and the fair Susan, with all his heart. "I will endeavor to make my father and mother more comfortable," thought he, "in their old age; and as for Susan, she is worthy of a better home. Well as I love her, I will leave her for this purpose."

His parents expostulated; Susan wept, but promised him she would come often and see them when he was gone. He embraced his father and mother, and received their parting blessing; bade Susan good bye, and kissed her, promising to make her his wedded wife when he returned.

"A sail was seen this morning," said Susan.

"Who saw it?" inquired Joseph.

"My father."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Anderson; "husband, did you see it?"

"I did," said the husband, "but did not tell you, because a sail always worries you; and, since the gale, I was glad I did not."

"I am exceedingly sorry I mentioned it," said Susan, observing how deadly pale Mrs. Anderson looked."

"Well," said Joseph, "since we cannot make 'one hair white or black,' let us get the Bible and read, and try to pray."

Susan took the sacred Book—it was one William had bought, and his name was written on the first leaf. She looked at it for some time.

"Ay, you are a good girl, Susan," said Joseph, "to look for some passage to comfort us."

She blushed and turned over the leaves, and read the 107th Psalm.

"Let us pray," said the husband. "Our Father, who art in Heaven, oh, be our Father on earth this dreadful night," prayed Joseph; "hold these angry winds in thy fist, and these raging seas in the hollow of thy hand; cause them to be still, until thou dost return our dear son to us again, if it be thy will."

And the wind, which for a moment had lulled, broke forth with redoubled fury, and Joseph's cabin shook like a leaf.

"Halloo!" said a voice.

Dismayed, they flew to the door.

"Who's there?" said Joseph.

"Help! help! for God's sake!" said a voice.

Joseph hastened with a light.

“There is a ship on shore, and I am afraid that every soul on board has perished! Hasten, and we will try to aid them. Go back, young woman,” said he to Susan, “you cannot live long out of doors on such a night as this is.”

The heavens were wrapped in gloom, and the clouds scowled as they rolled their dense black folds together, which, as they faintly parted, made the scene still more appalling. The roaring of the sea was awful as it lashed the shore with tremendous surges.

The men proceeded on their way; Susan returned to the cabin, wrapped herself in a close jacket which hung by the door, tied her handkerchief around her head, and followed them. As she proceeded toward the shore, the scene was awfully terrific: presenting to her view, spars, masts, and heavy planks, strewed along the beach, with here and there a dead body.

The men hallooed at a distance—their voices broke wildly upon her ear amid the fitful blast, and she trembled as she gazed upon the elemental flood which threatened to overwhelm her with inevitable destruction. Following the sound of their voices, she discovered a number of men busily engaged in rescuing from the sea the senseless bodies which floated from the wreck; over which the breakers, with their wreaths of white foam, swelled and broke, as if the very waves were mad.

“Here is a young man,” said one, clapping his hands to prevent their freezing. The wind, at the same time, took his hat, which whistled as it bore it from him.

“Look ye, young woman,” said he, “seeing you would come, look ye to this poor body, that it float not back into the water again, and I will once more see what I can do, stiff as I am with cold.”

The poor girl stooped down and turned the drenched body over, wiped the sand from his face with her coarse coat, and brushed back his dripping hair. A parting cloud cast a gleam of light upon his countenance, and discovered, to her astonished sight, her own dear William! She shrieked aloud, drew him toward her, laid his head upon her lap, put her face to his, breathed on his pale lips, bent over him in agony—then, looking up to heaven, implored divine aid. The man, hearing her shriek, returned.

“Who have you here?”

As he stooped down, Joseph approached.

“What, Susan, are you here? Ah, you have a good heart, but who is this you are so busy with: look up, Susan, and tell me if you know him? It must be some one you have seen, or you would not sit here shivering such a night as this over him.”

“Look!” said the gentle girl, as she raised the coarse covering from his face, which she had held close to her beating heart—  
“look here!”

The day was faintly dawning as Joseph stooped down, and in the bitterness of his soul, exclaimed—

“It is my poor William!”

“Ay, and so it is,” said the man, “and we must try to restore him to life. Come, let us carry him home.”

Susan went first toward the cabin to prepare Mrs. Anderson for the scene before her. She met her on the shore, and urged her to return. The men brought in the cold and senseless body.

“Mother,” said Susan, “it is our poor William; pray be calm and still, and he may yet live.”

Poor Mrs. Anderson, pale as death, hung over the apparently dead body of her son, with streaming eyes and clasped hands. They succeeded in restoring him to life. William once more opened his eyes, and beheld, bending over him, those dearest to him on earth.

The storm was hushed, and the morning sun cast his bright rays upon their humble dwelling. The sea, spread out before them, slumbered in calm security, and mirrored the bright scintillations of heaven in its pellucid bosom. And in that rude cabin, on that lonely shore, there were grateful hearts and true happiness.

## REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.



WHY do we cling so closely to this earth, when everything around tells us it is not our home? Why do we love earthly objects with such intensity, when we know they are lent blessings, and are liable every moment to be taken from us: when everything in nature warns us by its decay of our own mortality? Why are we so deaf to its voice? The trees of the forest, the shrubs and flowers, all have a voice to speak, and show us how transient are all earthly enjoyments; how fleeting and vain are all terrestrial things. The aged oak, which has towered for years, and withstood the tempest's rage, is in an instant scathed by the lightnings of heaven: its branches are severed, and its trunk decays. The sweetest flowers speak the loudest—their beauty and fragrance charm us: while we hold them, while we admire them, even in our hands, they recoil at our touch; the breath which speaks their praises, withers their bloom—they droop and fade, while but a moment in our possession. We arrange them with the nicest skill; we place them in gilded vases; replenish them with pure water; touch them lightly; yet, with all care, how soon they die! The leaves fall from the stalk, their loveliness departs, their beauty is withered! What a lesson! They teach us their choicest comforts are as the morning flowers; that “the spider's most attenuated thread, is chord, is cable, to man's tender tie on earthly bliss.” See that lovely maiden how she trips along; health blooms upon her cheek; joy sparkles in her eye; her step is light as the young fawn's; her laugh is clear and pleasant; her voice is sweet as the breath of morn; her accents fall upon the ear like the mellifluous sounds of the flute on the pellucid bosom of the placid lake. The idol of her parents, the delight of their eyes, the joy of their hearts; their looks follow her as she moves, and they seem to live only in her smiles. Who would mar such beauty? Is there a touch so rude? Look again—in a

retired room, silent as the house of death, a flickering light is seen; a form moves around with steps as light as the falling snow-flakes; while on a bed, beneath its white drapery, pale, restless, emaciated, lies this beauteous fair one. The raven hair hangs loosely around her neck of snow, her dark eye kindles with unearthly brightness; and the hue of her cheek varies from pale to the deepest crimson. A sepulchral voice breaks the dreary silence.

“Mother, I am dying!”

She stretches out her transparent hand—the father enters; he bends in agony over his idolized child; the mother, cold as the lovely form before her, lays her face on her beloved daughter's, kisses her marble brow, clasps in anguish her lifeless hand, presses it to her lips, to her heart—she bends, she weeps, she is heart-broken!

“Father,” says the dying fair one, “father, pray; mother, dear mother, we shall meet in heaven—we shall see our Saviour.”

Then, with a celestial smile, she looks upward, and hails the messenger, Death!

Sure, life is like a morning flower,  
Which blossoms bright and gay;  
It lives and blooms but one short hour,  
Before it fades away.

## CONTENTMENT.



“WHY does not your father return?” said Mrs. Selwyn, as she looked anxiously from the window, on which the rain beat violently; “what can detain him from home on such a night as this, when the very elements seem to war with each other?”

“I observed he was pale at dinner,” said Julia.

“Did you?” replied the mother, with a deep sigh; “how I wish he would return.”

Silence reigned in Mrs. Selwyn’s parlor for some moments, when, rising abruptly, Mrs. Selwyn ordered more coal on the grate, and inquired of James where his master was?

“I do not know, madam,” he replied; “but when he left home, I saw him, after looking around for some time, take his handkerchief from his pocket, and wipe his eyes.”

“Bless me, what can this mean? Go, James, go immediately to the office, and see if your master is there.”

Agitated and alarmed, Mrs. Selwyn walked to and fro in her princely room, whose magnificence seemed to mock the agony of her soul. Julia endeavored to calm her mother’s feelings by assuring her all was well, and begged her to be composed.

“Oh, my child,” said Mrs. Selwyn, “something unusual has occurred, I am confident, or your father would not absent himself from his home at this late hour, amid the peltings of this pitiless storm. Oh, if he is but alive, and I can once more hear his cheering voice, I shall be happy.”

“Look, mamma,” said Julia, terrified by her mother’s intense anxiety, “look at these beautiful prints, and the splendid ornaments you so much desired.”

“Not at present,” said Mrs. Selwyn, “I could not endure the sight of them now. I wish I had never seen them. Oh, my husband, how willing would I give them up, and everything I possess, could I once more hear your welcome voice.”

"Listen, mamma," said Julia, scarcely less disturbed, "they are coming."

It was James.

"Where is your master?"

"I do not know: I cannot find him; the office is closed, and it is now past one o'clock."

Clasping her hands, Mrs. Selwyn would have fainted, but a step was heard. It was her husband—he entered—she rushed forward and threw herself into his arms, as did Julia. Mr. Selwyn folded them both to his beating heart, and then seated himself between them on the sofa.

"I see I have caused you both much anxiety, and am exceedingly sorry."

"It is of no consequence now," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you are here; I see you, and hear your voice—it is enough."

"What ails you, my dear father?" said Julia, "you are very pale; are you sick?"

Placing his hands over his eyes, Mr. Selwyn sighed deeply, while his countenance betrayed feelings of the most intense nature.

"Mr. Selwyn," said his wife, "I can bear anything but this silence; speak, or you will kill me."

"Can you bear anything," said he, "my love, but this? Can you bear disappointment, mortification, poverty, and labor? Can you bear to hear me say I am penniless?"

"Yes," said his amiable companion, who now anticipated his miserable situation, "yes, my dear, I can. Nor shall you find me the weak woman you suppose."

The next day, Mr. Selwyn's property was given up to his creditors. When I saw them last, they were living in a small, neat house, cheerful and happy. Mrs. Selwyn and Julia attended to domestic concerns, while Mr. Selwyn managed a small, but excellent farm. I have often visited them in their days of splendor, but never have I seen them more truly happy.

## THE LAST CALL OF THE SABBATH OF 1842.



LISTEN to the knell of departed hours! Listen to the year's last call! Behold I am passing away with all my brightness, with all my joys and sorrows, hopes and fears. I am winging my way to a vast unknown, where every event I have witnessed will be registered. I am going to hand in my report of Earth's scenes, soon to be closed for ever! One hour more, and the seal will be made sure, the signature stamped, and laid over for the great day of account. I have in my turn to follow my sister years. I have shielded you through the cold blast of winter—I have spread my white ermine over the earth—I have formed for your delight, fairy castles sparkling with innumerable gems. Silvered trees have bent in the sunbeams, emerald bowers have reflected their beauty, while each young shrub has laughed in its fleeting splendor. I have locked the rivers and covered the ponds with a glassy pavement, where the young have bounded in their glee, and passed some of the brightest hours of their existence. I have warmed the earth with my gentle breath, streams of adamant have dissolved, meandered sweetly in their silvery course, and ran delighted to the ocean. Flowers have burst upon their native shrine, and perfumed the air with their fragrance. The summer fruits have been gathered in; and the husbandman has rejoiced, as his fields, bending with their golden store, have waved in beauty before him. I have appeared in majesty and glory on the floating vapor. I have enrolled myself in darkness, and spoken in thunder; and by the electric flash have purified the air for your preservation. I have rained gentle showers upon the earth, and clothed it in a mantle of green, embossed with flowers and shrubs to please the eye. I have lingered upon the autumnal cloud, and cast my mellowed light over the landscape. I have dressed the western sky in gorgeous array, and from evening's glowing censer thrown a flood of liquid light over the world. I have delighted



the eye of the poet with my varied hues, and brought to his contemplative mind the songs of the blessed, as on the floating clouds they have bent in immortal beauty over redeemed man. I have overshadowed him with spirits of the departed, until the mysterious music of their golden lyres have murmured around him at the softened hour of twilight.

I am once more on my throne of ice. The God of storms is marshalling his forces. The ice-king is coming to hold his revels upon the tempest—to sport with human misery around the widow's hearth and on the flowing deep. He chills the sailor boy upon the shivered mast, whose last thoughts are of home and mother. I am going; my speed is fleetier than the wind, swifter than the weaver's shuttle! I fly to join unnumbered years before me. What tidings shall I bear to Him who created all things, and bestows upon man every needed blessing? What return, oh, man, hast thou made for mercies received? How hast thou improved Sabbath days and sanctuary privileges where the sceptre of divine love has been extended? Have ye touched it, ye careless ones? For that is all that is required of you. Touch the sceptre, and you are safe! You shall live and reign for ever and ever. I am going. What shall I say? Will you live? One short hour remains for your decision! On these moments of time may turn your everlasting destiny! Shall I say to the God of mercy you are thankful for his gifts? Fathers, are you not thankful for the preservation of your families? Mothers, are you grateful for your children's lives? How many hearts have been wrong; how many idols have been rent away; how many souls have writhed in anguish over their cherished ones, while others have enjoyed uninterrupted pleasure, and drank freely from the enchanted cup! Remember all is change. The brightest clouds are followed by dark and impervious vapors. Storms succeed the sunshine. All is fleeting, evanescent, baseless! The Saviour is pleading—the hours are flying. He smiles upon you from his throne of mercy. "Come," he cries, "come and revel in the fullness of my joy. Come and rest in the bowers of Paradise." Come, then, you young and lovely, come in the spring-tide of your life. Come in your beauty, and give your hearts to God.

Bright as the world appears, many are its shadows. You will need the support of divine grace in your hours of darkness. When your bosoms are wrung with convulsive sorrow—when smiles

depart—when earth's love grows cold—when the averted eye, the chilling neglect, the bitter retort withers the soul and drinks up the senses—when friends prove false, and pass away like the deceitful brook—when the scorching rays of an arid sky shall beat upon your defenceless heads, amid the dreary desert, this cold world may prove to you that Jesus Christ is the green oasis; his love, the cooling fountain; his promises, your bowers of delight; his spirit, your fullness. You will see the rivers of pleasure, and wander amid the verdant groves, where the air is redolent with ever blooming flowers, and where the birds of Paradise warble their sweetest notes. Amid your woes you will behold the far off land of bliss. Its songs will reach your spirit's depths, and buoy you up through every ill. Hope, like a star of beauty, will beam upon your path, and light you to the Eden above. I am going—time closes—the shadows descend—darkness enwraps the universe: what say you? A few more sands remain! Fainter, and still more faintly they fall—*decide*, for the moon's disk is in the ocean! Her brilliance is dimmed—her last rays illumine the mountain! They fade! they die! my mission is closed.

## THE COUSINS.

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ADELAIDE MOWBRAY was the only child of wealthy parents, who hailed her birth as the brightest era of their existence. Loving each other with that pure and holy affection which connects kindred souls, their every wish centered in this sweet pledge of their affections; who, ere she attained her tenth year, was left an orphan—a prevailing disease having swept her parents to the grave. Mrs. Mowbray's spirit was the first to soar away to a brighter sphere. She committed her child to God, as an unfailing friend. As she drew near the final scene, Adelaide, who but seldom left her, clung still more closely to her bosom, kissed her pale lips again and again, as the last mortal agony fixed its seal upon her icy features. Mr. Mowbray, with a heart overflowing with anguish, hung over his beloved wife, and supported her head upon his bosom; while his daughter, clasping her mother's hand, pressed it to her heart. Mrs. Mowbray gazed upon them with intense affection, returned their love by an agonizing kiss; and then, with a hope full of immortality, welcomed the messenger of death.

Mr. Cleaveland, who was a brother of Mrs. Mowbray, on receiving news of her death, hastened, with Mrs. C., to their brother, whom they found very ill; and remained with him until he died, which was only two weeks after the death of his wife. Sensible he could not recover, Mr. Mowbray, tenderly embracing Adelaide, committed her to the care of her uncle and aunt; requesting them to bring her up, and educate her with their own children. Taking the weeping child in their arms, they promised faithfully to attend to his request, and be a father and a mother unto her. Their hearts were touched by her grief, as in anguish of soul she clung to her beloved father; nor could they separate her from him. Knowing she must be composed, or relinquish his hand, which she grasped firmly in her own, with her face resting upon

it, she would sit by his bed-side and gaze upon him until her young heart was nigh bursting, while her only movement was to frequently brush away her gushing tears.

She received a lesson in the death of her parents she never forgot. She recollected, through her whole after life, the chapters that were read, and the hymns that were sung around their dying beds: and ere Adelaide Mowbray was twelve years of age, she was a lamb of Christ's fold.

She returned with her uncle and aunt to their abode, where they were welcomed by Edwin and Emma. Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland sighed as they saw the little orphan wipe away the tears from her eyes, as they embraced their children.

"Come here, my dear," said Mr. Cleaveland, "these are your cousins."

Emma wound her arms affectionately around Adelaide's neck, and kissed her.

"You must love each other," continued Mrs. Cleaveland; "Adelaide has no parents, no brother or sister; you must be very kind to her—and remember, as an orphan, she has a double claim upon your affections."

Adelaide retired to rest, but "tired nature's sweet restorer" fled from her eyes, steeped with sorrow's tears; while her cousins rested and slept in sweet tranquillity. Parents whom she loved rushed upon her mind—kind words, pleasant voices, endearing actions, soft and cherished smiles stole over her, and she wept under their soul-subduing influence. If she for a moment became lost in sleep, she heard the soft murmuring of their voices, and her arms were extended to embrace them—which effort broke the ideal charm, and she awoke to a perfect consciousness of her situation.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland were untiring in their efforts to render her happy; nor was Adelaide insensible to their kindness and affection.

Edwin Cleaveland, although a youth, had the maturity of manhood. He was sixteen years of age when his cousin first met his eyes. He saw her in the very bud of her being. As the opening rose becomes more lovely by morning dews, so were the charms of Adelaide heightened by her falling tears. Her mourning dress, her white neck, her rich and flowing hair, her expressive eyes, ever moistened by sorrow, even in her gayest mood, rendered her

an object of peculiar interest, as if the spirits of the departed were present to her view.

Emma soon became attached to her cousin. So much did they resemble each other, they were like "a double cherry seeming parted, but a union in partition." Mr. Cleaveland procured teachers of the first respectability for the girls, who closely and faithfully applied themselves to their studies. There was no superficial education: every branch which they pursued was thoroughly understood. They were proficient in the English and French languages, skilled in music, fond of reading, fond of retirement, and happy in themselves. Their own family circle formed their world of enjoyment. No seeds of bitterness sprung up among them: all was peace and love. They mingled but little with the gay world: independent and free from the shackles of the fashionable routine of city life, they studied their own happiness, and the happiness of those around them; and their own fireside and shaded arbor were to them the brightest spots below the sky.

Mr. Cleaveland's dwelling was situated on the banks of a beautiful river, which wound its silvery way amid wooded hills and valleys. The grounds around were laid out with the nicest taste, exhibiting the high character of their possessor. The lawn was clothed in nature's own dress, with here and there a forest tree, rendered dear by associations, and which shared equally in admiration with the magnolias which towered in majesty above them. Flowers and shrubs sparkled in the sunbeams, while Adelaide and Emma presided over these mute emblems of their Creator. The little birds, won by their gentleness and love, warbled their sweetest notes, happy and unrestrained amid the branches.

Edwin Cleaveland watched the progress of his sister and cousin's minds. He was at the University of R—, and during his vacations he devoted his leisure hours to them. The opening charms of both surprised, while they pleased; and he felt a glowing delight, as he contrasted them with many young ladies in the city of R—. They were buoyant as the air, and their forms were light as the young fawns of the mountain, when, with disheveled hair and glowing cheeks, they indulged in their favorite ramble on the river's banks, climbing the sloping hills, and reposing on the velvet sod. But in conversation they were rational, sensible, and communicative. So well read were they in the English classics, they hesitated not in giving their opinion

of different authors. They read no works so slightly as to be unable to judge of their merits or defects; neither praising nor condemning as the popular voice decided. This was what he wished, and approved. He furnished them with the literature of the day, and saw with pleasure their judicious selections. Their favorite retreat was a Gothic structure on the banks of the river, at the termination of the lawn, beneath the spreading branches of two splendid magnolias. The room was large—there being but one—in which was a library of select books. Flowers of various descriptions ornamented this rural abode. The front of the veranda was arched with folding doors of Venitian work; which, when opened, commanded a view of the river and the surrounding scenery. It was here they loved to assemble; it was here that poetry and music hallowed every feeling of their souls, and made their lives pass on in uninterrupted happiness.

At the close of a summer evening, when even nature herself seemed dressed in primeval loveliness, Emma requested her brother to read to them, as they reclined beneath the curling vines which wreathed the arched dome.

“Come,” said she, “read now our favorite pieces.”

Edwin cheerfully complied with her request, and taking from his pocket a small book, inquired what she would like.

“Read ‘Marco Bozzaris,’ if you have it.”

“It is here, I believe,” said he. “I always carry that, and a few other choice pieces with me,” smiling sweetly on Adelaide as he spoke.

“Are they those Ady placed in your pocket-book?” inquired Emma, archly.

“Yes,” replied he, opening it. “Here is Bryant’s ‘Thanatopsis’—that is a favorite piece of yours, I believe, Adelaide; Halleck’s ‘Marco Bozzaris;’ part of Campbell’s ‘Vale of Wyoming;’ ‘The Musician’s Last Hour,’ by Park Benjamin; Longfellow’s ‘Voice of the Night;’ ‘David’s Lament over Absalom,’ by N. P. Willis, and Irving’s ‘Broken Heart.’ Choice pieces, indeed; and now we will form a Lyceum—hem—ladies, which piece shall be the first?”

“Speak,” said Emma to Adelaide, “for I see you are getting quite sentimental.”

Adelaide turned her soft blue eyes upon her cousin, while a faint smile played over her countenance.

“Read what you please, but let the ‘Musician’s Last Hour’ be the concluding one.”

“Then,” said Emma, “while it is bright, read ‘Marco Bozaris.’”

Edwin commenced, but the look Adelaide gave Emma had reached his very soul, quickening every pulsation of his heart. Piece after piece he read, until, excited by the irresistible pathos of the poems, his eyes, like the personification of Genius, kindled with unusual brightness; and never had Adelaide Mowbray known until that hour, how closely her existence was connected with his. During the first years they were together, he won her affections by his tenderness and watchful care; many a falling tear had he wiped away, and hushed many a half suppressed sob and bursting sigh, which wrung her young and tender heart; led her forth among the flowers, plucked the fairest and dressed her flowing hair with wreaths his own hands had formed; fed the canary, and listened with pleasure to its reiterated notes; wooed the ring-dove to their hands, and listened to its shrill coos as they caressed it. These attentions won her friendship and her affections; she sighed when he was absent; but never, never until this hour, did she know how dearly she loved him. While reading the pieces mentioned, the spirit of them took such full possession of their hearts, that the very air seemed impregnated with the witching strains of poetry; and the breeze, as it gently moved the branches of the magnolias, chimed a dulcet note to every awakening and soul-subduing measure. The spirits of the brave, the dead and dying, overshadowed them, as they sat rapt and inspired beneath the melting influence of exalted minds.

“Do not read the ‘Broken Heart,’ Edwin,” said Adelaide. “I cannot bear it now.”

“No,” said Emma, “do not read it, I beg of you. I confess I am all poetry myself, and shall fly away, if a little more excited, upon some floating zephyr.”

“Shall I read the ‘Musician’s Last Hour?’” said Edwin, as he gazed upon Adelaide, who sat with her head resting upon her cousin’s bosom, whose arm was wound around her neck.

“Yes,” said Adelaide, “for see, the sun’s last rays are departing.”

As Edwin gazed upon her, he felt as his sister did when she said she was all poetry: he felt as if he could have gazed, and

gazed for ever, on the two beautiful beings before him. "Where shall the pure and lovely rest?" said he.

"Proceed," said Adelaide.

Never was that inimitable sketch read with more feeling than in that hour. The air seemed rife with the harp's last echoes, and the fire and enthusiasm of the dying musician, as his daughter swept the chords, flushed their beating hearts with the same glowing flame.

"Let us return," said Adelaide. "Oh, lead us home. What a scene is this! Methinks I hear the dying away of distant music, like the soul's last echo! Oh, the sun is setting, unobscured by a single cloud. Now—now he sinks—is gone! So die the righteous—so let me die?"

"Talk not of dying, dear Adelaide," said Emma; "but really, brother, you must not let me see that pocket-book again while you are home.

"What shall we name this spot?" said Edwin.

"This fatal spot," said Emma, as she saw the blush which mantled the cheeks of her brother and cousin.

"It has three names already," said Edwin. "When I am gone, and you here gaze upon this beauteous landscape, will you think of the one, who, with you, so richly enjoyed this banquet of soul, this never to be forgotten hour?"

Alone in her chamber, Adelaide mused upon her feelings during the past hour. "He will leave us soon, and how lonely we shall be. Oh, my parents, my beloved parents, were you but here to guide and direct me. But I will look to One, even my Father in heaven, and pray for wisdom. There was something in that setting sun that had a voice which whispered, 'so die the righteous,' when my heart responded—'so let me die.'" She took the sacred volume, and opened to her favorite psalm. "Best of books," cried she, "while mortals' writings pain me by their exquisite power, these calm and delight me by their beautiful influence. Both I love—but oh! how different the effects which they produce."

Calm and composed by communion with her Maker, she sunk to repose; nor awaked until Emma, kissing her forehead, beautiful as a Madonna's, softly whispered, "Dear Adelaide, come, we have an invitation to spend the day with the Misses Morton; they have company from New York, and wish for our fair selves



to help to form a constellation, whose brilliance shall dazzle even the widower, their father."

When Adelaide appeared, there was indeed a smile upon her face, like a sunset glow, which lights up every surrounding object, while a roseate flush covered her face.

"My dear child," said her aunt, approaching her, "did you feel fatigued with your walk last evening? Have you rested well?" and leading her to a sofa, she threw her arm around her beautiful niece, and drew her closely to her affectionate bosom. Mrs. Cleaveland was one of those mothers who live their lives over in their children. She was the confident of each one, and knew the avenues to their young hearts. She had heard from Edwin of the last evening's scene; she loved her niece, and what more could a fond mother wish, than to know that all around her were happy.

"My dear cousin," said Emma, "are you ready for our visit?"

Adelaide would rather have remained at home, and expressed her wish to stay.

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Cleaveland, "you are not afraid to meet these city ladies, are you?"

"No, not exactly afraid, my dear aunt, but I had rather remain with you."

"Nonsense," said Emma, "I insist upon your going: there is just enough poetry remaining in you to render you enchanting; and as for myself, I shall be a looker on. But go I certainly shall, and see who the gay ladies are; perhaps there is a beau among them for me. What say you, my fair cousin?"

"I will go with you," said Adelaide.

Edwin had not spoken; he hardly knew whether he wished her to go or not. But when he saw how willingly she yielded to his sister's request, he banished self from his own heart, and hastened to accompany them.

The cousins were met at the door by Frances and Elizabeth Morton—two sweet, blooming girls—the only children of the Hon. E. Morton of R—. Their mother died when they were young; and they were the idols of their father's heart. They received their visitors with much pleasure, and hastened to introduce them to their friends. The drawing-room was filled with gentlemen and ladies, who chatted incessantly about "Fanny Elssler," "Mr. Slick's Letters," "Prince de Joineville," &c., until dinner was an-

nounced, paying but little attention to the cousins. At the table the conversation turned upon general subjects. Mr. Morton was a member of Congress, possessed of a highly cultivated mind, affable and agreeable in his address, attentive to all, particularly to Adelaide and her cousin. He by degrees drew them forth in conversation; the readiness and tact they manifested in their quick replies, their prompt and decided answers, their unrestrained manners, their gracefulness and ease, their beauty and intelligence, produced a spell, which, unconsciously to themselves, wound itself around every heart. While some admired, others envied; and even the orphan Adelaide, the child of tears, became the object of vituperation and scorn.

"I wonder," said Miss Mountford, to a gentleman sitting near her, "who these two little *importants* are?"

The gentleman seeing her object, and knowing from whence it came, replied,

"I do not know. I had no idea of finding such beauty and talent in so secluded a place as this."

"Beauty and talent! Do you think them handsome?"

"I do," he replied; "with the exception of your fair self, beyond anything I have lately, if ever, met with."

"I dislike very much to see country girls put on such airs; to me they are always disgusting."

"True merit," replied Mr. Vernon, "is often concealed. The poet spoke true when he said—

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.'

Miss Mountford bit her lip with vexation as Mr. Vernon turned away.

Mr. Morton led the way to the music room, and all followed him.

"Now, ladies," said he, "for the melting strains of Orpheus—such as shall indeed soothe the savage breast, soften rocks, and bend the knotted oaks."

The Misses Mountford exulted in the victory they anticipated, and with apparent pleasure suffered themselves to be led to the piano. They had no idea the cousins understood music, and played with manifest consciousness of their superior powers. They were a long time selecting their pieces, but their taste was not calculated to please. Edwin looked at the girls, but he

trembled not—conscious pride sustained him, for he knew their powers. When the Misses Mountford finished, or rather stopped, with the idea of being urged to play longer, Frances Morton asked Emma to play. Mr. Vernon, the gentleman who had been conversing with Miss Mountford, led Emma to the piano, and while he hoped, he trembled for the lovely girl. Seating herself with much composure, she turned over but one leaf when a favorite piece met her eye. How he was pleased, on her being asked to sing, to see her commence without fear; and listened with delight to her voice, which, while it enraptured, enchained his heart. She arose covered with blushes, and Mr. Vernon led her to the sofa where her cousin was sitting. Mr. Morton, approaching Adelaide, said,

“Will you permit me, Miss Mowbray, to conduct you to the piano?”

Adelaide looked up as if to say, excuse me, when she met the encouraging eye of Edwin, who, with a sweet smile, beckoned her to come. She arose with dignity, and seating herself, Edwin turned to their favorite piece, “I would not live away;” and as he pressed the leaf down with his hand he at the same time pressed hers, which was under it, as if to say, fear nothing. They both overheard the remarks made by Miss Mountford, and he was anxious she should see what “the little *important*” could do. At first her voice was weak and tremulous, but on recollecting the remark, she exerted herself; and her clear, rich voice rose and fell in impassioned strains with the instrument, which seemed to feel the electric touch of her taper fingers, as they flew over, rather than touched the keys. Not with her strength did she play, not mechanically, but her whole soul was in requisition; for both Edwin’s and Mr. Vernon’s voice mingled with her’s; and so forcible, so touching were her strains—so imbued had she become with the spirit of the words she was singing, that she seemed to have forgotten all else till she had finished them. Loud was the applause as she arose; but she displayed no vanity, for she felt none.

“I dare say she is some poor clergyman’s daughter,” said Miss Mountford to Mr. Williams, a young lawyer present, “and this is all done for effect.”

“And what an effect it has produced,” he replied with emphasis.

As Miss M. was turning over some plates which lay upon the centre table, she covered her eyes with her hands as she caught Mr. Vernon looking steadily upon her. He was a young gentleman whose friendship she prized above all others, and whom she had for a long time hoped to have ranked in the list of her admirers. But he was a person of too much good sense to be duped by the artifice of an envious woman. He had heard from the Misses Morton a glowing description of the fair cousins whom he had admired. He had long been in the fashionable world, and, tired of its empty show and parade, was really "in search of a wife"—one who would make his home pleasant, mingle in his feelings, and manage his affairs with discretion; whose mind as well as person was adorned with every necessary grace. Emma Cleaveland was one with whom he thought he could be happy.

The next day, as he was walking with Mr. Morton, he inquired of him concerning the cousins. Mr. Morton spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Cleaveland; and observed, as they were near his dwelling, they would call upon them. They were received with much politeness by the family, and after spending an hour very pleasantly, they returned.

"You see," said Mr. Morton, "what an excellent mother and aunt these young ladies are blest with. Mrs. Cleaveland is a woman of excellent mind, good taste, and sound judgment. She manages her household affairs herself; and in addition to the young ladies' other accomplishments, they are excellent housewives."

Many inquiries were made on their return, much to the chagrin and mortification of the Misses Mountford, who were surprised to hear of Miss Mowbray's wealth. Frances and Elizabeth Morton were sincerely attached to the cousins, and when they saw how certainly envy would punish itself, they learned a lesson they ever afterwards remembered.

Edwin Cleaveland and Charles Vernon were kindred souls: a friendship which was never broken commenced with their first interview. It had long been Edwin's determination to visit Europe. Charles Vernon concluded to go with him. The morning they left, the vows of both parties were plighted, and they parted with the pleasing anticipation of being united on their return.

It was in April when they left; Adelaide and Emma, like the fitful month, were sunshine and tears, as they dwelt upon those hours which preceded their departure. Like the roses of summer,

they bloomed in their native vale, lovelier for their retirement. Although the cousins loved each other from their first interview, ties of a holier nature now bound them more firmly together. Their eyes were the index of their minds, and they read each other's souls by intuition. They walked, read, and sung together. How many would have given thousands for their unrivalled skill in music, which, like the rose in the desert, often wasted its sweetness over their own happy souls when alone. From one altar arose their hearts' pure incense; for they both knew and realized the sources of all their enjoyments. Both clung to the same promises, while their prayers and thanksgivings blended together. And never were more fervent petitions offered up for a friend and brother, than arose from the lips of these fair cousins.

One evening, as they with their parents were seated around the centre table, all looking over the numerous publications just handed in, Adelaide's attention was arrested by an article which met her eye. Hardly conscious of what she did, she touched Emma's hand, which hung over her shoulder, and pointed to the place. A mist seemed to blind her, as she motioned to her cousin to read what she could not.

"What have you found, my children?" said Mr. Cleaveland, seeing their agitation, his own countenance expressive of deep emotion.

Emma handed the paper to her father, who read aloud the supposed loss of the President, in which ill-fated vessel it had been the intention of the two friends to sail; or, if disappointed in this respect, in one of the regular sailing packets—the New York.

"Did Edwin surely sail in that ship?" inquired Mrs. Cleaveland.

"I cannot really say," replied her husband; "do you know, girls, in which packet he sailed?"

"I think," said Emma, "it was in the New York."

"Do you know, my dear Adelaide?" tenderly inquired her uncle, seeing her extreme nervousness.

"Indeed I do not; but I think the President. Edwin thought he should go in her."

"I think so too," replied Mr. Cleaveland. "But this may be only a rumor; I presume she is safe; she is a noble ship—strong, well manned, and faithfully proved."

"What is proof, my dear uncle, against winds and waves?" said Adelaide.

"God holds them in his fist, my beloved one," said her aunt; "cheer up, my child, I feel they are safe;" while the falling tear she endeavored in vain to conceal, told a different tale. But Mrs. Cleaveland did feel her heart comforted by her knowledge of a supreme power; and there was something in her own soul which cheered her darkness, and illuminated every hour of gloom.

Time passed on; but no further tidings came. All was anxiety—all was still; the sun shone in vain, the flowers opened and died unheeded, the canary's notes no longer delighted, and the music ceased. Close doors, constant examination and prayer, were the daily scenes of that once cheerful abode.

Mr. Cleaveland went directly to New York, where he found the names of his son and Mr. Vernon entered as usual for the President; but upon further inquiry he found that they were also entered for the New York. It appeared that, from some unknown circumstance, they had changed their minds in respect to the President; and, owing to the hurry and bustle of the moment, it was left undetermined in which vessel they sailed. Notwithstanding this unsatisfactory intelligence, and although darkness had shrouded their horizon, hope, like a star of beauty, gleamed faintly in the distance. Emma indeed *felt*, but, like her mother, she did not despair. She seemed impressed with the idea of their safety.

Not so Adelaide. "From my childhood's hour," said she to Emma, as she wiped away the falling tears, "have I been the victim of sorrow and disappointment! What did I ever love but was sure to fade and die? Come, let us go to the consecrated spot where Edwin told us to remember him; for oh! I feel we shall never meet again."

"Dear Adelaide," said Emma, "you had better not; your eye is sunken, your cheek is pale, and you are unwell."

"Perfectly well," replied Adelaide. "Pray accompany me; if not, I shall go alone."

Emma looked at her mother.

"Go, my love," said Mrs. Cleaveland, "go with your cousin, but do not stay;" and kissing them both, she returned to her chamber to weep.

Neither of the cousins spoke until they reached the beautiful, the charming, the consecrated spot. Adelaide threw back her bonnet; her hair, escaping at the same time from its confinement, hung in loose curls around her beautiful neck, and her counte-

nance beamed with mingled emotion, as she exclaimed with enthusiasm,

“ Look, my Emma, that is the same glorious sunset as on the evening when Edwin read to us ; look, my cousin, see the gorgeous hues of the western sky ; see the shadows upon the mountains—just so, when he read Bryant’s ‘ Thanatopsis ;’ when we could almost see, in the varying colors, man’s constant changes. Remember you not the kindling up of his eye, the swelling of his breast, as he read the concluding sentence—‘ Hast thou followed in the caravan, my love, my love ?’ ” she exclaimed ; “ hast thou indeed wrapped thy mantle around thee and laid down to soft and pleasant dreams ? ”

Emma did not interrupt her : she gazed upon her like an angel of light ; she saw an unearthly lustre enkindling her countenance, and her heart drank in the spirit of her dream, and mingled in her aspirations. Stretching out her beautiful hands, as the sun sank beneath the horizon, she cried—“ So die the righteous ! was I not right ? Edwin, in your last hour remembered you not your Adelaide ? Thought you not of this hallowed spot ? But we shall meet again—yes, in the spirit land, where all is bright, and no earthly mixture comes :

‘ There we shall meet as heretofore,  
On that unknown and silent shore.’ ”

She stood gazing upon the scene for a moment, when she exclaimed, “ Who brought the harp to thee ? What were the notes which fell upon thy ear ? Not thy Adelaide’s or thy Emma’s voice, like Ella’s, soothed thy last hours : the wind-god swept the strings, while ocean’s depths sent back its echoes ; and thy blest soul in the mysterious music soared to its native heaven ? ”

“ Adelaide, my dear Adelaide, let us return,” said Emma, overcome by her emotions.

Adelaide spoke not ; she was still, calm, and beautiful. Her enthusiasm had ceased, her soul had wasted its energies, scarcely a pulse moved the mysterious mechanism of her heart ; when, casting a hurried glance on all around, she gathered her veil about her neck, and Emma put on her bonnet, and, without speaking, returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland met them, and were both struck with their appearance. Emma had been weeping, and her face was flushed. Adelaide was pale and cold as marble ; and ere they reached the house, almost as senseless. Mr. Cleave-

land raised her in his arms, and bore his lovely burthen home. A physician was sent for; her aunt and Emma watched with her through the night; a burning fever was upon her, and for many days her life quivered upon a single point. Frances and Elizabeth Morton were continually with her, assisting in administering to her wants. Her youth and constitution prevailed over the disease; and, as consciousness returned, the first object she saw was her aunt hanging over her—who, kissing her affectionately, whispered, “be composed, my child, all is well.”

All was well; for while Mrs. Cleaveland and Emma hung over Adelaide’s bed, listening to her wild and incoherent murmurings, which were stilled only by the repetition of some sweet promises from God’s holy word, or some treasured hymn—while Mr. Cleaveland was walking the room almost in a state of distraction, the post-boy, ever a welcome guest, entered with letters, giving him the pleasing intelligence of Edwin’s and Mr. Vernon’s safety. They were in Boston—arrived in the Caledonia, from Liverpool; and would, after spending a few days in New York, return home. Mr. Cleaveland stood like one amazed; he was transfixed; he spoke not—stirred not, until a servant inquired if he would have a chair. Awakening from a reality of brightness, which he fancied still a vision, he sought Mrs. Cleaveland, and communicated the cheering news.

“God be praised!” she exclaimed. “Oh, my children—my children—my children, how have I felt for you! How have I died and revived under your smiles and tears.”

“How is Adelaide?” inquired Mr. Cleaveland.

“No better—wild and restless; continually murmuring some melting expression. I have, as I watched her through the night, thought there was a slight change for the better, but I dare not hope. I will go to her immediately, and send Emma to you.”

Mrs. Cleaveland entered Adelaide’s chamber as she opened her eyes from a peaceful slumber of half an hour, with Emma’s cheek laid down to her’s, who herself was sleeping when her mother entered; kissing Adelaide, she softly whispered, “All is well: be quiet, my child—here is Emma—close your eyes again, my love, while I watch you both.”

Weak and feeble, Adelaide faintly smiled, and turning her face nearer to her beloved cousin, gently fell asleep. Mrs. Cleaveland’s heart beat with fearful rapidity—her frame seemed panting with



excess of joy. If ever mortal tasted of an unmingled cup of bliss, Mrs. Cleaveland did, as she gazed upon those lovely children of her heart's deep affection—knowing those they loved best on earth, for whom their every prayer was breathed, were safe—her Edwin well—perhaps on his way home. A ray of light beamed in her countenance when the cousins awoke together, and Adelaide gave evidence of her return to consciousness. Emma, scarcely knowing whether she was asleep or awake, gazed first upon her mother and then upon Adelaide; the wildness of whose eyes had fled, while a lustrous softness remained, as she closed her long silken lashes, and a tear trickled down her cheek. Mrs. Cleaveland brought her some nourishment. She partook of it and motioned for more, saying, "This is good, my dear aunt."

Frances Morton took her seat by the bed-side, as Mrs. Cleaveland and Emma withdrew—Emma, that she might yield to the joy of grief; Mrs. Cleaveland, that she might tell her child the pleasing news of her brother's and lover's safety.

"Weep not, my Emma," said Mrs. Cleaveland, as the lovely girl, in the fullness of her soul, shed the gushing tears of gratitude.

"Oh, let me weep, my mother! these are delicious tears. She lives! she knows me, and I am contented."

"Emma, my child, be composed; there is great bliss in store for you," and taking her in her arms, she unfolded the pleasing tale. Emma sobbed aloud upon her mother's bosom, and their tears mingled as they fell.

"Let us go to our beloved Adelaide," said Emma.

"Be sure you do not say one word, my child; the least excitement would injure, if not destroy her."

When Mrs. Cleaveland and Emma entered, Frances Morton was conversing in a low tone with Adelaide, whose hand was clasped in her's.

"My dear aunt," said Adelaide, "have I been dreaming?"

"If you have, it is sufficient you are now awake; be still and quiet, and in a few days you may talk with us, and sit up a little."

"May I, dear aunt?" she replied, when a shade passed over her beautiful features, as a fleecy cloud passes over the face of the sun, concealing for a moment the resplendent beams. Mrs. Cleaveland understood the cause, and motioning for the girls to withdraw, she sweetly soothed her lovely niece by telling her who ruled and reigned.

Two weeks had passed from the day Adelaide awoke from her fearful delirium. As she from day to day regained her strength, she saw a smile so sweet resting upon the countenance of her uncle, aunt, and Emma, she could not avoid remarking it.

"We are so glad you are better," said her aunt, reading her heart.

"Oh, but you are so cheerful."

Her lip trembled as she spoke, and, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears. It was then with the greatest caution they bade her hope. Adelaide, with intensity of soul, watched every word, investigated every look—questioned them; until, with much trembling, fearing that, as she drank so deeply of the cup of bitterness, these mercy drops would burst the frail tenure of her existence, they told her of Edwin's safety. As the flowers of summer, withered beneath the scorching rays of an arid sky, when moistened by the dews of heaven in the morning, bloom and blush with renovated beauty, so did the news of Edwin's safety heal the malady of her heart; and as the springs of life were again moved by the seraph Hope, Adelaide looked up and lived. The meeting of friends is a bliss too sacred for the pen of mortals to paint. Let the curtain close over the soul's full fountain, and imagination brings home a joy so full and overflowing. The meeting was such as is only known in those families where love is the connecting chain; where the happiness of one is the happiness of all; where the slightest sigh finds a response in every heart, and the smiles of content, like the sun's bright rays, dispense joy and pleasure to all around. Daily did the fair invalid regain her strength; and beauty, rendered more transcendently beautiful by sorrow and joy, robed Adelaide Mowbray in her brightest hues.

Edwin and Mr. Vernon had concluded when they left home to embark in the *President*, but a friend of Mr. Vernon had taken passage on board the *New York*, with his family, and being a particular acquaintance of his, and engaged in the same business, he and Edwin changed their minds and sailed in the same vessel.

They wrote from Havre, after a passage of fifteen days. These letters, however, never reached those for whom they were designed; and the want of opportunity, owing to their rapid travelling, together with, perhaps, a little more neglect than should have been manifested under the circumstances, the gentlemen did not

trouble themselves with writing again until they had reached Boston, on their return home. Hence the uncertainty in which the family remained for so long a time, and the serious consequences that followed. From Havre they proceeded up the Seine to Rouen; thence in a post chaise to Paris, where they tarried for some time, much delighted in viewing the vast variety of interesting and delightful objects of nature and art which met their eyes in every direction. They left Paris in a diligence for Brussels, passed through a portion of Belgium, visited Ghent, Antwerp, &c. Took boat for Rotterdam, thence to Amsterdam, where, after spending a week, they returned to Rotterdam by the Hague, and embarked for London, where they remained for some weeks, busily engaged in "sight-seeing"—gazing upon what unnumbered eyes had beheld before—on scenes which had often been pictured forth by able and glowing pens, both in history and poetry. By mail coach they proceeded to Oxford, Stratford, and a number of other places; visited Melrose and Abbotsford, and arrived in Edinburgh, where they spent some time in making excursions to old abbeys and castles; next to the highlands of Scotland, visiting Falkirk, Stirling, and Bannockburn, and many other places of note; sailed up Loch Lomond, stopping at Ellen's Island; then passing on to Rob Roy's cave, rambled over the hills and ascended Ben Lomond; thence in a steanboat to Dunbarton, and thence by the Clyde to Glasgow; visited the Giant's Causeway; thence to Dublin, crossed over to Liverpool, where they embarked on board the Caledonia, and left the old world for the new, with the joyful anticipations of their approaching union. Their hearts were truly pained at the recital of the sufferings their absence had caused their friends. But now all was joy and gladness again, and Edwin and Adelaide determined upon a speedy union. Emma and Charles Vernon were to be married at the same time; and again the sun of prosperity beamed upon their dwelling.

"Emma," said Adelaide, one day, as the gentlemen were planning their bright schemes of future happiness, "I would like to select a place—" for the ceremony, she would have said, when, blushing deeply, she hesitated.

"Speak, my Adelaide," said Edwin, "select a place for what?"

"For our union," replied the lovely girl.

"It shall be just where you please, and just as you please," replied he, "but let it be soon."

“Where,” asked Mr. Vernon, “is the favored place?”

“That must remain a secret between myself and Emma,” replied Adelaide.

“We will confide cheerfully in your selection,” said he, taking Emma’s hand, “hearts like yours will hallow every spot, and beings like yourselves will confer peace and happiness upon any place.”

It was in the leafy month of June, when the Gothic structure, beautifully decorated by nature and art, formed the sacred spot where the altar of Hymen was erected. Frances and Elizabeth Morton, ever happy in dispensing pleasure, assisted Adelaide and Emma in decorating the temple dedicated to Friendship, with festoons of laurel and woodbine, hanging a garland of the choicest flowers from their arch. And there, at the close of a day without clouds, on that spot, that hallowed, fatal spot—where the extreme of life’s pulsations had vibrated—where the Muses held their revel, and wound their hidden spells around the heart—where they had feasted upon the beauties of nature and drank deep of the soul of poetry—there, upon the banks of that beautiful river, while the sun was casting his last rays athwart the landscape, they gave themselves to each other in the sight of earth and heaven.

## THE SOUL'S OWN HOUR.

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THE day, with its vicissitudes, had closed. The din of business had ceased. The laborer had found rest in his humble cot. The breezes of evening had chimed their vesper hymn. Night in rayless majesty curtained the earth with its sombre pall. The light step and the merry laugh had passed away with its own echo, and silence swayed her magic wand over the whole face of nature. Then came a hush which wound its spell over the soul, and concentrated all the pulses of life. The past appeared in the distance like a speck in the horizon—like the vanishing away of clouds after a brilliant sunset—like the dying away of those bright tints which gleam athwart the heavens, and fade quickly from the sight. The past! oh, tell me where it is? Or rather, tell me where it is not? The happy days of childhood, which awake with the blushing morn, and slumbered with the dewy eve; the school-house bell, which operated like a charm upon each young heart; the cheerful faces, convened over their accustomed tasks, bespeaking minds free from care; the shrill laugh, and the hum of busy voices, which mingle wildly in the wanton breeze; youth, with her chaplet of bright flowers, and her breath sweet as the lone rose of the desert, her step light, and her bosom throbbing with the pure impulse of nature; the early dawn, the spangled vale, the lofty mountain with its mystic wreaths of vapor: the tall forest trees and the opening blossoms, filled the heart with delight and pleasure. There was joy—there was bliss, in listening to the warbling of the birds, as from bough to bough their shrill notes came trilling on the ear. There was rapture in the parent's eye, as the look of love beamed soft upon the soul, imparting a sense of the depth of that holy affection which reigns in a father's and a mother's bosom. The expression, though untold, can never be forgotten. It lingers upon the mind; and though, like the faint rays of the evening, it seems at times scarcely perceptible, yet

such is its mysterious power, that the slightest touch of sorrow kindles the lambent flame; and its hallowed influence once felt, the soul clings to the dear remembrance, and will for ever cling, even while it sickens at the recollections of the past—yet rejoices that it has been. From youth we step to maturer age; when cares, hopes, pleasures, pains and anxieties, cluster together; when the full beams of the noon-tide sun descend; when the autumn of our lives succeed spring and summer, and we see, if ever, the fulfilment of our hopes. Then, at quiet eve, when our schemes are accomplished—when the light and shade of our lives have passed away, and the sun has climbed far over the zenith, and the lengthening shadows of the evening extend over the landscape—when the silver chord is loosening, and the bowl marred, if not broken, at the fountain—when twilight leads the mind to gaze upon the stars, those silent messengers of the skies, as one by one they faintly gleam in the blue vault of heaven; and the crescent moon slowly wends her way over the towering trees, until unobserved by their waving branches, she peers aloft in all their transcendent brightness—then comes the hush over the soul! an indescribable stillness, mingled with the sweet recollections of by-gone days. Then comes the spirit's hour! when it communes with its God; and looks away to those pure mansions, where blooms eternal youth, where change never comes, where no sickening thoughts of the past cast a shade over the soul, and cause the heart to exclaim, "O, that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be for ever at rest."

## CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.



CHILDHOOD and Youth, like the sweet flowers of summer, are beautiful: beautiful in their own bright forms—happy in their own sweet visions. Light as the air they breathe, no cares, no anxieties press upon them, save those which are like the still dews of evening that fall on the blushing flowers, and pass away in the first rays of the morning sun.

Childhood and Youth, like flowers, soon fade—soon cease to attract, by their richness and beauty, the admiring eye. Some retain their fragrance, long after their loveliest hues are fled; while others, more gaudy, more strikingly brilliant, expire as they close their bright petals, and we know them no more for ever: no perfume remains to render their faded leaves precious. How necessary for the young to cultivate their minds while living among sunshine and flowers, and derive instruction from them. As they grow in years, and enter upon the active duties of life, how desirable it is that they should perform their part upon its tragic stage, in such a manner as shall render them useful and respected. They will soon be parents—soon have the care of young mortals; surrounded by those who will look up to them for amusement and instruction. Their minds must be cultivated, if they would be happy and make others so; their hearts store-houses of intelligence, from which should emanate all that can delight. Home must be the bright spot; earth must know none which can equal it. It must be the resort of love, of peace, of joy. Everything depends upon the proper cultivation of the mind. Let the Bible be first studied; it is from this sacred fount the infant becomes first nourished. How the bright eyes of the listening cherubs gleam with the varied emotions of joy and grief, at the recital of its interesting stories!

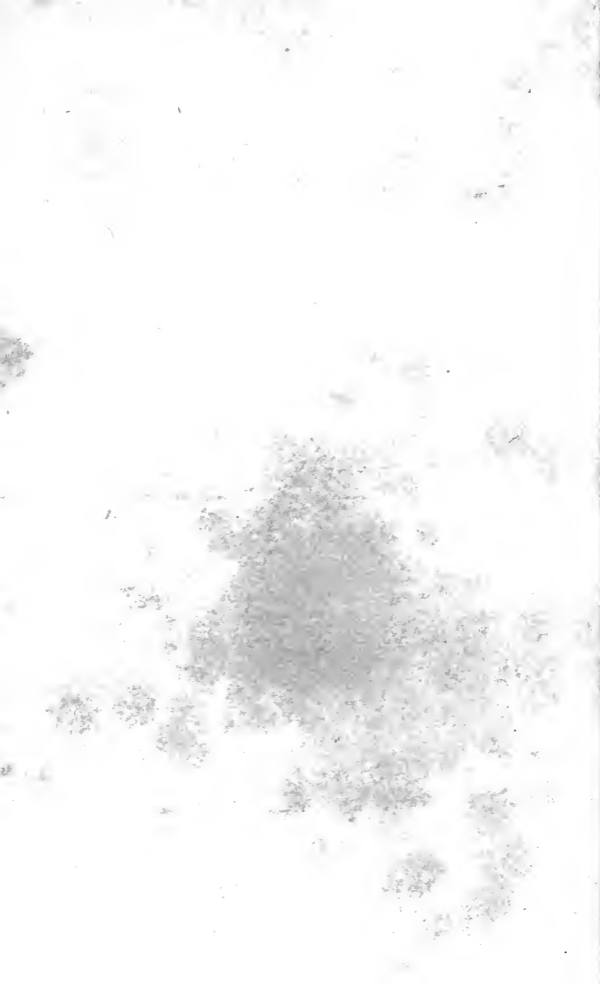
Let truth be first stamped upon opening intellects, for great is the pleasure derived from this pure fountain of enjoyment! The

mother can gain much by conversing with her children ; they can be calmed and stilled in this way, better than in any other. Children become weary of their playthings, and are often irritable : their feelings must be soothed by their mother ; this is her peculiar province ; and as they grow in years she must strengthen her efforts. Home must still be the elysium of their souls. If separated, much still depends upon the mother ; she must follow her children with her letters and her counsel. Her communications must be such as to keep alive the flame of love, and draw their minds back to the scenes of their childhood, that, however remote they may be—in whatever situation they may be placed—in temptation, in sickness, in health, in prosperity or adversity—like a charm, home and mother must operate upon them, and prove a talisman to guide them all in their devious ways.

In affliction's stormy hour, when the bright orb of day is shut from the weakened eye—when the voice of song is hushed, and the rambling among the flowers are over—when the same monotonous scene occurs from day to day, from month to month, and not unfrequently from year to year, it is then the mind seeks relief : it wants enjoyment, for it is an active principle which will never, which can never sleep ; and the more intense the suffering the more active the spirit. Nothing can chain it ; it will work—it will ruminate upon the by-gone scenes of joy and grief ; lights and shades pass over it. It receives consolation from its own resources. The books studied, the lessons imparted, sermons well digested, miscellanies, lyrics, poetry, history, &c., all serve to comfort and relieve the aching mind. Persons in distress can overcome a thousand nameless evils, by reciting or composing ; such a train of thoughts overcomes pain and lifts the soul above earth. How necessary to enrich the mind in early life, before “ the evil days come.” It dies not with the body ; it runs parallel with God. It is a living, undying principle, and must be enriched here. The more it knows of God, the more it will be like him ; and the better prepared for sublimer enjoyments above. The soul that views God in all his works, in every tree, shrub, and flower, “ sees him in clouds, and hears him in the wind.” With every change, with every object, associates the Deity. That soul lives a life truly great, and will rise high in a purer clime, amid that bright constellation of intellectual beings who worship continually before the throne of God and the Lamb. Let the youth attend to these things, and



for a moment suspend their anxiety for the outward adornment of their persons; and remember, a well educated mind is a jewel far more estimable in the eyes of an intelligent man, than the most beautiful exterior, deficient of this treasure. It is the only source of permanent enjoyment here, and will enhance their happiness in another and a brighter world.



## POETICAL PIECES.

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### THE ÆGEAN SEA.

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THE Ægean sea ! how beautiful  
Its sun-lit waters flow ;  
Where fabled Delos floated once—  
Till Juno's dreadful vow,  
That on the earth there should no spot  
Be found for one, whose charms  
Dimm'd here a moment, and seduc'd  
Her husband from her arms.

To shun her wrath, immortal Jove,  
To Delos quick convey'd  
The fair Latona, where her boy  
The floating island stay'd :  
The fam'd Apollo, he whose lute  
Sent forth such rapt'rous strains—  
The rocks were charm'd—the birds were mute  
Upon the dewy plains.

The swains, delighted, in the vales,  
Danced on the blooming flowers ;  
As his soft voice on whispering gales  
Stole o'er the vine-clad bowers.  
The Ægean sea ! how beautiful !  
It opens on the eye,  
As soft and clear its azure blue,  
Mirrors the spangled sky.

The Ægean sea! the Ægean sea!  
 How charming is the name;  
 Go read the Greek mythology  
 And learn from whence it came.  
 Once Ægeus and his son agreed  
 A monster to destroy;  
 And as a sign, should he succeed,  
 He told his darling boy,

To raise on high the snow-white sail  
 Upon the floating tide,  
 In triumph on the prosperous gale,  
 His noble bark should ride;  
 But should th' immortal Gods oppose,  
 And Jove his thunders hurl,  
 Then, as the white wave 'round him flows,  
 The broad, black seal unfurl.

Theseus departs, the monster slays  
 By Ariadne led;  
 And from his labyrinthian cave,  
 Brought forth the monster dead!  
 Low at her feet, his laurels green  
 Theseus delighted laid;  
 She smil'd, he lov'd, till by a wretch  
 She was from him betray'd!

So full of anguish was his soul  
 At his ill-fated lot,  
 The waves unheeded round him roll,  
 The signal is forgot!  
 He thought not of that anxious mind  
 On winds and waves intent—  
 That father, whom he left behind,  
 With age and sorrow bent.

The ship of Theseus presses on  
 Toward the whitened sands,

Where high upon the towering rock,  
 The aged Ægeus stands.  
 Far off, upon the deep blue main,  
 He turns his eager eyes;  
 And in the misty distance sees  
 A sail in faintness rise!

The whitened flag meets not his view!  
 And in his heart-felt grief  
 For Theseus, by the monster slain,  
 Sprung from the shelving reef!  
 Deep in the opening, foaming spray,  
 He sank in maniac glee!  
 And in that last sad fatal leap,  
 Baptiz'd th' Ægean sea.

## REFLECTIONS ON ROCKAWAY BEACH.

Written while at the residence of Benj. F. Thompson, Esq.

OCEAN! majestic, beautiful and grand!  
 Thy waves enchain me by their ceaseless roar;  
 Thou elder brother of the solid land,  
 I stand entranced upon thy lonely shore.  
 Creative fancy pictures to my view  
 The thrilling scenes which once was witnessed here;  
 When the tall ship and her devoted crew  
 Perished amid these waters deep and clear.

Hark ! on the breeze from the engulfing wave,  
 I hear the shrieks of mortals in despair ;  
 Is there no arm, Eternal Power, to save ?  
 No ear to listen to their dying prayer ?  
 High rolls the sea, and dark each flying cloud,  
 The howling storm comes rushing from afar ;  
 The tempest raves in moanings long and loud,  
 Enwrapped in gloom is every beaming star !

On billows high the reeling ship is tossed,  
 Like a mere feather on the boundless waste ;  
 Her chart, her compass, and her anchor lost,  
 While o'er her deck the wild waves madly haste.  
 Far in the distance, like a snowy bird,  
 She skims along, and nears the treacherous strand ;  
 Amid the blast, from sinking souls is heard  
 The piteous cry, " Oh, bear us to the land !"

The little boat leaps o'er the swelling wave,  
 It rises high—now sinks—now mounts again ;  
 Gains the tall ship, and from a watery grave  
 Preserves a few, and brings them to the main.  
 Brings a fond mother, and her children dear,  
 But where's the husband—father—tell me where ?  
 God speed the boat ! again it ventures near—  
 Hope lives ! it dies ! Love, what avails thy prayer ?

Behold the husband clinging to the wreck,  
 He sees with joy the little skiff afar—  
 Life, love, and joy—the world a misty speck,  
 Illumin'd only by hope's tremulous star.  
 How vain its light ! For ever fled its beams !  
 The little boat returns to him no more !  
 He stares, as from some strange bewildering dream,  
 And wakes upon a still more boundless shore !

Scarce dies the echo on the listening ear,  
 When louder, clearer, comes the startling wail !  
 Borne on the blast amid the tempest drear,  
 Rising in anguish o'er the shivering gale !  
 What numbers line the sandy beach. Dismay'd  
 They hear the shrieks, but no relief can give ;  
 Fain would they yield the dying sufferers aid,  
 Could they but reach their fated bark and live.

'Tis vain ! No answer to their cry is given—  
 Their starting tear bespeaks their inward grief ;  
 'Till *one*—may his reward be sweet in heaven !  
 Risk'd his own life and sprung to their relief.  
 While Ocean's God above the wild waves flies,  
 Spurring his steeds o'er the phosphoric deep ;  
 He braves the storm, and every effort tries,  
 And saves the master by one desperate leap !

One thrilling wail ascends upon the breeze,  
 Floats o'er the deep, and echoes from the shore ;  
 The proud ship sinks amid the flowing seas,  
 And hope's bright visions die to live no more.  
 Wave after wave bears on its glassy breast,  
 The lov'd of many a fond and faithful heart ;  
 Clasp'd close in death, in calm repose they rest,  
 Nor winds, nor waves, can ever more them part.

But who are these ? how beautiful that form—  
 How sweet the expression of that lovely face ;  
 Surely they cared not for the gath'ring storm,  
 So closely they cling within love's dear embrace.  
 And this sweet babe, upon whose young fair brow,  
 With what delight the mother's lip has press'd ;  
 Colder than ice, or mountain's drifted snow,  
 It slumbers deep upon her frozen breast.

The marble spire that rears its pointed head,  
 Where buried hopes and joys are now inurn'd,

Warns the lone traveller to lightly tread  
 On forms which once with joyous spirits burn'd.  
 'Twas hard to die when all was bright and new,  
 The port they longed for just within their sight ;  
 Their souls exulting in the opening view,  
 To sink for ever in eternal night !

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ON READING THIER'S HISTORY OF THE  
 FRENCH REVOLUTION.

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WHEN evil discord rent a nation's breast,  
 And all was horror, terror, and dismay ;  
 When crowds on crowds in wild confusion press'd,  
 Like thirsty bloodhounds in pursuit of prey ;  
 Hearts firm, undaunted as the mountain height,  
 Met the full torrent of the purple gore ;  
 Shrank not amid the cannon's flashing light,  
 But stood unshrinking 'mid the dread uproar.

Ill-fated France ; convuls'd, dishonor'd, riven—  
 How sad the fate of her beloved ones ;  
 When youth and talent to the block were given,  
 And on the scaffold bled her martyr'd sons !  
 When frantic woman clasped the manly form  
 Of him she loved, and hung in wild despair  
 Upon his bosom, heedless of the storm  
 Which howl'd terrific through the troubled air,

Conflicting passions, like the heaving main,  
 Convuls'd each breast, and madly bore along



Th' infuriated mob, as treacherous, as vain,  
 Seeking revenge 'mid ribaldry and song.  
 Determin'd spirits, resolute and bold,  
 Who faced unflinching deaths of every kind ;  
 Struggling for *liberty*, and not for *gold*,  
 Fell, like the oak, before the driving wind ?

E'en royalty, with all its pomp and power,  
 Ceased to attract, and "down with tyrants," cried  
 Those who had worshipped but an hour before  
 The wretched Louis, and his beautiful bride.  
 What heart can read, and yet refrain to weep  
 O'er the lov'd group, within their gloomy cell ;  
 Immersed in misery, blasting, withering, deep—  
 Beyond the power of mortal man to tell.

'Mid those dark hours, what were the gilded charms  
 Of courts and palaces, and lofty dome,  
 But treacherous snares—a syren's deadly arms  
 Dragging them down where all of hope had flown ?  
 Let me not read of Royalty again.  
 My heart is sick of the sad tale of wo ;  
 Deceit and bribery are in their train,  
 And dark suspicion lurks where'er they go.

Hark ! how the tocsin thunders from the halls !  
 Hark ! the shrill echo ! *quick !* to arms, to arms !"  
 Louder and louder on the ear it falls,  
 And even life of every hope disarms !  
 God speed the day, when tyranny shall cease,  
 And equal rights to every soul be given ;  
 Earth one grand altar where celestial peace  
 Shall raise her pæan to a smiling Heaven.

## WOMAN'S LOVE; OR THE PRAYER OF FAITH.



“ It is a fearful night, my babe,  
 The storm is gathering fast ;  
 Oh ! God of mercy, shield, I pray,  
 My husband from the blast !

“ My husband ! yes, my loved, my own,  
 My bosom's sweetest joy ;  
 A light which o'er my path hath shone ;  
 Let not that light destroy.

“ Hush, hush thy wail, my baby dear,  
 Rest thou upon my breast ;  
 Soon shall the voice our spirits cheer  
 Of him, whom we love best.”

The wind howled loud and fearfully,  
 The thunders rent the sky ;  
 And 'mid the lightning's fitful gleam  
 'Rose the young mother's cry.

“ Oh ! shield him from the dreadful storm,  
 And bring him home once more ;  
 Let him not perish far away  
 From his own cottage door.

“ I know, I feel the blighted curse,  
 Which rests upon his head ;  
 But oh ! I love him still ; and ne'er  
 Shall cease 'till life has fled.

“ The hour I never can forget  
 When first we fondly met ;

The look of love, the kindling eye,  
I see, I see them yet.

“ Full well I know how changed he is,  
Know how the sparkling bowl  
Has robbed me of my highest bliss,  
And pierced my inmost soul.

“ But still I'll love, and still I'll pray,  
That he from vice may turn ;  
I'll fold him closer to my heart,  
And plead in ' words that burn.' ”

“ Hush thee, my little baby boy,  
While I the throne of grace  
Implore, that he we fondly love  
May each rash step retrace.”

Oh ! 'twas an hour of agony—  
The mother and the wife  
Wrestled with such intensity,  
As saved her husband's life.

He stood upon the door's cold stone,  
Unsheltered 'mid the blast ;  
The fire was burning on his brow—  
The rain was falling fast.

He saw the bending form of one  
Who, like an angel, knelt ;  
Wretch as he was, once more his soul  
Woman's kind influence felt.

He heard her prayer—he saw her look,  
'Twas strange—unearthly—wild !  
She paused—then clasped the Holy Book,  
And kissed her sleeping child.

Heard her exclaim—"He will refrain—  
He will, he will, my boy ;  
He cannot—no, he cannot rob  
Us both of every joy."

She pressed her baby to her breast—  
"Thy father's image here,  
Shall ever find a welcome rest :  
Away, repining tear !"

Subdued, he clasped her in his arms,  
"Thou'st conquered, love," he cries ;  
"Hereafter nought shall dim thy charms,  
In thy fond husband's eyes.

"Away, away, enchanted cup,  
My lips shall ne'er again  
Taste the accursed, deadly drop :  
Her hopes shall not be vain."

Nor were they vain—the temperance pledge  
Received his willing name ;  
And ne'er again, in that loved cot,  
The wily tempter came !

'Twas woman's love, 'twas woman's prayer  
Availed—he ceased to roam ;  
An angel sought the prodigal,  
And brought the wanderer home !

“WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.”



AND is it true, that all must die—  
 All that is lovely must decay ?  
 Each flower beneath yon sunny sky,  
 Fade in its beams and pass away ?

Sweet Spring ! thy opening charms all hail !  
 A striking emblem of that hour  
 When man, weak, impotent and frail,  
 Shall rise by an Almighty power.

Summer ! delightful season ! all  
 Beneath thy cheering rays rejoice ;  
 Nature and art obey thy call,  
 And fly with transport at thy voice.

Autumn ! to me for ever sweet,  
 Thy golden sunsets and thy hues,  
 Which linger where the shadows meet,  
 And sparkle in the morning dews.

Thy falling leaf speaks loud to me ;  
 The music of thy voice I love !  
 They charm me with their minstrelsy,  
 And waft my raptured soul above.

Winter ! thou, too, hast many charms,  
 For thou hast seen thy sweets decay ;  
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, from thy arms,  
 Have faded, died, and passed away.

And thus I've seen—ah ! who has not ?—  
 Life's brightest prospects wrapped in gloom ;

## THE VISION OF THE MOUNT.

Remembrance lingers on that spot  
Where beauty slumbers in the tomb.

Away from earth, this changing earth,  
I'll look where autumn leaves ne'er fade ;  
Where flowers, perennial from their birth,  
Bloom sweetly on the perfumed glade.

A brighter spot than eye hath seen  
Remains, where change can never come ;  
A sweeter rest for those, I ween,  
Who sigh to find their heavenly home.

## THE VISION OF THE MOUNT.



I SAW upon a mountain's top,  
A group of beings bright ;  
Sparkling amid the summer flowers,  
Beneath the sun's soft light.

Gayly they danced, gayly they sung,  
Their hearts were full of glee ;  
And ever and anon, the laugh  
Went forth from spirits free,

Like insects of a day, they basked  
Amid life's dazzling rays ;  
A happy throng, they passed along  
In pleasure's wildering maze.

In their bright eyes no care was seen ;  
No thought of future ill  
Disturbed their bosom's calm serene ;  
But all was hushed and still.

The heavens were bright, the air was sweet,  
Young zephyrs fanned their brows ;  
And where the murmuring brooklets meet,  
They paid their morning vows.

A pure oblation from their hearts  
Went up in incense bright ;  
The scene around, on high, afar,  
Was one of pure delight.

I looked again—and oh, how changed !  
Each face was blanched with care,  
And all looked sad and wo-begone,  
Where all was bright and fair.

“ What means this change ? ” I inly cried ;  
“ Those buoyant spirits, where  
Have they departed ? where the young,  
With dark and flowing hair ?

“ What means this blight, these lingering steps,  
These looks of withering care ;  
These forms disabled, tottering, bent,  
And fragile as the air ?

“ Can these be those, the beautiful  
Who gayly laughed and smiled ?  
Can these be those who yesterday  
Were blithe as Eden's child ? ”

There came a voice upon the wind,  
Over the rolling wave ;

I looked, and saw old Time appear,  
With visage dark and grave.

Calmly he bore a living form,  
Trembling, as nature's springs,  
By one and one, alternate broke,  
Upon his ebon wings.

Raising his powerful voice on high,  
He shook his magic wand ;  
Turned his keen eye on sea and sky,  
And on the solid land.

"Behold !" he cried, "how beautiful  
Each scene to you appears ;"  
Then, with his hand waved o'er my head,  
He brought the weight of years.

"Read now the vision in yourself—  
Why leap ye not and run,  
With buoyant feet and eagle eye,  
O'er lands beneath the sun ?"

Opress'd and weak, my spirits gone ;  
Tired, faint, and nerveless, I  
Fell on my face, and cried, "Oh, tell  
Me, Time, if I must die !"

"Not yet, not yet—go travel on,  
With all your weight of years,  
And from the ' Vision of the Mount,'  
Learn life is fraught with tears."



## M E M O R Y .



Hours gone by, for ever fled,  
 Numbered with the silent dead,  
     'Tis for you I mourn.  
 Will your light no more appear?  
 The young, the beautiful, the dear,  
 With eyes undimmed by sorrow's tear,  
     Will they ne'er return ?

Memory ! 'tis thine to bring  
 The brilliant hues of life's bright spring—  
     Each fond remembrance trace ;  
 The witching form, the cheek so fair,  
 The deep blue eyes, the flowing hair,  
 The rose that bloomed without a care  
     Upon the dimpled face.

Thou canst bring the moonlit bower,  
 Thou canst bring the stilly hour,  
     The fond impassioned kiss ;  
 Give back again the pleasing thrill,  
 The flame which age can never chill,  
 The pulse which death alone can still—  
     Give back sweet hours of bliss.

O, blest memory ! thine's the power,  
 When skies are dark and tempests lower,  
     To wake the slumbering soul ;  
 To bring again the inquiring eye,  
 Which sought the cause of every sigh,  
 And softly whispered, " tell me why  
     The burning tear-drops roll ?"

## TO THE COMET.

Come bring again the look of love  
 Which erst did every grief remove—  
     Come take my willing hand ;  
 Bring to my heart in close embrace,  
 The friends I loved—the soul-lit face ;  
 Each living feature let me trace,  
     Though from the spirit land !

I will not start their forms to meet,  
 Though through the air on pinions fleet  
     They wind their mystic way ;  
 But I will hail them with delight,  
 My soul shall clasp their spirits bright,  
 And with them take my upward flight  
     To an unclouded day.

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 TO THE COMET.
   
 ~~~~~

MYSTERIOUS stranger ! from afar,  
 Through boundless space, thy course is run ;  
 Thou drivest on thy fiery car,  
 In endless circles round the sun.

With thy portentous blazing train  
 Thou wheel'st thy way through yonder sky ;  
 Then com'st to view our Earth again,  
 And draw the world's admiring eye.

The trembling millions quake and stare,  
 Fill'd with amaze and dread affright ;

To see thy bright phosphoric glare,  
    Illume the darksome clouds of night.

Thou hurriest on thy mystic way,  
    Mid rolling orbs, in depths of space ;  
While none thy onward march can stay,  
    Nor all thy mighty wanderings trace.

Beyond those distant shining spheres,  
    Where Saturn, Herschel, wheel their rounds ;  
Thou swiftly fliest a thousand years,  
    To vast creation's utmost bounds.

What breath lights up thy lurid fires,  
    Or fuel feeds thy wondrous flame,  
That fiercely burns, but ne'er expires,  
    Nor sinks to nought, from whence it came ?

At evening's hour thy trail of light,  
    Sweeps brilliant o'er the distant west,  
As on thou mov'st with wingèd flight,  
    Obedient to God's high behest.

The planets all, thou passest by,  
    As things of nought which lay behind ;  
Scarce noticed by thy flaming eye,  
    While to their narrow paths confined,

The Voice which bade the systems roll,  
    Sublimely through each circling sphere,  
Alone thy wanderings can control,  
    And hold thee in thy wild career.

## THE END OF TIME.—A DREAM.



UPON a cloud of fleecy light,  
 I gazed on all around ;  
 The heavens at noon were wrapped in night,  
 And furious whirlwinds in their might  
 Caused solid rocks to speed their flight,  
 And shook creation's bound.

I saw th' affrighted nations stand,  
 And view'd each cloud-capt tower ;  
 Touch'd by th' Almighty's awful wand,  
 They crumbled 'neath his withering hand,  
 And scenes majestic, solemn, grand,  
 Displayed his wondrous power !

Than rushing waters far more loud,  
 A startling peal was heard !  
 When issuing from a parted cloud,  
 Round whom cherubic angels crowd,  
 As if his glory they would shroud,  
 Gabriel with trump appeared.

Upon the broad Pacific's breast,  
 One foot in grandeur trod,  
 One on old Ætna's burning crest—  
 Whose heaving bosom ne'er found rest,  
 Till by this mighty angel prest—  
 The footstool of a God !

Then looking upward to the sky,  
 And round from shore to shore,  
 While lightnings gleamed beneath his eye,  
 He raised his powerful wand on high,

And loud and fearful was the cry,  
That time shall be no more !

Vast magazines of blazing fire  
Exploded on my sight !  
Earth reeled and groaned, a funeral pyre,  
While hills and mountains straight retire,  
In strong, convulsive throes expire  
In one broad sea of light.

The elements with awe obey—  
All nature stood aghast !  
The sea gave up its hidden prey,  
Hell op'd its bosom to the day,  
And Death, the monster, fled away  
Before the trumpet's blast !

Dismayed the sun in terror stood,  
And shuddered at his pall !  
I saw his splendors turn to blood,  
When trembling o'er the heaving flood,  
He veiled him in his gory hood,  
And down I saw him fall !

The moon and stars in dire dismay,  
'Reft of their borrowed light,  
Fled from th' appalling scene away,  
For ever quenched each brilliant ray,  
Chaotic darkness veiled their day,  
And wrapped their beams in night !

Then 'midst a light, which cast no shade,  
A throne was seen afar,  
On which One sat, who all things made ;  
Resplendent rainbows round him played—  
His head with diadems arrayed,  
Decked with the morning star !

Eternal youth beamed in his eye,  
His chariot rolled beneath !  
Hails, ones and coals of fire did fly,  
The symbols of his majesty,  
Borne onward, loud and fearfully,  
By his almighty breath !

At his rebuke, heaven, earth and sea,  
Affrighted fled away !  
The small, the great, the bond, the free,  
Each soul from all eternity,  
Assembled at his firm decree,  
Stood there—in wild dismay !

Around he cast his eyes of fire—  
Ah me ! what lightnings gleamed !  
“Depart,” said he, “depart—retire—  
Ye who my love could ne'er desire ;  
Go wail for ever—nor expire,  
Where mercy never beamed !”

Then, with a sweet angelic look  
No language can portray,  
Smiling, he closed the sacred book ;  
O'er burning worlds his saints he took,  
While nature from her moorings shook,  
Bore them to endless day !

## THE EXILE.—GEN. 28.

Far from his home, sad and alone,  
 An Exile laid his weary head  
 Upon the cold and harden'd stone,  
 The sky his covering, earth his bed.  
 He dream'd he saw a vision bright,  
 Of shining seraphs hand in hand,  
 With radiant brows and wings of light,  
 Descending from the spirit land.

So beauteous was each fairy form,  
 So heavenly sweet their faces shone,  
 The Exile felt his heart grow warm,  
 Though pillow'd on the earth's cold stone.  
 A brilliant pathway arch'd the sky,  
 And wandering spirits filled the air—  
 Flitting around, below, on high,  
 Ethereal forms, divinely fair,

Who, one by one, came from above  
 On emerald steps, and reach'd the earth;  
 Told him of Jesus, and his love,  
 And sung the story of his birth.  
 Above the radiant steps his eye  
 Beheld a form too bright to view;  
 A voice of love and majesty,  
 Broke forth in words for ever true.

As dew descends, the blessings fell  
 Upon the Exile, and his race;  
 The angelic choir with rapture swell  
 Their harps, and holier grows the place.

“Fear not, my son,” the Almighty said,  
 “Arise, pursue your onward way;”  
 The Exile raised his wilder’d head,  
 And hail’d with joy a two-fold day.

The rocky pillow he remov’d,  
 Rear’d it on high, a beacon bright;  
 The oil divine around it flow’d,  
 And lit a Bethel with its light.  
 Thus he who laid him down oppress’d,  
 Without a bed, without a home,  
 Arose, with heavenly influence bless’d,  
 Possessor of a princely dome.

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 STANZAS.

Written on the 15th February, 1843, when the Earth was covered with Snow.

OFt have I lingered, as the setting sun  
 Cast his rich beams across the dreamy west,  
 Watched the lone stars, as gleaming one by one,  
 They shone like diamonds throned on beauty’s breast.  
 Pleased have I gazed upon the verdant grove,  
 Where the young violet rears its timid head;  
 Viewed the pale moon through fields of ether rove,  
 Throwing her cold beams o’er the slumb’ring dead.

I’ve seen, when storms have ceased, the blooming flowers,  
 Dripping with rain-drops, sparkle in the beams  
 Of cloudless sunshine, and the roseate bowers  
 Mirror their beauties in the murmuring streams;



Beheld the bow of promise arch the sky,  
 Spanning creation with its orient arms;  
 Gazed on its colors, seen them fade and die,  
 And disappear with all their magic charms.

On scenes like these, how often have I gazed,  
 'Till my rapt spirit struggled to express  
 My inward feelings, and my lips have praised,  
 In words of transport, nature's loveliness!  
 But never—never—on my raptured eye  
 Appeared a more magnificent display,  
 Than when each tree and shrub beneath the sky  
 Were capp'd in crystal, and the orb of day

Rose glorious from his watery bed, and shook  
 His bright effulgence over hill and dale,  
 O'er lakes and ponds, and every winding brook,  
 Mountains, and woodlands, cliffs and spangled vale.  
 When leafless trees their pointed heads raised high,  
 Like emerald spires amid the sun's fierce light;  
 And arbors hung with gems of richest dye,  
 Like airy castles, sparkled on the sight.

When 'round the shrubs, the snow-wreaths gently wound  
 Their feathery arms, tipping with silver cress,  
 Each little twig, and every leaflet crowned  
 Gleamed like a Fairy in her gala dress.  
 A hymn of praise the joyous earth sent forth,  
 Exulting sang as on her natal morn;  
 Nor looked she fairer in her primal birth,  
 When man exulted over woman born.

No brighter flow'rets decked their bridal bower  
 In Paradise, than those which gleamed around;  
 No sweeter birds carrolled on shrub or flower,  
 Than the young snow-birds on the frosty ground.  
 Fancy ne'er formed a sight more truly grand,  
 Nor mind conceived a more resplendent scene,

Than the fair morning, when o'er sea and land  
The ice-king rode, adorned in silver sheen.

Like human joys the splendid frostwork fled !  
Fled 'neath the power that formed its brightest ray ;  
And thus, I've marked—how oft ! the early dead  
Sparkle the brightest at life's closing day.  
And *Hopes* like haloes on each mimic flower,  
Dancing in sunbeams, fleeting as they're vain,  
Die on the vision—wither in an hour,  
Like the fair morning with its brilliant train.

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PARENT'S LOVE.

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THERE is in a parent's heart a holy throb of undying love toward children, which commences with their earliest existence, and continues to vibrate until the life-blood rushes to its last citadel. Nothing can still it—nothing subdue it—coldness, contempt, ingratitude nor neglect can blunt it ; it beats on—cruelty nor disgrace can chill it—it burns the brighter ; for pity swells the tide of love, and quickens the pulsations. And should the arm be raised to take the life of the parent—the last sigh will breathe forgiveness, the look of love will linger upon the dagger's point, and as it enters the bosom, a prayer will ascend for the murderer. Wo, wo to those parents whose hearts are pierced by Absaloms, for they, like Israelite's smitten king, are, indeed, sufferers.

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How often was the monarch bowed,  
Beneath the chastening rod !  
How like a sea his sorrows flowed,  
Although beloved of God !

But never did the wild waves roll  
So high as when his son,  
As with an arrow, pierced his soul—  
His Absalom, his own.

'Twas hard to flee, when love was new,  
His brow with garlands wreathed—  
When 'round him kings and nobles drew,  
As music o'er them breathed.

'Twas hard to rend from friendship's charms,  
And to the desert hie—  
To leave his throne, 'mid beauty's arms,  
And in the damp cave lie.

'Twas hard to hear the cruel taunts  
Fall from a father's tongue,  
Amid the wild wood's dismal haunts,  
As on his spear he hung.

When wearied with the battle strife,  
'Twas hard, when he returned,  
To find no children, home, or wife—  
His house, and temples burned.

'Twas hard, (when from Gilboa's top  
A wail broke on his ear,)  
To know the pride of Gibeon's vale  
Had fallen by the spear.

Sure this was hard—but mockery to  
The ills which flowed from one,  
Who from his veins his life-blood drew—  
His Absalom, his son!

His hope, his pride, his light, his joy—  
Who climbed, with infant glee,

A beautiful, young, lovely boy,  
Upon his father's knee.

To know this child, beloved and fair,  
Led on the hostile foe,  
Was more than David's heart could bear—  
He sank beneath his wo.

Keen was the pang the monarch felt—  
'Twas agony, 'twas grief—  
At mercy's altar if he knelt,  
Could it afford relief?

Could it afford relief to pray  
The foe might from him run?  
What could a tender father say?  
Their leader was his son!

How soft and kind was his request,  
Should they his Absalom find:  
"Be sure no arrow pierce his breast—  
No anguish fill his mind."

He saw him in no other light  
But beautiful as morn,  
When first Aurora, dazzling, bright,  
Illumes the spangled lawn.

Oh! it was agony intense,  
To think that beauteous boy,  
Who should have been his firm defence,  
Should he himself destroy.

The battle came—the fight drew on—  
The foeman raised the spear—  
And slew the pride of David's house,  
His son, beloved and dear.

The tidings came—his heart was weak—  
 Loud was the spirit's moan—  
 No other language could he speak  
 But "Absalom, my son."

"Oh! Absalom—my son," he cried—  
 "Oh! Absalom—my own—  
 Oh! would to heaven for thee I'd died—  
 Oh! Absalom, my son!"

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a world where no lament  
 From parent's heart is heard—  
 A world of peace, and calm content,  
 Where no rude foe is feared.

Where no kind father's heart will yearn  
 Over a fallen son—  
 But one Amen will echo while  
 Eternal ages run.

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LINES

WRITTEN on reading an account, in the New World, of the interview of the Rev. Dr. Lester with Drs. C. and B., together with a private letter relating to Lord Byron's death.

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I MUSED, until my beating heart  
 Fluttered within its narrow home;  
 As if with all of life 'twould part,  
 O'er Europe's classic soil to roam.

There ramble o'er each hill and dale,  
 Where Moore, and Burns, and Cowper strayed—  
 Where Milton wandered in the vale—  
 Where Young reposed 'neath evening's shade.

On Scotia's heights where Wallace fought,  
 Where Oscar of Malvina sang,  
 Where chivalry by knights was taught,  
 Through groves where oft their helmets rang.  
 'Mid forests, where in feudal days,  
 Grand ancient castles towered on high;  
 Where beauty heard the songs of praise  
 And owned the triumph in her eye.

See Abbotsford, where vapors float  
 At evening 'round fair Melrose bright;  
 Enter the place where Scott once wrote,  
 And view it "by the pale moon's light."  
 Survey the tombs, wherein the forms  
 Repose, where once fierce passions thrilled,  
 All heedless of time's gathering storms,  
 The pulse of life for ever stilled!

Mingle with that inspired throng,  
 Whose notes have echoed o'er the sea,  
 O'er mountains, glens, and groves among,  
 In strains of witching melody.  
 Oh, could I converse hold with those,  
 Whose spirits in their writings burn,  
 And hear them speak in verse and prose,  
 Each as they felt, each in his turn.

Heard them converse of Wyoming,  
 Until the poet's heart was thrilled;  
 With feelings which were slumbering,  
 Within a breast which time had chilled.  
 Have seen the kindness of his eye,  
 As of our native land he spoke;

Beheld the smile of ecstasy,  
The gush of feeling and the look—

Enjoy'd that feast, that flow of soul,  
That blissful hour when memories welled ;  
When feelings they could ne'er control,  
Within their bosoms rose and swelled--  
Not viands culled from India's grove,  
Not goblets sparkling, full and free,  
Had yielded what I so much love  
As that rich feast of imagery.

No wonder age forgot its years,  
Time, standing still, was lost in bliss ;  
No wonder smiles blended with tears,  
In such a rapturous hour as this.  
Unhappy Greece, I'll think of thee,  
When on his couch a warrior lay ;  
Whose soul was formed of poetry,  
And rashly threw that soul away.

A child of song, but rightly tuned,  
Had swept the harp with angel's skill ;  
With heaven, not earth, had he communed,  
Had led all captive at his will.  
Oh, write again, immortal bard !  
Once more my waking soul inspire ;  
Sweet is thy lay, rich have we fared—  
Oh, sweep again thy-breathing lyre.

## TO E——, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

THIS is thy natal morn ! my muse awake !  
 Sing of the past, a bright bewildering train ;  
 One hasty glance, oh ! let my spirit take,  
 And taste gone pleasures, o'er and o'er again.

This is thy natal morn ! the tears which start,  
 Flow forth in fond remembrance of thy charms ;  
 When at life's fountain, cradled on my heart,  
 Thou slep'st a sweet young cherub in my arms.

On time's broad ocean thou hast launched, my boy,  
 Thy bark upon the changing tide of Fate ;  
 At its full flood, oh ! may it be thy joy,  
 To catch the breeze, and sail with heart elate.

O'er rocks and quicksands, may you safely glide,  
 Virtue your helmsman ; while each flowing sail  
 In snowy whiteness, o'er the rippling tide,  
 Wafts thee, my boy, before the prosperous gale.

This is thy natal morn ! memories awake !  
 Wake with a power no mortal hand can stay !  
 The pulses in the general joy partake,  
 And throb for thee, the loved one far away !

'Tis from thy mother, she who gave thee birth,  
 This morning lay, fresh from the minstrel's hand,  
 Seeks her loved son, 'mid scenes of youthful mirth,  
 And warns of rocks on pleasure's witching strand.

Should your frail bark, by storms and tempests driven,  
 Fly for a shelter to some fairy isle ;



Trust not the imagery which paints its heaven,  
Nor list—though music should each hour beguile.

Flee, flee the Syren, whose seductive breath  
Would lure thy feet from virtue's heavenly way ;  
Her steps lead down to everlasting death !  
Her pleasures sicken, and her smiles betray !

Oh ! flee her charms, as you would flee a foe  
Who deals out darkness which no ray can pierce ;  
Her halls loud echo with the wails of wo,  
Wrung forth from souls replete with passions fierce !

Oh ! shun the wine-cup ! " Though it sparkle bright,  
'Tis a false meteor, kindling its own day—  
Shut, shut thine eyes on the bewildering sight—  
Its flash is horror nothing can portray !

Oh ! think, when tempted by the fatal snares,  
Of thy loved mother—sisters—brothers dear—  
Think of thy sainted father's brow, and cares  
To wrest from either one embittered tear !

Could'st thou, my son, disturb our social hearth  
Where, when the winter winds howl sad and drear—  
Memories awake to sense of joy and mirth,  
When thou wert present, with thy voice so dear ?

This is thy natal day ! So live, my boy,  
That we may meet, as on that happy morn,  
When cheerful voices sang in notes of joy  
The rapturous lay, another son is born !

So live, that when for ever on thy eye  
All earthly scenes shall fade and disappear,  
The bright'ning splendors of an opening sky  
May light thee upward from this dusky sphere.

## STANZAS.

“Joys departed never to return—  
How bitter the remembrance!”

DAYS of rapture will you never  
Bring your light to me again,  
Why should fate such fond hearts sever?  
Hope's bright visions all be slain?

As the brilliant hues of even  
Fade beneath th' autumnal sky,  
Hours to love and friendship giv'n,  
Soonest from our presence fly.

Would they like spring's early blossoms  
Bloom again when winter 's o'er,  
Waft their fragrance o'er our bosoms,  
Bring again their magic power.

Bring those hours when on us gazing,  
Eyes of love, with kindness filled;  
Hours of transport, when embracing,  
Every pulse with rapture thrill'd.

Hours, how transient, vain and fleeting,  
Like the hues of closing day,  
When the wreaths of vapor meeting,  
Brighten as they pass away.

Who that ever gazed on nature,  
Mountain, river, lake and stream,  
But has seen in every feature,  
Glimpses of his life's young dream.

As the shadows from the mountains,  
 Tremble o'er the dewy plain ;  
 So, those joys from life's young fountains,  
 Prove like shadows, false and vain.

Rivers, from their various sources,  
 Sweep o'er chasms deep and wide ;  
 Bearing onward on their courses,  
 Youth and beauty with their tide.

Lakes, with their pellucid bosom,  
 Slumber in repose to-day,  
 Ere to-morrow all 's confusion,  
 Tempests o'er their surface play.

Thus the babbling brooks of summer,  
 Laughing in their sources run ;  
 Cheering mortals with their murmur,  
 Parched beneath a burning sun.

Such is life, that we can never  
 Bring again our youth's bright bloom ;  
 Joys departed, cease for ever :  
 Cradles rock us to the tomb.

## STANZAS.



OH, there are hours to mortals given,  
 When past enjoyments roll ;  
 When memories, like the dews of heaven,  
 Fall gently on the soul.

When voices on the gusty breeze,  
    Warble their plaintive notes ;  
And through the waving forest trees,  
    Mysterious music floats.

When the pale moon's pellucid rays  
    Illumine the spangled grove,  
They bring the bliss of other days,  
    The first sweet dream of love.

When the tempestuous waves of life  
    Were hidden from the sight,  
Then the young heart, with pleasures rife,  
    Drank in each fond delight.

When every smile found free access  
    Within the trusting heart,  
Each look of love, each kind caress,  
    Fresh rapture did impart.

When nature wore one beauteous wreath  
    Of flowers divinely fair,  
And spring, with her sweet vernal breath,  
    Perfumed the ambient air ;

When nought in this cold world was seen,  
    But what was dazzling bright,  
No fairy hand then raised the screen,  
    To show how false its light.

When smiling landscapes spread their arms,  
    Decked with ambrosial flowers,  
Wooing the lovely by their charms  
    To revel in their bowers—

Oh, who does not, as memories wake,  
    Feel each pulsation move ?

What hearts but in past joys partake—  
 Past scenes of early love ?

How often 'round th' impassioned soul,  
 This magic spell will twine ;  
 Remembrance, 'neath its soft control,  
 Kindles on Nature's shrine.

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## T I M E .

I ASKED the limpid streamlet as it ran  
 In solemn silence o'er its pebbly bed,  
 If e'er the mighty ocean it would reach ?  
 " I shall in *time*," it murmuringly said,  
 Then kissed the sod, by which its course was led,  
 And gently breathed " farewell."

I hailed the mighty river as it rolled  
 In swelling billows, urged by wind and storm,  
 And asked if in the basin of the sea  
 It e'er would lose its devious winding form ?  
 " I shall," it said, then gayly, wild and free,  
 Press'd to its ocean grave.

To the deep roaring cataract, as it poured  
 In thundering fierceness down the steep descent,  
 O'er pointed rocks, 'mid chasms deep, I called,  
 And asked if e'er its fury would be spent ?  
 " It will," was echoed, " when the globe is rent,  
 And time shall be no more."

“WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?”

I asked the wide spread ocean, as it leapt  
 In mighty undulations to the shore,  
 If e'er in peace its surges would be hushed,  
 And calm succeed its everlasting roar?  
 “Time will do all,” it said, then wildly rushed  
 To kiss the arching sky.

“Who is this *Time*?” I asked, and turning 'round  
 He stood before me in his dread attire,  
 His scythe and sickle gleamed before my eye,  
 The earth his home, the tolling bell his lyre!  
 Fearful I asked, “Old Time, wilt thou e'er die?”  
 Starting he shook his powerful arm on high,  
 And cried, “Eternity!”

“WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?”



MAN'S life is like a summer flower,  
 Which opens on the sight;  
 Illusive as the meteor's power,  
 And fleeting as its light.

He lives, exists, and dreams awhile,  
 Serene his youth's bright day;  
 He revels in another's smile,  
 And glides from earth away.

For true it is, decay will come,  
 The mind and form grow frail;  
 Man lives a wanderer 'round his home,  
 A stranger in his vale.

His voice, his name, his memory dies ;  
Time, with his withering power,  
Scatters his hopes like mists that rise  
In morning's golden hour.

The sweetest pleasures here, he knows,  
Yield no substantial bliss ;  
Care from his choicest comfort flows,  
And wormwood 's in his kiss.

Yet there is something strangely bright  
Allures his spirit here :  
Something, which through the darkest night,  
Illumes this dusky sphere.

But oh ! how faint e'en that one spot,  
When he, with faith's clear eye,  
Looks upward, 'till the world 's forgot,  
To joys which never die.

Joys, which will ever in their flight  
Grow brighter on his soul ;  
Arise, expand, entrance, delight,  
As ceaseless ages roll.

Then if his life be like a flower,  
There is a spark, divine,  
More brilliant grows with every hour,  
As days and suns decline.

## TO MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

SWEETEST of minstrels ! I followed thy theme,  
 'Till my muse in her flight caught a wandering beam  
 Of the " Spirit of Beauty," in mantle of light,  
 Gilding the earth, and the sea in her flight ;  
 Gleaming in splendor, o'er woodlands and bowers,  
 Streaming in brightness o'er castles and towers ;  
 Resting on roses, on zephyrs, which play,  
 On the young spires of grass, in their jewel'd array ;  
 In mists of the morning which curl on the breeze,  
 Wreathing fantastically over the tress.  
 On the storm-clouds which gather, in the lightning's red flash,  
 On the wild waves of ocean—in thunder's deep crash !  
 "*Spirit of Beauty!*" thou'rt everywhere—  
 A ray of Omnipotence—floating in air !  
 Placing God's image on all we behold,  
 From dew drops to mountains, majestic and bold.  
 On infants, on manhood, and silvery age,  
 On peasant and noble, unlettered and sage,  
 On the spirit which yields to the Saviour's control,  
 When the seal of redemption is stamped on the soul ;  
 On the saint, as he cheerfully yields up his breath,  
 When falling asleep in the cold arms of death ;  
 On the lovely and young who, with purpose divine,  
 Mingle, Hymen invoking, their vows at his shrine.  
 All these have I seen in their beauty and power,  
 And gazed on the landscape at twilight's soft hour ;  
 On the earth in her pride ; on the dark rolling sea ;  
 On the clouds which at sunset hang over the lea ;  
 On the hues of the rainbow which arched the blue sky,  
 'Till its beauties have faded and died on my eye.  
 But ne'er did the "*Spirit of Beauty*" appear  
 So strikingly perfect as when on the bier



It rested on one, who, beloved and true,  
Departed too soon for his friends from their view.  
Her stamp on his beautiful brow she had set,  
I gazed on it then, and I gaze on it yet—  
And ever will think, 'till my life shall depart,  
How beauty sat throned on that young faithful heart !

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## WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

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How glorious is the hour,  
How beautiful the scene,  
When wash'd by summer's gentle shower,  
Fair Nature's robes of green.

The clouds, like drifted snow,  
In wild confusion lie ;  
The thunders, murmuring long and low,  
In the dim distance die.

Lightning, whose fitful fires  
Shot upward on the sight,  
Displaying, mid their arrowy sp'res,  
A panorama bright.

Those lightnings from afar,  
Flash faintly o'er the deep ;  
Hushed is the elemental war,  
Rocked by its power asleep.

O'er the ethereal height,  
Far as the eye can see,

The rainbow throws her hallowed light,  
And spans the earth and seas.

The calm, pellucid stream,  
How tranquil is its rest—  
Lovely as the young infant's dream,  
Pillowed on beauty's breast.

How sweet the vernal grove,  
The wooded hills, the vale ;  
Bright insects through the branches rove,  
And sport upon the gale.

Amid the sylvan bowers,  
The balmy zephyr floats ;  
And birds amid the blushing flowers  
Warble their thrilling notes.

On such a scene as this,  
Unmoved, can mortals gaze ?  
Is there a soul but tastes the bliss  
Which nature here displays ?

Ye votaries of power,  
Ye worshippers of gold,  
Be yours the pleasures of an hour—  
Let mine be nature bold !

Where nature holds her throne,  
Let me commune with Him,  
Whose power demands our praise alone—  
Whose glories never dim.

## TO THE HON. JOHN C. CALHOUN,

THE FRIEND AND CLASSMATE OF REV. J. D. G.



TRUE, we are strangers here,  
 Earth's children wander wide ;  
 Some wear a smile, and some a tear,  
 As down the stream they glide.  
 Thine is the laurell'd brow—  
 And in thy soul-lit eye  
 Is seen the firmness of the vow  
 That's register'd on high.

Amid the wise and great,  
 Unmov'd by fortune's frown,  
 Thine is the eloquent debate,  
 That awes th' opposer down.  
 For thee, immortal fame  
 A fadeless wreath has twin'd ;  
 Our country knows no higher name,  
 Nor boasts a nobler mind.

Within the humble vale  
 Of sweet domestic love,  
 Thy friend, before the gentle gale,  
 Speeds to his rest above.  
 Oft has his bark been driv'n  
 By winds and raging seas ;  
 But every wave shall waft to heav'n,  
 And God direct the breeze.

If in the Congress hall,  
 Or in the vine-clad bower,

Death's summons on thy ear shall fall,  
 Sweet be thy parting hour ;  
 And sweet thy meeting, too,  
 On that unbounded shore,  
 Where faithful friends, belov'd and true,  
 Embrace to part no more.

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THE SHIPWRECK.

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Upon the summit of a towering rock,  
 Whose base was wreath'd by Ocean's dashing waves,  
 Where fierce tornadoes, with a stunning shock,  
 Reechoed hoarsely o'er the gaping caves,  
 Alone I stood ; while, like a wandering star,  
 The storm-king stalked, a tall and shadowy form ;  
 Masing, I hail'd the elemental war,  
 And loved the music of the driving storm.

Æolus loosed his warring winds, and loud  
 The wild blast shriek'd amid the waving surge ;  
 The lightnings blazed upon the blackening cloud,  
 And muttering thunders chimed a mournful dirge.  
 From coral palaces the sea-nymphs leapt,  
 Their forms encircled with phosphoric fire ;  
 Mingled their voices as the wind-god swept  
 His fearful blast o'er Ocean's thundering lyre.

Old Neptune, on his throne of clouds enroll'd,  
 Rode dauntless forth above the raging main ;  
 Rein'd his proud steeds, impatient, fierce, and bold,  
 Then drove them forward through the ethereal plain.

Amazed I looked upon the wide spread sea,  
 When, in the distance, lo ! a sail I spied,  
 Urging its way toward the treacherous lea,  
 Onward impell'd by the resistless tide:

The breakers high rolled fearfully around,  
 Lashing the helmless, mastless, found'ring bark,  
 Whose timbers parting with a creaking sound,  
 Were pitching, tossing, 'mid the mad wakes dark !  
 Borne on the breeze, a shriek of wild despair,  
 Deeper and louder than the sweeping storm,  
 Assail'd my ear. Oh, God, what sight was there !  
 Upon the wreck struggled a human form !

A sailor boy, on whose fond mother's breast  
 He'd pillow'd oft his fair, young, sunny brow—  
 In childhood nestled as a place of rest ;  
 How wide the contrast 'twixt that hour and now !  
 'Mid the dim air, upon the billow's crest,  
 He rais'd on high one loud and piteous wail !  
 Then fainting, sinking, by the wild waves prest,  
 His cries were lost amid the shivering gale.

Fiercely the billows lashed the rocky shore,  
 Bearing on high the shapeless, shatter'd wreck ;  
 When came the tempest with an awful roar,  
 And rolled the white waves foaming o'er the deck.  
 The sea-bird scream'd as o'er the hulk he flew,  
 Flapp'd his broad wings, and hied him from the strand—  
 From the dread scene I straight myself withdrew,  
 Thanking my God my home was on the land.

\* \* \* \* \*

When morning dawned o'er the dark blue main,  
 The sun broke forth with bright unclouded ray ;  
 The winds retired within their caves again,  
 And, like a " cradled infant," quiet lay.

No sound was heard, save the low, hollow moan,  
 Murmuring in mournful numbers o'er the sea ;  
 Not e'en an echo of that mortal groan  
 Which closed for ever nature's agony.

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THE END OF TIME.—REV. CHAP. 10.

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FROM opening clouds a form divine  
 Descends to earth in bright array ;  
 Resplendent rainbows round him shine,  
 While lightnings from the centre play.  
 On wings of storm he speeds his flight,  
 From radiant thrones above the sky,  
 Through trackless glooms and fields of light,  
 That he this glimmering orb may spy.

Sun, moon, and stars, are left behind,  
 As on he sails 'mid countless spheres,  
 Among the planets Earth to find,  
 And stop its swiftly rolling years.  
 While on he speeds through boundless space,  
 With vision strong, he kens afar  
 This globe—a speck he scarce can trace,  
 When view'd from some more distant star.

Now he descends sublimely grand,  
 One foot he places on the sea ;  
 The other fix'd on solid land,  
 Then loud proclaims his high decree.  
 Up to the heavens his hand he rears—  
 While standing thus on sea and shore,

With voice more loud than thunder, swears  
 "That earth and time shall be no more!"

The sun grows dim as evening's hour,  
 No more shines forth in splendors bright;  
 Extinguish'd by the angel's power,  
 Goes out and leaves the world in night!  
 The globe to its deep centre shakes,  
 Heaven's tottering pillars crash and fall;  
 All nature's realms with terror quakes,  
 Till seas of flame engulf them all!

The waves of time no longer roll  
 O'er wide creation's mighty bound;  
 The sun, the moon, the distant pole,  
 All sink where years are never found!  
 The angel from the scene ascends,  
 Lit upward by earth's burning pyre;  
 Swiftly his way to heaven he wends,  
 And leaves this world enwrap't in fire!

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"WEEP NOT FOR ME."

~~~~~

WEEP not for me at evening's hour,  
 When gather'd round th' autumnal fire;  
 When in the dew-bespangled bower,  
 Is heard no more the wild bird's lyre.

When on the light breeze murmuring 'round,  
 There comes in accents sad and drear,

Expiring summer's mellowed tone,  
Shed not for me one bitter tear.

"Weep not for me" when flowers have fled,  
And beauteous shrubs have leafless grown ;  
When from the altar of the dead  
Is heard the heart's mysterious moan.

When o'er the harp love's fingers sweep,  
And strains as sweet as angels breathe  
Steal o'er the soul, then do not weep,  
Nor let the cypress leaf enwreath

Thy pallid brow ; but bind the flower  
I loved so well, and let it bloom  
In sweetness through each coming hour,  
And waft its perfume o'er my tomb—

That from above, as low I bend  
To catch the incense rising high,  
Springing where fondest memories blend,  
And floating up the ethereal sky.

My ransom'd soul, more fully blest  
With holier, happier, thoughts of thee,  
Shall enter its eternal rest,  
And joyful sing, "Weep not for me."



## TO MRS. S. L. G.,

ON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST BORN.



A SERAPH of beauty has lit on the earth—  
 Bright was the morning that told of her birth,  
 The angel who watches o'er innocence here,  
 On the young mother's face saw the smile and the tear,  
 As the cry of her first born came over her soul,  
 Like the songs of the blest, as in sweetness they roll.

With the scroll in his hand the angel he flew,  
 While the roses were drinking the fresh drops of dew.  
 Recorded the birth on the tablets above,  
 While the gift was received at the fountain of love.

Oh, mother, sweet mother, what now is your meed  
 To Him who sustain'd, and from agony freed?  
 What now in your heart will you lay on the shrine?  
 What now shall arise in an incense divine?

To you is committed a treasure from heav'n,  
 Be sure you return what to you now is giv'n;  
 'Tis a spark of the Deity kindled on high,  
 That mirrors its beams in the light of your eye.  
 The casket is yours, but the jewel enwrought  
 Is design'd for the skies and can never be bought.

Then remember, dear A——e, the beautiful flower  
 You now call your own may expire in an hour.  
 The young bud be nipp'd by the cold frost of death,  
 And the blossoms be blighted that fashion your wreath.

What return can you make, where so much is due,  
 For the sweet pledge of love now committed to you?

What now in your heart will you lay on the shrine?  
 Let your incense be pure, for the treasure is thine.

The steps of the angel comes soft on my ear,  
 He takes—'tis his own—sweet gratitude's tear;  
 The gem of the heart, more lovelier far  
 Than the soft beamy lustre of evening's first star.  
 On the altar it gleams—the heavens above  
 With pleasure approve of the off'ring of love.

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## REFLECTIONS ON SATURDAY EVENING.



WELL does my heart remember, when the week is past and gone,  
 The scenes of youth's young morning when life was in its dawn;  
 When willows bent in beauty, and the roses washed in dew,  
 Gave forth their sweet perfumery and all was bright and new.

When the weary week was ended, and care aside was laid,  
 None wandered to the haunts of mirth—at home each member staid;  
 When a father called his family, and a mother dear was there,  
 He seated with his Bible, she in her old arm-chair.

When children, servants gathered 'round, on every one a spell  
 Fastening mysteriously on all as the slow accents fell,  
 Selected from the holy book, to lead the thoughts above,  
 And then the incense which arose from the pure shrine of love.

How rich the blessings as they flowed from lips which knew no guile!  
 How kind the look, how soft the hand, how sweet the pleasant smile!  
 The holy fervor of those prayers, when to their bosoms prest,  
 The little group of cherished ones e'er they retired to rest.

The blessed Sabbath morning, how hallowed was its light !  
Early we hail'd the god of day o'er hill and mountain bright ;  
Again around the mercy seat all knelt—my father prayed  
That through the scenes of this cold world each foostep might be  
    staid.

Then to the sanctuary with solemn steps we came,  
Where from Mount Sinai's sacred top the thunder, smoke, and flame  
Came issuing forth, in loud appeal, till in the dust we lay ;  
And Calvary opened on our view, and chased our fears away.

Oft at the twilight's pensive hour, when all was calm and still,  
And nought was heard but gushing sounds from sparkling fount and  
    rill ;

I stood beside my father, and hung upon his knee,  
And read for him to sing aloud, " Show pity, Lord," to me.

Still to my heart far sweeter than Mozart's touching strain,  
Waking a thrilling impulse in every circling vein ;  
'Twas a symphony which angels, delighted, bent to hear,  
As from his holy soul arose the notes so bold and clear.

Oh, hours beloved, they never can be blotted from my mind,  
While amid the lights and shadows of earthly scenes I wind ;  
Now, often when the moon rides high amid her dreamy sphere,  
I gaze until my eyes o'erflow with memory's burning tear.

And every star that glimmers in the deep blue vault on high,  
To me appear like windows within the spangled sky—  
Through which I often fancy my parents dear I see,  
Happy amid the " Spirit Land," waiting to welcome me.

## THE CHINESE PRISONER.

'Mid distant Asia's flowery realms was one,  
 By poets called the city of the sun,  
 Renowned by fame for interesting tales  
 Of fairy groves and dew-bespangled vales ;  
 Of palaces, where wealth and splendor rolled,  
 And monarch's thrones glittered with gems and gold.  
 Much more of the celestial empire had been known,  
 But for the blaze by Chi-Hoang-ti blown,  
 When he consumed the archives of the past—  
 Over each scene a veil of darkness cast.  
 Not only works, but authors too, expired,  
 And fed the burning pyre his vengeance fired ;  
 From off the wreck one single leaf was whirled,  
 And winged its way to this Atlantic world ;  
 From which my muse the following tale has won—  
 The touching story of a Chinese son.

In the famed city, where the noon-day beams  
 Pour their full splendor on the fairy streams—  
 Where art and nature over follies shine,  
 The mystic wreaths of superstition twine—  
 Where the bright bays in sparkling beauty glide,  
 With barks of pleasure on their silver tide—  
 Where music mingles with the whispering gale,  
 As love reclines beneath the damask sail,  
 Seated in state, on the imperial throne,  
 Over this flowery empire there was *one*,  
 Who, 'mid his greatness, 'mid his pomp and power,  
 Thought of the victims of an adverse hour.  
 With God-like soul, the royal monarch—he  
 Unbarred the doors and set the prisoners free !

Among the number was one poor old man,  
" Whose days had dwindled to the shortest span!"  
Fifty long years he in a dungeon lay,  
Secluded from the cheering light of day.  
With trembling limbs, with faltering steps and slow,  
He left the mansion of long years of wo.  
His eyes were dazzled by the sun's fierce light,  
As nature burst on his astonished sight.  
The trees, the brooks, the busy hum which rose,  
Awaked his senses from their long repose.  
The lofty spires which tremble on the eye,  
As through the air they pierce the starry sky ;  
The blue expanse, where countless systems roll,  
With sweet delight filled his enraptured soul.  
He gazed around upon th' enchanting scene,  
As if he woke from some bewildering dream ;  
Then to the village, where in youth he roved,  
He bent his course to seek the friends he loved.  
His heart beat quick, his eye with transport beamed,  
From life's pure fountain tears of rapture streamed.  
At every step he moved with lighter feet,  
And spread his hands as forth he flew to meet  
One he would clasp within his withered arms,  
And feel once more the force of friendship's charms.

Oh, home ! sweet home ! the bright abode of bliss !  
How it concentrates all of happiness ;  
Oh, home ! sweet spot ! remembrance lured him on—  
E'en life seemed new, and age forgot was gone.  
Eager he looked, impatient to descry  
One whom he knew to meet his anxious eye ;  
But who can paint the anguish of his soul ?  
Who can conceive what disappointment stole  
Within his bosom ? nothing could he see  
Of all he loved, but one old oaken tree.  
He finds the spot, but oh ! except the ground  
And the old oak, not e'en a shrub is found.

No radiant landmarks could the old man find,  
 Nor wife, nor children, whom he left behind.  
 Nought now remained—oblivion's purple wave  
 Had swept each vestige to their native grave.  
 Oppressed with wo his soul in anguish wept,  
 A shivering horror o'er his senses crept.  
 "Oh! where," he cries, "are now my former joys,  
 My wife, my daughter, and my infant boys?  
 Where can I turn to find the friends I love?  
 Oh! did I know, how gladly would I rove  
 To earth's remotest verge, without a sigh,  
 Embrace them once, then lay me down to die."

Memory! how strong was then thy magic power!  
 How wild the impulse of that feverish hour!  
 "Where, where," he cries, "where do the lovely stray?"  
 Oh! give them back, or take my life away."

Another mansion occupied the spot,  
 Where in seclusion stood his humble cot,  
 And other children rambled o'er the lawn,  
 Where once his sported at the early dawn.  
 Against the oak he leaned his aching head—  
 As if they wept, the branches round him spread;  
 And their green boughs encircled him once more,  
 Alone, forsaken, on life's stormy shore.  
 Prostrate he fell, and fondly kissed the ground,  
 And with his arms clasped the old oak round.  
 "Oh! precious relic of departed joys,  
 How oft at eve, with my young prattling boys,  
 Have I reclined beneath your verdant shade,  
 And cropt the wild flowers springing from the glade;  
 Twined the bright wreath round the raven hair  
 Of her I loved—the fairest of the fair."

All pass him by, regardless of his tears,  
 'Till a poor beggar on his knees appears.

He from the splendid dome was sent away,  
In misery keen to end life's dreary day.  
Of the old man he asked, and found relief,  
Who heard from him the story of his grief.  
That beauteous one, who at the early day  
Smiled in his face, as in his arms she lay,  
Like a bright cloud at sunset's golden hour,  
Faded away within her roseate bower.  
And those dear children, cherished buds of bliss,  
Who, with their mother, shared the envied kiss;  
Far from their home with weary steps had fled,  
In other climes to beg their bitter bread!

The air resounded with a piteous wail,  
As from the beggar came the harrowing tale!  
Overwhelmed with anguish, back the old man crept,  
And at his sovereign's feet he kneeling wept.  
"Oh! send me back, great prince," he feebly cried,  
"All that I ever loved on earth have died.  
Oh! send me to my prison's dreary gloom,  
'Tis light to me, compared with morning's bloom.  
Amid this city, populous and great,  
I feel alone—no pleasures round me wait;  
Its splendors mock my mournful solitude,  
Its music sickens and its smiles intrude.  
Oh! send me back, where from the light of day  
This aged form may daily waste away;  
Whence I can ne'er the joys of others scan,  
Tortured to madness by the face of man.  
Famish where plenty spreads her golden store,  
And die with thirst where living fountains pour.  
Send me, great prince, where pity's voice can ne'er  
Soothe my sad heart nor dry the falling tear—  
Send me where darkness wraps its solemn pall  
Around my prison—where the damp dews fall;  
Where no mild beam can ever wend its way  
To cheer my dungeon with the light of day;

Where pressed with sorrows and the weight of years,  
I find relief amid my gushing tears."

The monarch wept; strange feelings fired his breast,  
On his bright throne the old man he caressed.  
"Is there no charm within this splendid dome  
To compensate for your once pleasant home?  
Here you may range in gold and purple dressed,  
Your aged form on gilded divans rest;  
My beauteous queen, your anguish to appease,  
Her baby boys shall place upon your knees.  
And my young daughter, from the curling vine  
Fresh grapes shall bring, with odors all divine.  
On pleasure's streams your days serenely glide,  
And down to death sail on its fairy tide."

"Ha!" cries the old man, "how your accents thrill,  
And through each nerve fresh agony distil!  
Once I would say my wife and children too—  
Since they are not, vain world adieu—adieu!  
Quick! send me where the light can never come,  
The only place I wish to call my home!"  
Through misery's depths, through freedom's sunny hour,  
Through the sad spot where fate displayed her power—  
Through disappointed hopes and frantic grief,  
We've viewed the old man 'mid his journey brief.  
Seen the mysterious power which nature sways  
O'er all her subjects—seen her winding ways—  
The depth of love—seen how the holy flame  
Burns on the altar pure as when it came.  
From sinless bowers, lit by the Almighty's breath,  
To be extinguished never—but in death.

From this sad drama, nothing more is learned  
But that the old man to his prison turned,  
Entered within the dungeon's massy walls—  
Over his fate, oblivion's curtain falls.



## A CHILD'S SOLILOQUY

AT A MOTHER'S GRAVE.



THY dust, dear mother, slumbers here,  
 'Tis to thy child a sacred spot;  
 I'll drop upon thy grave a tear,  
 Nor shall thy tomb be e'er forgot.

Thy love shall in my memory dwell,  
 Thy kindness in my heart abide;  
 Thy virtues bright my tongue shall tell,  
 Till I shall slumber by thy side.

From the first hour I saw the light,  
 And hung upon thy faithful breast,  
 Thou watch'd me always with delight,  
 Till from the world thou sunk to rest.

Thy friendship holy, pure and true,  
 Pursued me with maternal care;  
 And when thou bad'st the world adieu,  
 Gave me a blessing in thy prayer.

'Tis now in vain I seek to find  
 In this wide world a friend like thee—  
 So full of love, sincere and kind—  
 So faithful, true, and dear to me.

Thy ashes here shall rest in peace,  
 And nought disturb the sweet repose,  
 Till sun and moon, and stars shall cease,  
 And God eternal scenes disclose.

The willow o'er thy tomb shall bend,  
 Its foliage o'er thy urn shall wave,  
 'Till Jesus from his throne shall send  
 A voice to call thee from the grave.

Then shall thy lovely form arise—  
 To life shall spring thy mouldering dust,  
 And soar to meet him in the skies,  
 To live and reign among the just.

H O P E .



HOPE! sweet delirium of the human breast,  
 Thou art the day-star through this gloomy vale,  
 Thy radiant beams allure the soul to rest  
 When gloom and darkness human bliss assail.

When joys depart, and life 's an aching void—  
 When waves of anguish o'er the bosom roll ;  
 Earth's dearest prospects blighted and destroy'd,  
 And sorrow's pall enwrap the troubled soul ;

Thine is the power to still the plaintive moan,  
 To wipe the tear from beauty's weeping eye,  
 To kindly soothe the deep-despairing groan,  
 And hush to peace the heart's tumultuous sigh.

Thou lived'st eternal : 'mid the ills of life,  
 'Mid Alpine snows and Afric's burning sand,  
 'Mid deserts drear with every danger rife,  
 In cold Siberia's waste and sterile land.

When clouds impervious shroud the mental eye,  
 And human ken no ray of light can trace ;  
 Like God's own bow of promise arch'd on high,  
 Thou clear'st the gloom and show'st thy lovely face.

Serenely pointing to yon azure heaven,  
 Thy flowing vestments floating in the air ;  
 A seraph bright, to erring mortals giv'n,  
 In this bleak world of darkness and despair.

Celestial smiles thy opening lips adorn,  
 Thy upward glance directs the mourner's eye,  
 Where clouds disperse to an eternal morn,  
 Which breaks resplendent through yon ambient sky.

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## A FAMILY, OR THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

I'd a beautiful garden inclosed,  
 Adorned with the choicest of flowers ;  
 'Mid its odors I sweetly reposed,  
 And roved through its bright sunny bowers.

There Æolian harps sweetly played,  
 The breeze of the morn was their song ;  
 Pure fountains sprung up in the shade,  
 And murmured in sweetness along.

The sun in his splendor arrayed,  
 Illumined my grove with his beams ;  
 The moon as she pensively strayed,  
 Cast her silvery light on the streams.

The stars in their loveliness shone,  
And peeped from their chambers above ;  
Bright Venus reclined on her throne,  
Smiled sweet on my garden of love.

I watched my young plants with delight,  
And saw them with transport unfold ;  
Like magic they burst on my sight,  
All sparkling like rubies in gold.

I nursed them with kindness and care,  
Watched o'er them by day and by night ;  
Their fragrance perfumed the air,  
Their beauties enraptured the sight.

I walked through my garden of love  
And cherished my delicate flowers ;  
Brushed off the light dew with my glove,  
And screened them from fast falling showers.

There grew in this garden of mine  
Two beautiful buds on one stem,  
Both pure as the dew-drops which shine  
And glitter on earth's diadem—

But transient and fleeting as morn,  
When throned in her roseate bowers ;  
A blast through my garden was borne,  
And withered my beautiful flowers.

Those buds which my senses regaled,  
The sweetest to me ever given,  
Just sparkled, just beamed—were exhaled,  
Then closed their bright petals for heaven !

In a favorite vase there was one,  
The idol and pride of my grove ;

Like a bright scintillation it shone,  
Then flew to its bower above.

A dark cloud my grove overcast,  
And shrouded my roses awhile ;  
They shrunk from the pitiless blast,  
And none for a season could smile.

But the cloud in the distance has flown ;  
The sweet bow of promise on high  
Around its bright splendor has thrown,  
And clear is yon ambient sky.

Though the breezes my flowerets have blown,  
They are yet in their purity drest ;  
Some still round my garden are strown—  
One blossoms away in the west.

I look from my flowers above,  
Where all is immortal and fair ;  
And hope in those regions of love,  
For ever to dwell with them there.

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A COTTAGE SCENE.



I SAW a cottage round whose wall  
The rose and woodbine curled,  
While young delight danced in its hall  
And formed a little world.

I ventured in, while at the gate  
I met a smiling band ;  
With rosy cheeks and hearts elate,  
Each took my offered hand,

And led me forth with glowing pride,  
Toward their cottage door.  
There sat their parents side by side—  
A babe played on the floor.

In this abode of earthly bliss,  
Could I the picture draw,  
The kindling smile, the cherub kiss,  
The happiness I saw.

Tell how the mother, in her arms,  
Caressed her darling boy,  
And gazed upon her husband's charms,  
Her pride, her boast, and joy.

Tell how that father proudly stood,  
The glory of his name,  
The kind, benevolent and good—  
He sought no higher fame.

On her he loved he fondly smiled,  
Round him his children clung,  
Domestic bliss his hours beguiled,  
And high its banner hung.

Pleased with my call, I took my leave  
With pleasure and with pain ;  
As they my blessing did receive,  
All cried, " Do come again."

Again I sought the cottage fair,  
That little hallowed spot,

Their envied bliss once more to share,  
A bliss I ne'er forgot.

But all was changed—the festive hall  
With childish sports no more  
Resounded, as the whirling ball  
Fell noiseless on the floor.

Pale was that face which bloomed so bright,  
Dimmed were those eyes of love,  
Despair had quenched their earthly light,  
No glimmer seemed to move.

Shrouded and dark was all the scene,  
Husband nor father smiled ;  
The very grass which looked so green,  
Now wore an aspect wild.

Two beauteous boys, their mother's all,  
Hung fondly round her knees,  
And quickly at her softest call,  
Each strove their best to please.

No father came to welcome me—  
The husband smiles no more—  
Weeping and sad, alone was she,  
Beside her cottage door.

At my approach she quickly rose,  
While fast the tears did fall,  
And by her bosom's bursting throes,  
I read—I saw it all.

Short was her story, fraught with wo—  
Her frame convulsed with grief,  
Was cold as Alpine's frost and snow,  
And trembled like its leaf.

## A COTTAGE SCENE.

Death, in its course, which never tires,  
Aimed sure his fatal bow ;  
Dipt his keen arrows in those fires  
Which laid her husband low.

Her kind protector and her friend,  
The father of her boys,  
Changed from an angel to a fiend,  
Had blighted all her joys.

As morning mists, which quickly fly  
Before the sun's bright ray,  
Soon as he raised the wine-cup high,  
She saw her hopes decay.

But still she loved, too fondly loved,  
Around his form she hung,  
And never wished, and seldom moved,  
But like the ivy clung.

With his dark eye, the look was death !  
He spurned her from his arms,  
And like the poisonous upas' breath,  
He withered all her charms.

She read her doom, her heart could feel,  
For her there was no rest ;  
She saw the accursed chalice steal  
Her image from his breast.

Alone through many a dreary night,  
When down the rain did pour,  
She watched beside her flickering light,  
And listened to its roar.

With eye upturned to heaven, her home,  
Where hope her anchor cast ;



Trembling, she watched to see him come,  
Unsheltered from the blast.

Such was her history of the past,  
Crushed hopes and joys entombed,  
Intemperance came with deadly blast,  
Where once an Eden bloomed.

With this lone dove I knelt and prayed,  
And her sweet cherub band ;  
Faith took the offering high, and laid  
It safe at God's right hand.

Oh ! ye who oft the wine-cup sip,  
With bosoms light as air,  
Whene'er you raise it to your lip,  
Think of that cottage fair.

---

LINES,

WRITTEN DURING A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW.

~~~~~

SEE the flakes of snow descending,  
Downward through the chilling air ;  
See the trees and bushes bending  
'Neath their snowy wreaths so fair.

O'er the mountains, hills, and dales,  
Winter throws her mantle white ;  
Crested garlands deck the vales,  
Glowing like some diamond bright.

Oft I've gaz'd on such a scene  
In my childhood's sportive hour ;  
Fancied many a fairy queen,  
Seated in her sylvan bower.

While I gaz'd all passed away,  
Castles, and groves, and garlands fair ;  
Those beauteous wreaths of snow which lay  
In mystic forms, dissolv'd in air.

And thus in life's maturer hours,  
I've look'd on those I lov'd too well,  
Form'd in my mind Elysian bowers,  
And placed them there in bliss to dwell.

But, like the snowy landscape, brief,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,  
Friend after friend, like autumn's leaf,  
Tremble and dropt, and passed away ;

Yes, pass'd for ever from my sight,  
And nought remains but memory's power ;  
Faithful she brings the vision bright,  
And hallows oft some lonely hour.

Their shadowy forms flit o'er my mind,  
Whispering—they softly seem to say  
In accents melting, sweet and kind,  
Dear sister, rise and haste away

To heaven, where changes never come,  
Where groves of bliss for ever bloom,  
Where friends shall meet in "home, sweet home,"  
And fear no more the insatiate tomb.

## CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.



'Twas night, and darkness reigned on high,  
 Black clouds enwrapt the earth and sky,  
     And all was fearful gloom ;  
 Dismayed the appalled disciples stood,  
 And gazed with terror on the flood,  
     Their pathway to the tomb !

While the dread tempest gathered higher,  
 And fierce winds swept their thundering lyre  
     In bold terrific tone ;  
 Around with anxious fear they cast  
 Their eyes, when lo ! amid the blast,  
     Unsheltered and alone,

A form was seen approaching near,  
 Calm, dignified, devoid of fear ;  
     With terror, quick they fly !  
 When soon a sweet seraphic voice  
 Made each despairing heart rejoice,  
     Exclaiming, " It is I !"

Thus, when the soul's convulsive dread  
 Of death, with earthquake's heavy tread,  
     Affrighted, shrinks away  
 As morning shows its beauteous rays—  
 So Jesus his pierced side displays,  
     And straight 'tis heavenly day.

## TO MISS GERALDINE SHALER GARDINER,

ON HER FIRST VISIT TO HER GRANDFATHER'S, THE REV. J. D. G.

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WELCOME, little beauteous stranger,  
To my bosom quickly come ;  
Free from care, a little ranger,  
Welcome to your father's home.

Lay your little head, my darling,  
On the same fond, loving breast,  
Where in infancy's young morning,  
Oft your father sought his rest.

Like the sweet bouquet thou wearest,  
Placed by love upon your breast ;  
May you like the flowers, my dearest,  
Find your heart your seat of rest.

Father, mother, first-born treasure,  
All of earth, and doomed to die ;  
Live, and love, then reap the pleasure,  
For the pure in heart on high.

## GOD IN ALL HIS WORKS.—A POEM.



God is a spirit—yet he deigns  
 To dwell on earth, to dwell with man ;  
 In every form his image reigns,  
 In all his works his mind we scan.

We view Him in our wondrous frame,  
 We feel Him in each heaving breath ;  
 His spirit, which pervades the same,  
 Exists through life, and lives through death.

In nature we behold his name,  
 Portrayed in all that 's bright and fair ;  
 His breath is in the warring wind,  
 And in the gentlest breeze of air,

The landscape decked in glowing charms,  
 Spread out upon some lovely isle ;  
 Like beauty clasped in ocean's arms,  
 Enjoys his light, rests in his smile.

The thunder speaks his hidden power,  
 The sheeted lightning show his wrath ;  
 The fierce tornadoes as they lower,  
 Speak forth their terrors in his path.

The rainbow with its brilliant shades,  
 O'erarching nature grand and high ;  
 Speaks his sweet promise as it fades  
 In beauty from th' admiring eye.

'Mid pensive evening's silent train,  
 'Mid murmuring waters soft and clear,

## FAMILY LOVE.

'Mid nature's harpings o'er the plain,  
The breathings of his love we hear.

The lovely flower which rears its head  
In sweetness o'er the vernal plain,  
Speaks forth his care, its petals spread,  
Blushing amid the golden train.

The sighing winds, the moaning woods,  
The glimmerings of some lonely star;  
The moonbeams trembling o'er the floods,  
Reveal his kindness ever there.

Man cannot turn his eye abroad,  
But in some mirror he will see  
Some bright remembrance of his God,  
Some semblance of the Deity.

---

 FAMILY LOVE.
   
 ~~~~~

“What sight on earth so sweet and yet so rare,  
As kindred love and family repose.”

YOUNG.

Is there upon this earth a sight  
So beautiful and fair—  
So fraught with bliss—so pure and bright,  
And yet a sight so rare,

As kindred love, that holy flame,  
And family repose?  
Is there a joy that earth can name,  
Which round such pleasure throws?

If aught below resembles heaven—  
Aught like the world above,  
'Tis where each frailty is forgiven,  
And hearts are filled with love.

'Tis like a lute of various notes,  
Melodious, soft, and clear,  
Which o'er the soul in sweetness floats,  
And charms the listening ear.

But should one note lose its soft tone,  
Each fellow chord is mute :  
One single note—one note alone,  
Destroys this lovely lute.

Then, oh ! how cautious all should be,  
Lest one rude, angry breath  
For ever mar its minstrelsy,  
And hush its notes in death.

Upon my ear, from day to day,  
The Lydian measures roll,  
And as my moments glide away,  
They sweep across my soul.

---

### THE SILVER MOON.



HAIL, thou bright orb ! resplendently stealing  
O'er the slumbering world—o'er the land—o'er the sea ;  
Past scenes of enjoyment thy mild rays revealing—  
Past scenes, once so dear and so lovely to me.

Oh ! where are those eyes that gazed on thy brightness,  
And marked thy soft rays on the clear winding stream ?  
Oh ! where are those voices which sung in their lightness,  
“ The sea, the blue sea,” ’neath thy pale lucid beam ?

Gone down to the grave when their hopes were the fleetest,  
When friendship and fortune smiled bright on their way ;  
Gone down to the grave when their joys were the sweetest,  
Nor friendship nor fortune could lengthen their stay.

Oh ! say, lovely moon, oh ! say did'st thou never  
In clouds veil thy face as thou gazed'st below ?  
When joys, pure as angels, were blighted for ever,  
And hopes, bright as Eden, were shrouded in wo.

Thou queen of the night, in yonder bright heaven !  
Memory revives as we gaze on thy charms ;  
Sunlight and shade o'er my pathway have striven,  
Pleasures have waked and have died in my arms.

Thou gem of the evening ! less transient I know  
Than man, but as mortal—thy splendors must die ;  
And this beautiful earth thou lightest below,  
In terror one day from her orbit shall fly.

Like life's brightest hopes, all, all must expire,  
Save the soul, great, immortal, by mercy redeemed ;  
That soul, as the sun, mounting higher and higher,  
Shall soar in those realms where thy light never beamed.



## STANZAS.



“ Sweet were those scenes my fancy drew  
As life first opened to my view.”

YES, sweet those scenes, which on the mind  
Left naught unpleasant or unkind.  
Sweet hours of youth, when care and gloom  
Were strangers to our early bloom ;  
When visions bright, and free as air,  
Danced o'er the mind devoid of care—  
Painted like rainbows on the sky,  
And beautiful to love's young eye,  
In thousand forms of silvery hue,  
And fancied by the heart as true.

Deceptive dreams, as false as fair,  
As vain as false, and light as air ;  
Those meteors bright, whose flashing ray  
Allures and gilds but to betray.  
Frail as the flower, those early charms  
Fade ere we fold them in our arms—  
A gilded phantom, which aspires,  
Sparkles a moment, then expires.

Ah ! who has not, in life's young morn,  
Seen hopes decay which scarce were born ?  
Felt in their soul a void as deep,  
As if creation were asleep ?  
Seen youth's bright visions pass away,  
Like stars before the opening day.  
Transient as on some blushing leaf  
The dew-drops sparkle, and as brief.

Had we but weighed them ere they passed,  
 Those phantoms bright we ne'er had clasped.  
 Had we but known how soon the eye  
 Which beamed with love, on us, must die ;  
 How soon the form beloved and dear,  
 Like morning mist, must disappear ;  
 The tear had oft the smile outweighed,  
 Which on the face so sweetly played—  
 The sigh had lingered where the soul  
 Drank in its bliss without control.

---

HOLY CONVERSE.

~~~~~

SPIRITS of the mighty dead !  
 Souls which long to heaven have gone,  
 Hover round with lightsome tread,  
 As I sit and muse alone.  
 Like a cloud ye wrap me round,  
 Yet I hear no voice or sound.

Spirits of the peaceful dead !  
 Whither do ye wander now ?  
 Is your home where angels tread—  
 Where the ransom'd bow ?  
 Do ye flit around this sphere,  
 Dimm'd by disappointment's tear ?

Do ye watch o'er lovely forms  
 Which upon your bosoms lay ?  
 See you all the bitter storms  
 That around their footsteps play ?

Storms o'er which the saints in heaven  
 Would weep, if tears could there be given.

Shadows of departed worth !  
 Spirits of the friends I love !  
 Hearts devoted, firm and true,  
     Whither, whither do ye rove ?  
 Are ye near ? methinks I feel  
     The kindlings of seraphic fire ;  
 Are ye near ? behold, I kneel !  
 Grant, oh, grant me my desire.

Hark ! I hear them from afar,  
 Warbling through each twinkling star ;  
 'Mid those silvery orbs of light  
 Lo ! they rush upon my sight.  
 Sweet the angelic numbers roll  
 O'er my fetter'd, struggling soul—  
 Panting now with warm desire,  
 To mingle with the blissful choir !

---

MY NATIVE LAND.

My native land ! I love thy flowing streams,  
 Thy foaming cataracts, and thy mountains bold ;  
 Thy glorious sunsets, and thy sylvan scenes,  
 Thy summer breezes, and thy winter's cold.

My native land ! thy boundless seas I love,  
 I love the music of their ceaseless roar ;  
 My soul inspir'd as on thy banks I rove,  
 Delighted lingers on the rock bound shore.

My native land ! I love thy forests wild,  
Thy shaded groves, when starlight faintly gleams ;  
I love to wander where the moonbeams mild,  
Mirror their beauties in the limpid streams.

My native land ! I love thy classic bowers ;  
I love to climb fair Science' lofty mount ;  
In sober thought, to call immortal flowers,  
And drink true pleasure from each sacred fount.

I love thy Temples, where the spirit free  
Worships the Deity, to man reveal'd ;  
In crowded Domes, or 'neath the forest tree,  
I love that Temple, public or conceal'd.

I love the soil where patriot spirits bled,  
Whose blood enriched the ground on which they trod ;  
Imagination lingers in their tread,  
And rears an altar to the living God.

The Magna Charta of our nation's rights,  
Our heroes, statesmen, stars of brilliant hue ;  
I love their virtues, and their lofty flights,  
The guardians of our Constitution, true.

Bright constellation ! may they ever shine,  
From day to day, with an increasing flame !  
Fame 'round their brows a fadeless wreath entwine,  
And Heaven above record each honored name.

My native land ! thine is a favored lot,  
To high-born souls, and patriot spirits given.  
My native land ! earth knows no holier spot—  
No lovelier one beneath the light of Heaven !

## ON THE DEATH OF MISS S. H.



BRING flowers, bring flowers for the early dead—  
 Bright be the beautiful wreath ;  
 Scatter them 'round with a noiseless tread,  
 O'er the verdant sod of their green summer bed,  
 All fragrant with morning's pure breath.

Gemmed with the lustre of sympathy's tear,  
 Let friendship her off'ring bestow ;  
 Twine the green chaplet, for virtue lies here—  
 The spirit of beauty has lit on the bier,  
 And placed her bright stamp on her brow.

Bring flowers for the lovely, and scatter them round—  
 Strew them over the white urn of love ;  
 Let no cypress wave its dark shade o'er the mound,  
 But scatter young roses over the ground,  
 For the spirit is happy above.

Bright is the clime where on high it has fled—  
 No night the skies ever wear ;  
 Then scatter fresh flowers o'er the beautiful dead,  
 When at evening you come with a lingering tread  
 To weep for the maiden so fair.

## THE STUDENTS.



[THE following piece was written in memory of Gilbert Livingston Smith, the particular friend of the Rev. S. Ely, of East Hampton, Long Island, who were classmates in Yale College.]

In childhood's morn two kindred souls were seen,  
 At school, at church, and on the village green ;  
 In all their sports, in all their youthful glee,  
 Where one was seen the other sure would be.

In every joy they shared an equal part,  
 And griefs alike subdued each kindred heart ;  
 Through childhood's morn, through youth's enchanting hours,  
 In halls of science, each displayed their powers ;  
 No rivalry, no jarring passions moved  
 Their youthful bosoms, for they truly loved.

At morning's dawn with lightsome feet they strayed,  
 And swept the light dew from the forest glade.  
 Often amid their spirits' airy flight,  
 They viewed fair Greece, and saw her temples bright ;  
 Viewed the famed spot, where Marathon once stood—  
 That post of honor, and that field of blood.

Together trod fair science' steep ascent—  
 Oft through Italian bowers in fancy went ;  
 Climbed the tall cliffs, and viewed the far famed shore  
 Of fair Thessalia, bright with classic lore ;  
 Where spreading palms embowered the spangled grove,  
 And young Adonis breathed his vows of love—  
 Where Homer strayed amid the vine clad hills,  
 Or tuned his lyre beside his native rills—

'Mid perfum'd bowers, where Orpheus' silver strain  
 Melodious swept along the dewy plain.  
 Surveyed the palace where the Cæsars stood—  
 Gazed, till the Tiber rolled with human blood—  
 Wept over Carthage, where a Marius roved  
 When all was gone, which he had ever loved.

Soon fled those halcyon days: and then adieu  
 To Academe—the busy world in view;  
 And “Home, sweet Home,” with all its winning charms,  
 Received them both within its hallowed arms.

Nor fields of glory found these friends a place;  
 Not laurels gathered from the bar did grace:  
 To them were given a task divinely sweet—  
 They learned obedience at the Saviour's feet.  
 The Gospel trumpet's soft enchanting strain  
 Flowed from their lips, and echoed o'er the plain.  
 While all was bright—when all around them smiled,  
 And love and friendship every hour beguiled,  
 Death envious viewed their summer's opening bloom,  
 And laid young Gilbert in the darksome tomb.

How love and friendship through that gloomy hour,  
 In anguish writhed beneath death's withering power!  
 Maternal fondness watched around his bed,  
 Kissed his pale lips, and held his aching head;  
 Caught the last whisper of his parting breath,  
 And smoothed his pillow, till he sunk in death.  
 Then from his couch, in frantic grief they tore  
 His fainting mother—from the son she bore.  
 How true the words, the best of poets cries,  
 “'Tis not the dead; but the survivor dies.”

Smith sleeps! but memory wakes; the plastic mind  
 Brings back each feature, every action kind.  
 Like yonder ocean lashing now our shore,  
 His requiem sings in one eternal roar.

Nor will it sleep ; till in its orb this earth  
 Shall cease to move—hung pendant from its birth.  
 Memory ne'er sleeps ; she on this sea-girt isle,  
 Brings back the early, well remembered smile ;  
 She speaks a name, a name that's ever dear,  
 And whispers oft the loved one in our ear.  
 Oft takes the hand, the hand in friendship plighted,  
 And clasps again the form which once delighted.

She treasures up each well remembered word,  
 In sweet retrospect views the friend adored.  
 Distance nor time the charm can ever break ;  
 The sea may roar, earth's highest mountains quake ;  
 Volcanoes, war, and famine fill our earth,  
 But friendship's tie is of immortal birth.  
 Pure are its joys, it softens human woes,  
 Eternity alone its sweets disclose ;  
 While life exists, man with the poet cries,  
 " 'Tis not the dead ; but the survivor dies."

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## THE MANIAC.

SEE you that lovely, beauteous maid,  
 With visage wild and maniac stare ?  
 Her noble mind in ruins laid,  
 And reason throned no longer there.

She sits all mute from day to day,  
 In some dark, lone, sequestered spot ;  
 And weeps and sings in mournful lay,  
 By friends and kindred all forgot.



Her mind is like the troubled deep,  
Whose restless billows lash the shore ;  
Where angry waves in fury sweep,  
And ocean's waves eternal roar.

The lute's soft note, its touching strain,  
Falls dead upon her listless ear ;  
And harps Æolian sing in vain,  
For music has no power to cheer.

The minstrel's voice, the night bird's song,  
The torrent's sound on distant hill,  
The thunders as they roll along,  
And babblings of the distant rill,

Are all alike to her, poor soul !  
Whose mind in awful ruin lies,  
And o'er her have no more control  
Than clouds and vapors in the skies.

Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars serene,  
Now gleam upon her mental night ;  
No light of reason there is seen  
To shed its radiance on her sight.

Poor hapless maid ! had I the power,  
I'd place thy mind upon its throne ;  
Dispel thy gloom, and bring the hour  
When reason's lamp with splendor shone.

## THE AURORA BOREALIS,

AS BEHELD ON THE EVENING OF NOVEMBER 16, 1841.

OH, could my muse amid her flight,  
 But dip her pencil in the sky,  
 Then would I paint in colors bright  
 A gorgeous scene of imagery ;

Paint glittering circles as they beamed,  
 From winged clouds as black as night ;  
 Through which no starlight faintly gleamed,  
 No moon's pale rays of trembling light.

On high a brilliant arch arose,  
 Illumin'd with a roseate glow ;  
 While rainbows sparkled as they froze,  
 Emerging from their beds of snow.

Up through the misty air the spires,  
 Like crimson needles, flashed on high ;  
 Like pyramids of blazing fires,  
 Gleaming athwart the troubled sky.

The airy phantoms danced in view,  
 Like flaming armies robed in light ;  
 Then quick the dazzling cohorts flew,  
 And ope'd new squadrons on the sight.

Borne on a cloud of thousand lights,  
 The God of storms in grandeur rode ;  
 Marshalled his hosts of frosty knights,  
 As up the azure depths they strode.

The electric troops with sparkling crest,  
On fiery steeds majestic came ;  
While all in blazing armor drest,  
Battled amid the lightning's flame.

The air seemed rife with aerial forms,  
Holding their mystic revelry ;  
Their gala was the strife of storms—  
The roaring seas their minstrelsy.

The frost king in his chariot bright,  
Moved quickly 'round th' electric pole ;  
Then dashing up the dizzy height,  
One brilliant flash illumed the whole !

The massy columns fled away,  
Floating upon th' ethereal tide ;  
Like beacons, lest the spirits stray,  
And wander from their unknown guide.

Quick, up the zenith fleecy waves  
Of lucid light cast their bright ray ;  
Trembled a moment, o'er their graves,  
Then flashing, changing—died away !

What mind conceive, what tongue can tell,  
From whence, and where these mystic fires ?  
Within what cavern vast, they dwell,  
Shooting on high their numerous spires !

What hidden charm invests the pole ?  
The needle by its mgic power,  
'Mid furious storms feels its control,  
Nor wavers for a single hour.

Thus may the Almighty by his grace,  
Sweetly attract the wandering soul ;  
That man, secure in his embrace,  
May rest when earth's foundation's roll !

## THE DYING DAUGHTER,

OR A MOTHER'S LOVE.

“ DEAR mother, will you bring me that beautiful flower,  
 And let me inhale its perfume ?  
 An emblem, how striking, of life's fleeting hour,  
 Of joys which expire in the tomb.

“ Come, now, my dear mother, and sit by my bed,  
 And smooth down my dark flowing hair ;  
 Come place this sweet rose on the side of my head—  
 Once you said it looked beautiful there.

“ Dear mother, will you please draw the curtain away  
 And bring my geranium here ?  
 How often I've watched its green leaves as I lay,  
 Watched them often, alas ! with a tear.

“ 'Tis my favorite plant, I will give it to you,  
 Soon this young bud in beauty will bloom ;  
 And when its bright colors shall burst on your view,  
 Your Mary may sleep in the tomb.

“ Dear mother, sweet mother, take the Bible and read ;  
 Pray once more for the child whom you love ;  
 One kiss, dearest mother, I am going, indeed,  
 To far brighter mansions above.”

That mother bent over her beautiful child—  
 She kissed her again and again ;  
 Her Mary was gone—that mother was wild !  
 Her blood coursed cold through each vein.

“ Oh, now can I live in this cold world,” she cried,  
 “ I have nothing on earth more to do.”  
 She sank by the side of her daughter and died,  
 And quick to her Mary she flew.

The tall grass waves mournfully over their tomb,  
 The moon faintly gleams through the trees ;  
 The wild rose is there, all fresh in its bloom,  
 And its fragrance is borne on the breeze.

---

EZEKIEL 24—26.



“ Son of man, behold I take away from you, the desire of your eyes with a stroke.”

BRIGHTLY the morning arose,  
 And sweet was the ambient air ;  
 The moss cup, the lilly and rose,  
 Bloom'd forth in their loveliness fair.

Two fond hearts devoted and true,  
 Must be rent from each other away ;  
 No more thro' the emerald grove,  
 Delighted they longer could stray.

One was fair as morn's earliest gem,  
 And lay in the arms of her love ;  
 Her beauty was bright as the dawn,  
 Her breath was as soft as the dove.

As he gazed on his own chosen one,  
 And lived in the light of her eye ;  
 A voice cried aloud from the throne,  
 “ The wife of your bosom shall die.”

TO WILLIAM H. HART.

But shed not one tear, nor repine,  
 She is mine, and my mandate is seal'd ;  
 The Idol you fancied divine,  
 Must soon from your sight be conceal'd."

'Twas done—and at evening's soft hour,  
 He sat in his arbor alone ;  
 Alas ! for the beautiful flower,  
 'Twas wither'd, and faded, and gone.

---

TO WILLIAM H. HART,

ON HIS LEAVING SAG HARBOR.

FAREWELL little Willy, the joy of each heart,  
 From so sweet a cherub 'tis anguish to part ;  
 We shall miss your lov'd voice, so happy and free,  
 Gushing forth in rich music, like a bird full of glee.

Farewell little Willy, no more will the hall,  
 Reëcho at morn with your silvery call ;  
 No more will your feet in their buoyancy move,  
 To meet the warm kiss of affection and love.

From those in the mansion, where the sun's golden light,  
 Dawn'd clearly, and beautifully first on your sight ;  
 Where your father bent over his young darling boy,  
 And your mother's soft *bosom* beat high in its joy.

Farewell little Willy, you go from us now,  
 With a smile in your eye, and no cloud on your brow ;

Unconscious of sorrow, a stranger to fear,  
 Unknowing the cause of each glistening tear.

You go little Willy, from hearts, on whose throne,  
 You reign'd in your glory supreme and alone.  
 You go with the waters of life on your brow,  
 From the baptismal font, how bright is the glow  
 They left on your beautiful face ; now I see  
 Your black sparkling eyes as they lit upon me.

O, ne'er from my mind can that soft glance depart,  
 'Tis stamp'd on my soul, 'tis engrav'd on my heart ;  
 I shall think of you often, when absent, and tell,  
 How dearly we loved *you*, sweet Willy farewell.

## ON THE PARTING OF FRIENDS.



To part, and feel that we again  
 On earth, once more our friends shall meet ;  
 Robs the torn breast of half its pain,  
 And makes e'en farewell anguish sweet.

But oh, to rend away and know  
 It is forever, and the heart  
 Which lov'd thro' every ebb and flow  
 Of life, forever **MUST** depart.

Forever vanish from our view,  
 No wish, or power can them replace ;  
 A phantom, which if we pursue,  
 Still onward flies and leaves no trace.

To part, to part, and know no more,  
The voice we loved, so soft and clear,  
Like winds from Araby's mild shore,  
Shall fall upon the listening ear.

To feel no time can ever bring,  
The cherished one to us again ;  
Lashes the soul with scorpion sting,  
And chills the blood in every vein.

Or sends the vital current on,  
More rapid in its winding way ;  
'Till life, and time, seem lost and gone,  
Or on the wildering Senses play.

None can describe, no tongue can tell,  
None can conceive, but those who taste ;  
The anguish of that parting knell  
Which speaks this world a barren waste.

Speaks every joy like bubbles blown,  
Scattered upon the desert air ;  
A knell, that echoes peace has flown !  
And leaves the mind to wild despair.

---

ON LEAVING THE OLD MANSION HOUSE.

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I LEAVE thee mansion of long years of peace,  
I leave thee sorrowing, yet I leave with joy ;  
For here I've seen life's brightest prospects cease,  
And here I've tasted bliss without alloy.



I leave thee, leave thy pleasant rooms and halls,  
I leave my nursery, where in love I've pass'd,  
The dearest, sweetest hours, 'mid infant calls,  
I e'er shall spend while time and memory last.

I leave thee willows, which so oft at night  
Have drooped in beauty o'er each cherish'd flower ;  
Willows, through which the pale moon's silvery light,  
Has gleam'd within the sweet domestic bower.

I leave thy shade, I leave thy weeping boughs  
Which oft have wav'd in pensive sympathy ;  
As on my bed I've breath'd my evening vows,  
When sickness spread her ebon pall o'er me.

I leave thee, study—where my husband pray'd,  
And conn'd his sermons for the pious ear ;  
I leave thee, school-room, where my children play'd,  
Bright spots of earth, to me forever dear.

Old oak—I leave thee too—thou dear old tree ;  
Often at sun-sets mellow'd hour I've stray'd,  
Beneath thy branches ; many an hour of glee,  
I've spent delighted on the velvet glade.

Old oak belov'd ! the spot of childish mirth  
Has been beneath thy shadowy boughs at eve ;  
My children there, have gambol'd from their birth,  
With deep regret, thy foliage now I leave.

Farewell, sweet home—associations rise,  
Farewell—I must not dwell too long on thee,  
Yet thou art dear—the garden, arbor, skies,  
All, all, I love—even the old Oak Tree.

## A SABBATH SCENE.



THE day was one of loveliness, the sun in splendor shone,  
 O'er castle, tower, and mountain top, o'er gilded spire and dome ;  
 The bells chim'd forth in sweetness upon the gusty air,  
 And hearts of humble gratitude, met in the house of pray'r.

'Twas a day of thrilling interest, hundreds and hundreds came ;  
 The crowded aisle was fill'd with those, who loved the Saviour's  
 name ;

The man of God raised high his hand, his heart with virtue glow'd,  
 The old, the young, the beautiful, around the altar bow'd.

Peace sat serenely on the brow which once was knit with care,  
 Grace wrapped her spotless robe around the fairest of the fair ;  
 The mother with the daughter came, the sire the son embraced,  
 And e'en the orphan, all alone, look'd heavenly as she pass'd.

Angels above, delighted bent, the rapturous scene to view,  
 Bright seraphs spread their golden wings, and near the temple drew ;  
 The echoing heavens in praises rang, to God's eternal son,  
 And saints in humble rev'rence bow'd, before the three in One.

O, 'twas a day, through coming time, will tune the christian's lyre,  
 A day, which through eternity, will nobler thoughts inspire ;  
 Within the groves of Paradise, delighted there, they'll tell,  
 What strong emotions sway'd their souls, what burning tears here  
 fell.

O, may the scene, the blissful scene, on earth be oft renew'd,  
 More precious souls be gather'd in, more stubborn wills subdued ;  
 The Gospel chariot, light convey o'er a benighted world,  
 The King of Glory, guide its way, with banners bright, unfurl'd.

## CHRISTMAS REMINISCENCES.



FAIR muse, assist me in my humble lay,  
 As memory wakes upon this Christmas day—  
 Goes back to scenes once fraught with purest bliss  
 When from each child came the enraptur'd kiss,  
 E'er morning dawned, as round my bed they drew,  
 Anxious for Santa's presents bright and new.  
 Cakes, nuts, and candies in profusion strewed,  
 The sight of which their infant glee renewed,  
 As in each hanging sock, or on each plate,  
 Their Christmas gifts, they viewed with hearts elate,  
 Then back to bed, with buoyant minds and feet,  
 And spread their treasure o'er the whiten'd sheet.  
 Up with the sun, and o'er the whiten'd earth,  
 With sleds and skates they bound in jocund mirth,  
 Upon the glossy pond or down the hill,  
 The air resounding with their voices shrill.  
 Ah! now methinks I hear the merry laugh,  
 And from past pleasures sweet delight I`quaff—  
 While from my eye the tears of memory roll,  
 As joys departed steal across my soul.  
 Where are those loved ones? Some are far away—  
 To manhood grown—past is their summer's day.  
 Those lovely babes, which slumbered in my arms,  
 They, too, have flown, with all their winning charms.  
 Beneath the green turf, sweetly now they rest,  
 While one beloved roams in the distant west—  
 One cherished gem, on this bright holiday,  
 For the first time from his loved home away  
 Those who remain recall life's sunny hours,  
 And weep and smile like summer's opening flowers,

When to the sun they rear their dewy heads,  
 And sparkle in the lustre which he sheds.  
 Gone—gone for ever—nought can e'er restore  
 Past scenes of joy, to be beheld no more !  
 But busy memory, oft to fancy's mind,  
 Brings back each smile, each action, soft and kind.  
 Comes to the heart with memory's magic power,  
 And oft unfolds the past, the golden hour,  
 Touches a source from whence life's pleasure flow,  
 A chord of feeling mothers only know—  
 A fountain deep which never can run dry,  
 It springs eternal in the mother's eye ;  
 There 's nought on earth which can arrest the stream,  
 Which mingles in the bliss of love's young dream.  
 Seas may retire. The sun through chaos rove—  
 All sink and die, except a mother's love ;  
 This, this shall live when all things else retire,  
 And rise immortal o'er earth's funeral pyre.

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 TWILIGHT MUSINGS.
   
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How wonderous must that Being be  
 Who dwells where mortals never trod—  
 His dazzling glories, who can see ?  
 Or comprehend Him, but a God !

Musing, I'm lost—all things retire—  
 And leave me with myself alone ;  
 To things unseen, my thoughts aspire,  
 And rove with angels round his throne.

Eternity ! thou vast abyss !

How deep ! how dark ! and how profound !  
Fain would I soar to view thy bliss,  
And fly o'er thy eternal round.

How sweet the thought ; sublime, and grand  
That through thy realms the undying soul  
Shall rise for ever—and expand,  
Where countless years successive roll.

When this fair earth shall be refined,  
And back to its loved scenes we come,  
With forms immortal as the mind,  
To dwell in our eternal home.

Where scenes, for ever new, unfold  
Their beauties to the enraptured eye,  
Where joys, which Sersph's never told,  
And streams perennial never dry.

Tears, clouds, and storms for ever past,  
All tumult hushed in sweet repose ;  
The soul on pinions soaring fast  
Beyond those heights which Gabriel knows.

Sun, moon, and stars shrink from the view,  
Earth's thrones and kingdoms all retire,  
When Nature's God forms all things new,  
And fills with bliss each vast desire !

Eternity ! thou rolling stream,  
In thee, time sinks—is known no more !  
And ages past are but a dream  
When viewed from thy unbounded shore.

Unbounded shore ! What words are these ?  
And shall I view that ocean strand,

Shall my frail bark o'er life's rude seas  
Securely reach that "better land?"

Ay! yes—if mercy guides her way,  
My little bark shall safely rove;  
Oh! may it in that joyful day,  
Contain the souls of those I love.

---

TO MRS. E. B. S.,

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD.

---

AND has that little cherub fled,  
On whom so late you smiled;  
And have you numbered with the dead,  
Your sweet, your lovely child!

How short, how transient was her stay,  
How swift her upward flight;  
As clouds obscure the breaking day,  
She vanished from your sight.

An angel wand'ring from his sphere,  
Beheld your precious gem—  
Too bright, too pure to sparkle here—  
Upon earth's diadem.

Among the pearls which round you hung,  
He took your lovely one—  
O'er her his robe of mercy flung,  
And bore her to his throne.

The Savior on the offering smil'd,  
 And laid it on his breast;  
 Embraced with holy joy your child,  
 And placed it with the blest.

A seraph bright, behold her rove  
 Where the pure and lovely meet,  
 Warbling, she flies from grove to grove,  
 The stainless and the sweet.

Amid those bright celestial bands  
 She strikes her golden lyre,  
 Sweeps o'er its chords her tiny hands,  
 And swells the blissful choir.

When life, with all its scenes, shall close  
 For ever on your view,  
 Where noon-tide glory round her flows,  
 She waits to welcome you.

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## THE DOVE.



Lo! from her home the bird once flew,  
 And left her storm-rocked bark behind;  
 A world of waters swift to view,  
 And there a resting-place to find.

On pinions light as air she hies,  
 O'er the high waters' dashing roar;  
 No rest she finds below the skies,  
 'Mid waste so wide without a shore.

No lofty mountain reared its head  
Above the white-capt-towering wave,  
On which her tiny feet could tread,  
To save her from a watery grave.

With searching eye and weary wing,  
Long o'er the wide expanse she sailed ;  
That she some olive leaf might find,  
Before her keeper's hope had failed.

The tempests rage, the billows roll,  
Loud thunders mutter from afar ;  
Earth reels, and rocks from shore to pole,  
While blackest clouds veil every star.

The wandering dove, with fears distressed,  
O'er the dark flood, the wide domain,  
With patient wing, still seeks for rest,  
But all her searchings are in vain.

From clime to clime, from deep to deep,  
The feathered post pursues her way,  
O'er watery realms where nations sleep,  
But finds no spot for rest or stay.

No chart nor compass guides her flight ;  
No dim lone star directs her course ;  
She wings her way through storms and night,  
Led on alone by instinct force.

No human voice, no living sound,  
No cheering accents meet her ear,  
To tell where peace or rest is found,  
While wandering through a scene so drear.

In this dark, sad, and helpless hour,  
When this lone bird was tempest-tost,



She found a strange mysterious power,  
That bore her up when hope was lost.

She looked! and saw the Ark once more,  
Loom, like some speck, through misty space,  
She sought the home she'd left before,  
And there she found a resting-place.

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THE LUNAR ECLIPSE, FEB. 5th, 1841.

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THE evening woke from sweet repose,  
And marshall'd every twinkling star;  
The pale-faced moon in splendor rose,  
And beamed resplendent from afar.

Up the blue vault, majestic, grand,  
She sailed amid the misty air,  
Cast her bright rays o'er sea and land,  
And never did she look more fair.

Soon o'er the azure sky above,  
A pall of awful darkness spread;  
The planets sighed as forth they rove,  
And nature mourned her light had fled.

The earth's dark shadow slowly veiled,  
The queen of night enthroned on high;  
Wrapped her in gloom, as forth he sailed,  
And hid her beams from every eye.

Each mountain top, each hill and dale,  
Were shrouded in impervious gloom;

The timid Indian, weak and frail,  
Wailed fearful at his threatened doom.

In Afric's sunny region, where  
The untutored Negro wildly roves,  
He looks above in dire despair,  
And shrieking, hies him through the groves.

The Islanders afrighted pause,  
And shudder with an awe profound—  
All strangers to those mighty laws  
Which turn the rolling planets round.

The moon moves round her destined sphere,  
Holds on her high majestic way ;  
Breaks forth from the eclipse so drear,  
And shines with more resplendent ray.

Enlightened man, though he could smile,  
And gaze untroubled on the sky,  
Felt his proud heart own for awhile,  
There is a God who rules on high.

The scene was splendid, grand, sublime !  
A striking emblem of that power  
Which stills the last strong pulse of time,  
And shrouds in gloom man's brightest hour.

The dark eclipse on the pale moon,  
Whose face shone forth with radiance bright  
Tells me that all life's scenes as soon  
May sink in darkness from my sight.

That this fair world, with rapid roll,  
May soon enshroud each earthly joy ;  
A dim eclipse o'erspread the soul,  
And all life's sweetest hopes destroy.

Fain would I view that peaceful home,  
 Those verdant plains, on Canaan's shore,  
 Where earth's dark shadows never come,  
 And dim eclipses are no more.

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## SPRING.

ADIEU, stern winter, thou hast flown,  
 With all thy icy train ;  
 The beauteous snow-wreaths now are gone,  
 The pearly showers of hail-wrought stone,  
 Rest on the mountain's top alone,  
 While flowers adorn the plain.

The whirlwind with its furious roar,  
 Sleeps in the flying cloud ;  
 The waves curl round the ice-bound shore,  
 And struggling, urge their way once more  
 Toward the ocean ; where they pour  
 Their waters clear and loud.

The little rivulets rejoice,  
 And smoothly glide along ;  
 Sweet is the music of their voice,  
 Meandering in their silvery course  
 In silent, unobstructed force,  
 Murm'ring their vernal song.

The beauteous songsters of the grove,  
 Carol their morning lay ;  
 The nightingale and turtle dove,

Warble amid the bowers of love ;  
 Their peerless notes symphonious move,  
 To hail the new-born day.

And oh, how sweet the Spring's a fresh air  
 Which fans the dewy lawn ;  
 Young flowrets beautiful and fair,  
 Burst forth beneath their Maker's care,  
 Vieing—while each its bounty share,  
 And sparkle in the dawn.

The same Almighty hand which shook  
 The solid land and sea,  
 Dresses the lillies of the brook,  
 Brings nature forth with his kind look,  
 Smiling, as when an Eden broke,  
 All bright at his decree.

The forest trees, so brown and drear,  
 Arrayed in verdant green,  
 Spread their proud branches far and near,  
 Their foliage decked with Spring's brigh tear,  
 Sparkling in morning's sunbeams clear,  
 To beautify the scene.

As nature droops and dies away,  
 When wintry storms appear ;  
 So manhood's power and strength decay,  
 When stern affection's dread array  
 Their blighted influence display,  
 And force the unbidden tear.

But if the soul on God relies,  
 And does securely rest,  
 As flowrets from the earth arise  
 'Neath the bright rays of sunny skies ;  
 So sure that soul shall gain the prize  
 Reserved for the just :

Where one eternal Spring shall bloom,  
 And winters pass away ;  
 Disease and death there ne'er find room ;  
 They have no power beyond the tomb,  
 There 's nought in that bright world of bloom,  
 But one unclouded day.

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## A TRUE FRIEND.

OH! tell me not of earthly love,  
 'Tis fleeting—transient—vain ;  
 Give me a friend in heaven above,  
 One who can every grief remove,  
 As through this wilderness I rove,  
 Amid life's busy train.

One, who when all is sparkling bright,  
 Can purify each joy ;  
 Add to our pleasure fresh delight,  
 Throwing around a hallowed light,  
 For ever bright'ning on the sight,  
 And mixed with no alloy.

One, who can cheer affliction's hour,  
 And whisper peace divine ;  
 A being of almighty power,  
 Who shields alike each trembling flower,  
 When gathering tempests round us lower,  
 Let such a friend be mine.

## A SCENE UPON THE OCEAN.



THE young bride left the altar,  
 Kissed each loved friend and smiled,  
 Nor did her footsteps falter,  
 For love each thought beguiled.

But when her mother whispered,  
 My dearest child, farewell !  
 A tear which long had trembled,  
 Upon her bosom fell.

And when her father blessed her,  
 A shade came o'er her soul ;  
 A thrill, when he caressed her,  
 Which she could not control.

Each brother came, and sister,  
 Took her white jewelled hand ;  
 Raised their young heads and kissed her,  
 The brightest of the band.

Again, a shade of darkness  
 Flitted across her soul ;  
 Again she felt a sadness  
 Which she could not control.

Upon the deep blue waters  
 The bells impatient chime ;  
 "Hasten ye sons and daughters,  
 For Europe's fairy clime."

As spring's first opening blossoms  
Shrink from the bitter storm,  
So on her mother's bosom,  
Lay Ellen's lovely form.

But the smile of love gleamed o'er her,  
Such was its magic power ;  
Its light dispelled the darkness,  
As sunbeams do the shower.

The last fond look is given,  
On the flowing seas they ride ;  
Each forms the other's heaven,  
As o'er the waves they glide.

" Hark ! whither comes that wailing—  
That shriek of wild despair !  
Securely we are sailing,  
Where is the danger, where ?"

" Oh ! see yon icy mountains,  
Great God ! behold they come !  
From Greenland's frozen fountains,  
Upon their stormy home.

They are closing round upon us,  
Like bulwarks strong and high ;  
Within their cold embraces  
We all must surely die !"

Hope, hope, that bright-winged seraph,  
Their guard by night and day ;  
Now veiled her face afrighted,  
And shrieking fled away !

Over the young bride's bosom,  
The same dark shadow stole,

Which at the sacred altar  
Fell on her happy soul.

There 's a shriek upon the ocean—  
There 's a wail upon the breeze ;  
All, all is wild commotion,  
Upon the flowing seas.

Like a thousand sunbeams flashing,  
The floating castles come !  
Their emerald spires reflecting  
Upon the curling foam.

The husband to his bosom  
Clasps his young blooming bride ;  
Beneath the waves of ocean,  
They slumber side by side !

The Naiads are their bride-maids,  
Around their coral bowers ;  
They drew the curtains closely,  
And strew them o'er with flowers.

Mourn for the gallant steamer  
Who lately left the shore ;  
Mourn for the young and lovely,  
You'll hear from them no more.

Mourn for the man of letters,  
Mourn for the young and old ;  
Mourn for the hardy seaman,  
And for the steamer bold !



## TO A ROBIN.



Go, little stranger, to thy woodland home,  
 No longer in confinement shalt thou stray ;  
 Mid vernal groves in joyous spirits roam,  
 And with thy young chant forth thy sweetest lay.

How oft I've made thy little heart to feel  
 Thou wert a prisoner in these wires confined ;  
 While thy shrill notes in plaintive measures steal  
 Upon my ear, and float upon the wind.

Sweet is thy lay, but sweeter far 'twould sound,  
 Couldst thou but warble in thy native vale ;  
 Where the green ivy clasps the tree around,  
 And blushing flowers nod in the gentle gale.

Pure is the water from yon bubbling spring,  
 Each morn 'tis brought to lave thy plumage bright :  
 The hands of love thy little offerings bring,  
 And spread thy store with pleasure and delight.

But thou shalt now expand each beauteous wing,  
 And none shall stay thee in thy dizzy height ;  
 The forests dense shall with thy wild notes ring,  
 So fare thee well, sweet Robin, speed thy flight.

Man in his dungeon sighs for freedom dear,  
 He scorns the despot 'neath whose rod he bends ;  
 And thou, my Robin, shall no longer hear  
 My voice, but hie thee to thy feathery friends.

Freedom alone can make thee happy now,  
 Thy song must echo from the waving tree ;  
 Thy perch shall be the old oak's leafy bough,  
 Thy home the desert, and thy brook the sea.

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WRECKS OF TIME.



“ THE cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Ye a, all that it inherits shall dissolve ;  
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
 Leave not a a wreck behind.”

---

WHERE are those ancient cities fled,  
 For whom whole armies fought and bled,  
 When by their gallant heroes led,  
 To meet the dauntless foe ?  
 Where is the eye which beamed so bright  
 When urging on the deadly fight,  
 That weakness rallied with its light,  
 And fiercely twanged the bow ?

Where is Jerusalem renowned ?  
 Her fates of valor seldom found ;  
 Upon whose consecrated ground  
 The Savior's blood was shed ?  
 Where is the impious hand which raised  
 The torch ; from which a column blazed,  
 Which soon its beauteous temple raised,  
 And wild confusion spread ?

Where now is Thebes—of all the states  
 The greatest—with her hundred gates ?  
 Who now around her palace waits,  
     Arrayed with martial pride ?  
 Where is proud Babylon, with her walls,  
 Her thrones of gold, her gilded halls,  
 Which echoed with her monarch's calls  
     Like music on the tide ?

Where are the palaces of Rome,  
 Her lofty towers, her sacred dome,  
 A people's pride—a Cæsar's home,  
     Her forum dressed in gold ?  
 Where beautiful Athens ? Flower of Greece !  
 Her heroes—her Acropolis—  
 Her groves of palms, her vales of peace,  
     Her mountains high and bold ?

Oh tell me where is ancient Tyre,  
 Her brazen walls, her glittering spire,  
 Which Alexander did aspire,  
     To conquer or to die ?  
 Powers and dominions—where, oh, where  
 Can they be found ? Nor earth, nor air,  
 One remnant of their glory share ;  
     They all in ruins lie.

Within the imperial palace weaves  
 The spider, on his bed he leaves,  
 Where human pomp no more deceives,  
     His tiny web alone.  
 Perched on the summit of those towers  
 Which cost men lives of toilsome hours,  
 The lonely owl her watch-note pours—  
     A melancholy tone.

Why should vain man still onward hie,  
 When thousand beacons round him fly,  
 Uttering their piercing, thrilling cry—

“ All nations fade away.”

Oh ! what to him is burnished gold,  
 If his immortal part is sold,  
 When death appears—terrific, bold,  
 And claims him as his prey !

## FRIENDS OF THE LOST.



FRIENDS of the lost—oh ! turn your eyes above—  
 The world is dark—in such an hour as this !  
 Nought to your arms will bring the one you love,  
 And nought again restore their honied kiss.

Around your board no more will they appear,  
 Nor e'en at evening 'round your social hearth ;  
 Their seat is vacant, and the voice so dear  
 Will break no more in sadness or in mirth.

When autumn winds sigh through the frosted leaf,  
 And the long shadows of declining day  
 Whisper at evening human joys are brief,  
 Like stars which gleam and quickly fade away.

When gathering clouds each cheering prospect aim,  
 And waves of sorrow your frail bark o'erwhelm—  
 When memories waken with the vesper hymn,  
 Oh ! then remember who directs the helm.

Remember, 'tis the living God who sees  
And orders all things by his sacred will ;  
Reveals to mortals not of his decrees,  
The winds obey Him, and the waves are still.

Then look to Him, there is no other place  
From whence relief can to the spirit come ;  
His own soft hand from every weeping face,  
Shall wipe the tears and lead the mourner home.

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## ON THE DEATH OF MISS LUCY HOOPER

### A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

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A STAR from her orbit has flown,  
Her brilliance is veiled from our eyes,  
Has vanished away and is gone,  
Where the bloom of the soul never dies.

Amid the bright galaxy there,  
She soars unrestrained in her flight ;  
Her spirit is buoyant as air,  
And pure as the regions of light.

No fetters of body or mind  
Weigh down her regenerate soul ;  
In numbers as free as the wind,  
Her beautiful melodies roll.

The joys of the blest are her theme,  
The Saviour her song of delight ;

No longer a vision or dream  
 The glories which burst on her sight.

Away through the regions of space,  
 She flies with her cherubim guide ;  
 Where time in its flight leaves no trace,  
 As it sails o'er the emerald tide.

With her harp ever tuned on the mount,  
 She warbles her praises above,  
 She drinks at the poet's pure fount,  
 Which flows in the Eden of love.

She drinks, and her spirit is calmed,  
 Each drop is a fullness of heaven ;  
 She breathes, and her soul is embalmed  
 With sweets to the ransomed given.

Her soul, in its twilight no more,  
 'Mid splendors far brighter than gold,  
 Looks forth from Eternity's shore,  
 Immortal, unfettered and bold.

A star in the system of light,  
 'Round the Saviour, her centre and home ;  
 She revolves with the seraphim bright,  
 Where eclipses and clouds never come.

Ye daughters of poesy, twine  
 A wreath of remembrance true ;  
 Had she lived—how her spirit divine,  
 Had woven a chaplet for you !

Mourn, mourn not, ye loved of the heart,  
 But look where the spirit is free ;  
 Although it was painful to part,  
 Where else would ye wish her to be ?

Though you miss her light step in the hall,  
 Her soft silver voice in the grove,  
 Oh, grieve not, no more shall the pall  
 Encircle the friend whom you love.

Look away, when at evening alone,  
 The tears from her mother's soft eye,  
 Falls fast for her child who has gone  
 To her glorified home in the sky!

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“PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD.”

Written on reading a sermon delivered in London, by the Rev. Edward  
 N. Kirk, A. M., on Temperance.

HEAR ye the sound—“prepare ye the way”—  
 Make straight a path to God :  
 He comes in all his dread array,  
 Blood calls aloud for blood !

Ho ! ye who raise the wine cup high  
 And tempt the unwary youth,  
 Can ye his vengeance still defy,  
 And spurn at right and truth ?

He comes, surrounded by a band  
 Of witnesses—they fly  
 O'er mountains, deserts, seas and land,  
 With lightning in their eye.

Widows' and orphans' thrilling cries  
 Float on the gusty air ;

Mingling they pierce through yonder skies,  
“ Prepare ye the way—prepare !”

Ye who withstood his awful frown—  
Ye who his wrath defy—  
Ye who have swept whole nations down,  
Shall quail beneath his eye.

When one eternal vortex rolls,  
And fire's encircling flame—  
Far, far beneath the drunkards' souls  
Shall writhe the vender's frame !

Look at your dark-eyed beauteous one,  
Think of his infant glee ;  
When, like a wild young sportive fawn,  
He frolicked on your knee.

Oh ! think should he, in some rash hour,  
Sip the bewildering bowl—  
Fall 'neath the syren's witching power,  
And madly sell his soul.

Think of your anguish when you draw  
Round your deserted hearth ;  
Where ever with delight you saw  
The one who gave him birth.

Then view her soul in wild dismay  
List for that pleasant voice ;  
Which erst had made, at night or day,  
Her anxious heart rejoice.

Should you behold your own loved child  
A wanderer from your door,  
Would ye not shriek, in accents wild,  
“ Ye venders, sell no more ?”



Hear ye the word—up and prepare,  
 Turn mountains into plains ;  
 Proclaim one everlasting war,  
 And bind the foe in chains.

What ! though he 's strong you need not fear ;  
 Our fathers, in their day,  
 From beauty's cheeks kissed off the tear,  
 And drove their foes away.

Now, rally round—unite in one—  
 Raise your triumphant cry—  
 Shout, freemen, shout ! with trumpet tone,  
 " The monster RUM shall die !"

## RELIGION. :



THERE is a germ of noble birth,  
 By God to mortals given ;  
 A bud celestial formed on earth,  
 To bloom in yonder heaven.

A germ of origin divine,  
 Its leaves transcendant fair ;  
 Not all the wreaths that art can twine,  
 Can with its hues compare.

When nursed with kindness and with love,  
 It throws such fragrance round,  
 As wafts the raptured soul above  
 This low, this narrow bound.

## THE COTTAGE.

When clouds impervious wrap the sky  
 Without one glimmering ray,  
 Its perfume shall ascend on high,  
 And turn the night to day.

This beauteous germ shall wide expand,  
 And deep its roots shall be ;  
 Its branches spread from land to land,  
 And wave o'er every sea.

When fortune frowns—when friends are few,  
 And those few stand afar ;  
 Its balm distills like evening dew  
 Beneath some lovely star.

Man's dying hours, its virtues cheer—  
 Lights up the shadowy vale ;  
 From beauty's cheek wipes every tear,  
 And soothes the mourner's wail.

This is the germ of heavenly birth,  
 Which God to man hath given,  
 To beautify the scenes of earth,  
 And bloom in yonder heaven.

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 THE COTTAGE.
   
 ~~~~~

GIVE me some lone, sequestered spot  
 Amid the vine-clad shadowy bower,  
 Where I may build my rural cot,  
 And spend in peace life's fleeting hour.  
 Free from the world's tumultuous strife,  
 From fashion, show, and mirthful song,

I'd pass the stilly hours of life,  
And heed no more the noisy throng.

There in the tones of ancient lore,  
I'd converse with the mighty dead ;  
While o'er time's dusty leaves I'd pour,  
And scan the pages round me spread.  
I'd learn the wisdom Plato taught,  
List to the strains of Orpheus's lyre ;  
With sweet delight drink every thought  
That could with joy my soul inspire.

Through fancy's clear mysterious glass,  
Old sages learned, should rise to view ;  
Along time's shadowy vista pass,  
Unfolding wonders ever new.  
Within this low umbrageous vale,  
No storms should break my sweet repose ;  
Secure from each tempestuous gale,  
Where blushing flow'rs their sweets disclose.

Smiling in beauty on their stem,  
Unmindful of the gathering storm ;  
Each lifting high its diadem,  
And boasting its unrivalled form.  
Amid th' enrapturing scene I'd dwell,  
Where all is quiet, peace and love :  
And in the lonely tranquil dell,  
My nobler thoughts should soar above.

My ears would feast on warbling notes  
Of wild birds' songs amid the grove,  
Which on each gentle zephyr floats,  
As 'mid the waving trees I rove.  
The babbling streams meandering round,  
With waters cool would slake my thirst ;  
While nature's God, with awe profound,  
Would sure receive my praises first.

## THE SISTERS.



Not purer are the stars above,  
Nor stainless than a sister's love.

Twin sisters like two roses grew  
Within their natal bowers,  
Death took the parents while the dew  
Was sparkling on the flowers.  
Alone they sought the forest glade—  
The beautiful and fair ;  
Plucked the sweet blossoms as they strayed,  
And dressed their flowing hair.

They slumbered in each other's arms,  
And when the morning came,  
It smiled upon their glowing charms,  
And brightened beauty's flame.  
They slept and dreamed of pleasant things,  
They told each fancied flight,  
And only wanted angel's wings  
To be as truly bright.

Together trod the dewy lawn,  
And wooed the timid dove—  
Together hailed the early dawn  
And sang the hymns of love.  
Together swept the trembling lyre  
When evening shadows meet ;  
Glowing with pure seraphic fire,  
The stainless and the sweet.

One heart, one soul, one breath they drew,  
Smiled, hoped, and wept and sighed,

Until a youth beloved and true,  
 Claimed Ellen as his bride.  
 Then o'er her sister's face a cloud  
 Hung like a mystic veil ;  
 She never told her grief aloud—  
 Her eyes revealed the tale.

Her smile was like a fitful beam,  
 Like lightning in the sky ;  
 When darkness by the transient gleam  
 Grows deeper on the eye.  
 Young Edwin soothed—but 'twas in vain,  
 The charm of life was o'er ;  
 The star of hope sunk 'neath the main,  
 And lit her sky no more !

Sad was the morning when he took  
 His lovely bride away,  
 And sad the last fond tender look,  
 Cast on Emeile that day.  
 She sank upon her sister's breast,  
 Yet not a word she spoke ;  
 They raised her from her place of rest,  
 But her young heart was broke !

---

GOD SEEN IN ALL HIS WORKS.



In nature's works the mind alone  
 The character of God can trace ;  
 Mortals can never reach his throne,  
 Nor view his clear unclouded face.

But in this beauteous world which He  
 Form'd by his power, made by his skill,  
 His wisdom and his love we see,  
 In every mountain, vale and hill.

Yon azure dome of brilliant gems,  
 Glimmering beneath their hallowed light—  
 Hung round like mystic diadems,  
 Gilding the lonely hours of night.

And this fair earth, among those spheres,  
 What human thought could form such plan ;  
 So equal poise through rolling years,  
 This beautiful abode of man !

What monument of art, what skill  
 Could form a body like our own ;  
 Who has the power, had he the will,  
 To speak and let the work be done ?

The eye within its orbit bright,  
 Paints the whole range of nature fair,  
 The ear, that organ of delight,  
 With its perceptions, what compare ?

What harmony, what pleasing sounds  
 Rush o'er the mind by his keen sense ;  
 What rapture o'er the spirit bounds,  
 Bearing the soul of feeling hence.

Not only man his wisdom shows,  
 The violet and the rose he paints ;  
 The little birds in shady groves,  
 Warble in measures soft their plaints.

Nor yet for man his beauties shine,  
 In forests deep, and climes unknown,

Bright flowers with fragrant shrubs entwine,  
And waft their sweetness to his throne.

In ocean's depths we see his love,  
In pearls which glitter 'neath its waves ;  
No eye but his can o'er them rove,  
Nor view them in their coral graves.

But the perfection of his love  
Is found not in these works alone ;  
The mind of man lit from above,  
Sits regent on wide nature's throne.

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## THE ROSE OF IVANHEN,

OR A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

~~~~~

In deep sequestered haunts of forest shade,  
Unseen by any save the spirit God,  
The Indian lone with silent footsteps stray'd,  
With quiver at his back and fishing rod.  
While wandering 'mid the green-wood he espied,  
As by a river's purling stream he lay,  
Watching the ripples on its silvery tide,  
A cottage in the distance far away.

Attracted by the curling smoke, he drew  
Nearer and nearer to the lovely spot,  
Where the green grass yet wet with the morning dew,  
Gleam'd in the sun-shine round the white man's cot.

Screen'd from its inmates by the leafy bowers,  
 He drew his bow and by an arbor fled ;  
 A maiden seated 'mid the blooming flowers,  
 Startled in terror at his hasty tread.

Fleet as the wind she darted from his sight—  
 Entranc'd he stood as through the grove she flew,  
 Then to the woods with meaning took his flight,  
 Resolv'd on pleasures which he never knew.  
 Close was the council—secret, subtle, still—  
 With them o'er whom he reigned, and then away ;  
 Each one retired, such measures to fulfil  
 As he should name upon another day.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas morning when Oachim sought the stream,  
 Rolling in silence through the forest drear ;  
 Where scorching sun-beams never pierc'd, nor gleam  
 Of brightness warm'd the gushing waters near.  
 With half-closed hands he raised the cooling draught,  
 And eager quaffed it from the hunter's bowl ;  
 Then with a bound, despising boat and craft,  
 He cleared the brook, gliding with noiseless roll.

Swiftly he sped his course, for well he knew  
 The mazy pathway of the woods to thread,  
 Then soon with rapid bounds was lost to view,  
 And none knew where his path mysterious led.  
 Yet he himself knew well the winding way  
 Which led him through the deep entangled wood,  
 His spirit lingered on the sunny day,  
 When first before fair Ivanhen he stood.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thick heavy clouds lower'd o'er Niagara's foam,  
 The fierce winds swept in wrath their mystic lyre,  
 The chainless tempest from its stormy home,  
 Scatter'd amazement and destruction dire !



The mountain eagle from his dizzy height,  
Screaming survey'd the elemental war ;  
Swiftly he circled in the gleaming light,  
Wheeling and darting boldly near and far.

When on a cliff towering above the foam,  
Amid the waning cataract's heaving surge,  
Oachim stood ! strange that 'mid wind and storm,  
He from the forest dark should dare emerge.  
His mien was manly and his brow was bare  
As the cold rocks on which his damp feet press'd ;  
Unawed he stood amid the lightning's glare  
Which scathed the forests on the mountain's crest.

With sudden bound he darted down the steep,  
From cliff to cliff with fearless speed he sprang ;  
Anon he took a wild impetuous leap,  
And the dark caverns with his war-song rang.  
Toward a ravine dark his course he wound,  
Plunged 'mid those depths where oft at eve he roved ;  
The waving winds, the thunder's distant sound,  
Form'd the sweet music which his spirit loved.

Dark night approach'd, and with the closing day  
The winds were gather'd to their rocky caves ;  
The moon shone fitful with a shivering ray,  
Lighting the summits of the crested waves.  
Onward he walked, the dim stars were his guide,  
Threading the forest by the moon's pale light,  
'Till by a mountain's dark and sombrous side,  
He stood where silence made a deeper night !

Then broke his voice amid the desert drear,  
And quick before him rose a hideous crew ;  
Then came a maiden overwhelm'd with fear,  
Shrieking, as forth her trembling form they drew !

With searching glance she eyed each tawny son  
As round they gathered in their close debate,  
'Till she beheld her loved, her cherish'd one,  
The doomed object of their deadliest hate.

Bursting the barriers that opposed her way,  
She bounded forward with a strength unknown  
Before that hour, in terror and dismay,  
Like a young bird when from its prison flown,  
Pale was her face, her hair dishevelled hung  
In raven ringlets 'round her neck of snow ;  
In wild despair she to her lover clung,  
Himself the picture of the deepest wo !

Loud rang the yell, the woods gave back the sound,  
The raven answer'd to the startling cry !  
When quick as lightning, with a screech and bound,  
A hundred Indian's from their coverts fly !  
"Haste to the torture !" cried the savage chief,  
He who had trod the mountain top alone ;  
"Kindle the faggots, let the work be brief,  
The fair will smile ere half your task is done."

With fierce demoniac stare he eyed the maid  
As to her lover's breast her spirit drew ;  
Then with his bold uplifted arm he sway'd  
A scalping-knife, stained with a crimson hue !  
"Unbind them, loose them, let the flames ascend—  
Curl 'round their forms and wreath amid the air ;  
With their deep groans let savage voices blend,  
For thus shall die the beautiful and fair.

But if the lily will the Indian wed,  
And wander with him through the green wood shade,  
The heather flowers shall form our bridal bed,  
Our nuptial song shall be the bright cascade.

Her friend shall live and learn to twang the bow,  
 With us ascend the mountain's dizzy height ;  
 O'er the blue waters skim the light canoe,  
 And smöke the calumet 'neath the moon's pale light."

The Indian knelt, strong passions fired his breast ;  
 His stalwart arm hung powerless by his side ;  
 His bosom heaved with feelings long suppress'd,  
 While life's red current 'round his heart seemed dried !  
 Like forest trees the red men stood around  
 With folded arm, yet no one stirred or spoke ;  
 Not e'en a footstep gave its startling sound,  
 Nor zephyr's breath the awful silence broke !

The maid with calmness raised her burning head  
 From off her lover's ever faithful breast ;  
 Where, though each glimmering ray of hope had fled,  
 She, for a moment, found a heaven of rest.  
 Her eye indignant on Oachim cast  
 A look of stern contempt, when from afar  
 Was heard the echo of a trumpet's blast,  
 And trappings of an army trained for war !

\* \* \* \* \*

Embowered within a deep umbrageous wood,  
 Through which the Susquehannah winds its way,  
 Dwelt Elbarn and Lavinia the good,  
 A lovelier pair ne'er saw the light of day.  
 One child was theirs, who, 'neath their tender care,  
 Grew like the wild flowers blushing in the glen ;  
 They gazed delighted on her beauty rare,  
 And called their pride the Rose of Ivanhen.

When all was calm as autumn's closing day,  
 And soft as evening's latest sigh,  
 Death called Lavinia from her child away,  
 And wrapt in gloom her bright unclouded sky :

Beneath a father's eye the maiden grew,  
 In every grace his constant joy and care ;  
 A treasured being chaste as morning dew,  
 And fair as chaste, and good as she was fair.

Young Amyr sought this lily of the vale,  
 Their vows were plighted, life and bliss were theirs ;  
 When war's dread tocsin floated on the gale,  
 And smiles dispersed 'mid gloomy doubts and fears.  
 Elburn, in whose pure patriot soul  
 The love of country swayed its magic power,  
 Placed his own name upon the nation's roll,  
 Left his sweet home and his young opening flower.

Left in the wild wood, with Hortense her friend,  
 The child he loved ; not to gain applause  
 Allured him onward—while love's accent's blend,  
 His heart beat purer for a holier cause.  
 From Saratoga's crimsoned heights he sent  
 Young Amyr, who fought boldly by his side,  
 To Ivanhen. He left his guarded tent,  
 And sought with transport his affianced bride.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sad and alone remained the lovely maid,  
 Her father, Amyr, those she loved away ;  
 Within a bower through which the light breeze played,  
 One morn she wound her solitary way.  
 While musing, near her whizzed a feather'd dart,  
 And soon an Indian bounded from the glen ;  
 He saw the maiden, and his savage heart  
 Bowed to Lamine, the Rose of Ivanhen.

Alarmed, she sought a more secure retreat,  
 And with Hortense her lonely vigils kept ;  
 'Till Amyr came, what joy was theirs to meet,  
 As to his bosom her fond spirit leapt !

The morning dawned, and with Hortense their friend,  
 Who nursed Lamine during her childhood hours,  
 They left, where fond associations blend  
 With trees and shrubs, green fields and shady bowers.

Lo! from the hills as fast they speed their way  
 To their lov'd father on the embattled field,  
 A savage hord rushed on their precious prey,  
 Who unresisting to their numbers yield.  
 For in the tangled wood, 'mid brake and brier,  
 They dragged their victims, bound them to a tree ;  
 Then in debate around their council fire,  
 Planned their deep schemes of horrid villany.

From time to time the Indian hunter came,  
 Besought and wooed the Rose of Ivanhen ;  
 'Twas vain, and passions which no force can tame,  
 Aroused the vengeance of the saavage men.  
 Hortense, the nurse, crept unobserved away,  
 While all were in narcotic slumbers bound ;  
 A look exchanged with Lamine that day,  
 Revealed her purpose as she stole around.

When from their sleep the savage tribe awoke,  
 And saw their prisoner from their circle gone,  
 Their wrath rekindled, and their fury broke  
 Like clouds when by a sudden whirlwind torn.  
 Apart the lovers wept 'till tears were dry,  
 Then to embrace, e'en at the stake, was sweet ;  
 On wings of love they to each other fly,  
 And 'mid their foes their souls delight to meet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where the shrill tocsin tolled its startling peal !  
 Where cannon'a roar and hostile armies stood ;  
 Where ranks o'er ranks in wild confusion reel,  
 'Till e'en the green earth reddens with their blood—

Elburn undaunted met the battle strife,  
 Nor yielded till through long delay he feared  
 For Amyr and his young affianced wife,  
 From whom no tidings and no sign appear'd.

Within his tent sleep fled his weary eye,  
 Suspense, that withering harpy of the soul,  
 Which neither lets its victim live or die,  
 Around his spirit wound its dread control.  
 'Till from Hortense a letter he received—  
 She had escaped—a captive was his child!  
 The dreadful tidings pained, while they relieved,  
 His face was flush'd, his wandering eye was wild!

“Who'll save my child? the wretched father cried,  
 “For what is life to me without Lamine?  
 Lavina's gift on the sad morn she died—  
 The only ray that lit the gloomy scene.”  
 With rapid strides he to his children flew,  
 O'er hills and dales, through tangled wood and glen;  
 Brave hearts of oak for *love* their sabres drew,  
 Resolved to save the Rose of Ivanhen.

\* \* \* \* \*

List! on the dim air comes again a sound!  
 The martial tramp, the bugle's notes from far!  
 Oachim, fearful lest his prey unbound  
 Escape his fury, now prepares for war!  
 “Apply the torch, quick! let the flames arise!  
 Bow every knee, and with your quivering breath,  
 Blow up the fire 'till it enwrap the skies,  
 And fill the air with poisoned darts and death!

Louder and louder came the trumpet's blast,  
 The cannon's roar the deep damp ravines shook;  
 In wild despair the timid Indians haste,  
 Seeking concealment in each tree and nook.

To Amyr's bosom clung th' affrighted maid,  
 When on a war horse darting fearless by;  
 Elburn, with eagle eye and flashing blade,  
 Was quick arrested by his daughter's cry !

He caught her fainting, while her lover leapt  
 Like a fierce vulture pouncing on his prey;  
 Dealing destruction as his falchion swept  
 Each tawny son down time's oblivious way,  
 The fearful war-whoop rang on every side,  
 With nicest skill the red men drew the bow ;  
 The whites prevail, and in his hasty stride,  
 Young Amyr lit upon his mortal foe !

Grasping Oachim with his powerful arm,  
 He flung him head-long on the smoking fire ;  
 Anon the Indian, filled with passions warm,  
 Seized firm his victim, ready to expire,  
 Awhile they struggled, every nerve was strung,  
 To die or conquer, passion, vengeance swayed  
 Their sinewy arms, till fiercely Amyr flung  
 Oachim breathless on the forest glade,

Then to Lamina with joyful haste he flew,  
 And to his bosom held her close and long ;  
 Old Elburn smild, his soul was young and new,  
 While victor shouts rose from the parting throng.

\* \* \* \* \*

The goddess Peace soon wound her silvery horn,  
 Its thrilling echoes cheered the hearts of men ;  
 The heavens exulted o'er a nation born,  
 And Eden bloomed once more in Ivenhen.

## SHUN THE WINE CUP.



“LOOK not upon the wine cup when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright : At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”—Prrov. xxiii. v. 31, 32.

Oh ! shun the wine cup—dash the flowing bowl ;  
 Trust not the witchery of its soft control ;  
 Dangers lie hid beneath its sparkling foam,  
 Satyrs and harpies round the goblet roam.  
 Oh ! shun the meteor, whose illusive light  
 Will lead thee down to everlasting night ;  
 Oh ! shun the syren, whose bewildering breath  
 Is steep'd in hemlock, nightshade, rue, and death !  
 Trust not the Lethean spring, its powers will fail  
 To lull thy senses through death's gloomy vale ;  
 Vain then its strength, its magic influence flies,  
 And he who tastes the deadly Upas—dies !  
 Trust not the imagery which paints its sky—  
 As you pursue, the vision fair will fly ;  
 The clouds collect, the bursting thunders roll,  
 And forked lightnings sweep each trembling pole !  
 Such the dense darkness of the thrilling scene,  
 No light amid the shadows intervene ;  
 No cheering ray, no hope of promise gleams—  
 Awakened horrors from bewildering dreams,  
 Seize on the soul—it shrieks amid its wo,  
 And wailing sinks within the gulf below !  
 Sinks, where no sound of mercy ever hies—  
 Sinks, where the conscience never, never dies—  
 Sinks, where the waves eternally will roll  
 The waves of justice o'er the ruined soul !



The soul ! great God ! the soul which fain would hide,  
 Would shun thy frown beneath th' o'erwhelming tide ;  
 That soul immortal, by the *wine cup* stain,  
 Shall seek for death, and ever seek in vain !

---

## COME BRING THE HARP.



COME bring the harp, 'tis memory's hour,  
 A spell is winding round my soul  
 Which melts at music's magic power,  
 And faints beneath its soft control.

Come bring the harp, my senses wake,  
 My heart beats quick with mental fire,  
 Oh, sweep the chords, though life should break  
 Beneath the breathings of the lyre.

Come bring the harp, and let it steal,  
 Like summer winds o'er blushing flowers,  
 Sweep the low notes till they reveal  
 The dreamy bliss of life's young hours.

Oh, sing of joys for ever flown,  
 Of hopes which cheered me with their light ;  
 Hopes, false as fair, for ever gone,  
 And mourn with me their early flight.

Ay, sing to me of other days,  
 Warble again the plaintive strain  
 Which echoed through the winding ways,  
 And thrilled life's every circling vein.

## LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

Sing on, till 'neath the moon's pale beams  
 On clouds of azure light enthroned,  
 Are seen the loved of life's young dreams,  
 With golden harps and garlands crowned.

Then raise each note, sweep every string,  
 Till with that choir they mingle sweet,  
 'Neath music's power, on fancy's wing,  
 I'd soar where youth and beauty meet.

## LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.



How sweet is health ! no earthly good  
 Can vie with what its joys impart ;  
 There is no pleasure but I would  
 Dispose with, would it reach my heart.

Oh ! who can paint the restless hours,  
 The feverish dreams, the nervous dread ;  
 When prostrate by disease, our powers  
 Shrink from the lightest, softest tread.

How oft our choicest blessings tease,  
 And when we feel ourselves alone,  
 How dreadful then to view disease  
 Sit regent on its ebon throne !

To feel each vigorous thought restrained,  
 Compelled by weakness to expire ;  
 Each effort of the mind enchained,  
 Though kindled by Promethean fire.

How beautiful and bright the world  
 When from our couch of pain we rise ;  
 See nature's glories all unfurled,  
 Rejoicing 'neath the sunny skies.

Around this beauteous world I gaze,  
 And love to trace in all I see,  
 Wonders which wrap one in amaze,  
 And link me with the Deity.

'Tis the perfections of my God,  
 Which stamp this world with all that's fair ;  
 And 'tis when bending 'neath his rod,  
 I view his kindness and his care.

Oh ! let me look where all is bright,  
 Where opening scenes the hours beguile ;  
 Where heaven reflects the dazzling light,  
 Enkindled by Jehovah's smile.

---

TIME, OR THE NEW YEAR.

~~~~~

YEAR after year with eagle flight,  
 On time's swift wing bears us away ;  
 Toward the tomb's oblivious night,  
 Uncheer'd by life's brief twinkling ray.

Just entering on the period new,  
 'Tis wisdom's part to eye the past ;  
 To take one short and serious view  
 Of objects which have fled so fast.

W

If fancy range through tracts of time,  
And see yon sun commence his roll,  
All nature rising grand, sublime,  
With splendors bright from pole to pole.

Survey those orbs, those mighty spheres,  
That deck yon azure vaulted sky,  
Begin their circling round of years,  
Which o'er this wide creation fly.

How soon amid this brilliant scene  
Are change and clouds here seen to rise,  
Fierce storms and darkness intervene,  
And hide this vision from our eyes.

Along time's deep engulfing stream  
The proud waves dash, the billows roar ;  
Earth's brightest glories, like a dream,  
Are buried, lost, and seen no more.

Lo ! cities, kingdoms, empires vast,  
Like mouldering wrecks beneath the wave,  
Are down in awful ruins cast,  
To sleep in time's oblivious grave.

His withering look, his awful frown,  
But falls on cities soaring high ;  
Their walls, their loftiest towers haste down,  
Straight in the mouldering dust to lie.

We see the fate, we read the doom,  
Of grandest nations in their fall ;  
How swift their transit to that tomb  
Where time's brief years inurn them all.

What mortal power can stay his course,  
Or stay one hour his rolling tide ?—

Which hurrying with resistless force,  
Lays thrones and kingdoms side by side.

The warrior's brow with laurels crown'd,  
From crimson'd fields and millions slain ;  
The statesman rais'd to high renown,  
He views alike with proud disdain.

The marble rear'd, by pride to last,  
The scroll of fame, the sculptur'd urn,  
Touch'd by his glance, his withering blast,  
All into ruin'd dust return.

Beneath his power all nature fades,  
The hills, the trees, the flowery vales,  
The moss-clad rocks, the forest glades,  
And mountains lash'd by thousand gales.

He withers beauty, mocks at power,  
All human glory laughs to scorn—  
Sends to the grave in one short hour,  
All which the noblest art adorn.

The highest place which man enjoys,  
Time views as fleeting, empty vain ;  
As nought but phantoms, childish toys,  
Which dying mortals strive to gain.

He smiles to see ambition climb,  
Through strife and blood yon dizzy height,  
To take its stand on hill sublime,  
But to sink down in endless night.

As bubbles on the ocean tost,  
On which the loudest tempests sweep,  
So man appears, is seen, then lost,  
Amid old Time's unfathom'd deep.

What then is wealth, or pomp, or power,  
That struggling millions strive to find,  
But toys which fleeting years devour,  
Nor leave one wither'd wreck behind ?

What numbers of that smiling throng,  
The young, the cheerful, thoughtless gay,  
Whose hours are fill'd with mirth and song,  
This new-born year will sweep away.

From earth, and time, and kindred dear,  
From those bright skies, from yonder sun,  
To the lone tomb where silence drear,  
Proclaims life's hasty glass is run.

Since, like a conqueror o'er our world,  
The flight of years blasts every flower ;  
And all earth's brightest joys are hurl'd  
Down to the grave in one short hour.

We'll look above these rolling spheres,  
Where time's swift changes never come,  
Beyond the reach of wasting years,  
To our eternal Father's home,

Where bloom and beauty never fade,  
And virtue's charms will never die ;  
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death invade,  
Nor sorrow's tears bedim the eye.

## A MORNING WALK.



I WANDER'D forth at early day  
 Upon the dewy lawn,  
 To catch the sun's first golden ray  
 Which lighted up the dawn.

Through fields and glens, 'mid skies serene,  
 With sweet delight I rov'd,  
 And gaz'd upon the enchanting scene  
 Which then my bosom mov'd.

Well pleas'd, I cropt each opening flow'r,  
 And drank unmingled bliss  
 From roses wild, from honied bow'r,  
 And zephyrs balmy kiss.

The sun rose bright without a cloud,  
 Its splendors round me threw,  
 As earth and sea, and mountains proud,  
 Met my enraptur'd view.

The mists curl'd graceful from the trees,  
 From bushes, brake and grove ;  
 And in fantastic fold and wreaths,  
 Soon vanish'd far above.

The little birds around me drew,  
 And carol'd sweet their lay ;  
 Spread wide their beauteous wings and flew  
 To hail the new-born day.

They warbled forth their notes of love  
In praises to their king ;  
Made every spot around, above,  
And every valley ring.

The torrents sound so loud and deep,  
Came rolling on my ear,  
While dashing o'er the rocky steep,  
In waters pure and clear.

The heaving billows lash'd the shore,  
Urg'd on by distant storms ;  
I listen'd to their solemn roar,  
And watch'd their varying forms.

Their crested waves, like mirrors bright,  
Were circling full in view ;  
Their summits caught the sun's first light,  
And shone with every hue.

Transfix'd and rapt amid the scene,  
I gaz'd with transport round,  
And wonder'd if it were a dream,  
Upon enchanted ground.

From this brief spot I turn'd my eyes  
To my eternal home,  
To that blest morn beyond the skies,  
Where night can never come.



## TO MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Thy peerless lay, thy soothing song,  
 Falls sweetly on my listening ear ;  
 In sounds melodious floats along,  
 Like richest music soft and clear.

Pure is the fount from which they flow,  
 The fervent breathings of thy soul,  
 Thy numbers melting, thrilling, slow,  
 In lucid sweetness o'er me roll.

A sacred charm thy words impart,  
 A rush of feeling which I love,  
 They come directly to my heart,  
 And o'er my senses gently move.

Thy songs I love divinely sweet,  
 So strangely winding round each sense,  
 My mingled passions as they meet,  
 Bear my enraptured spirit hence.

I love thy mild, subduing strains,  
 They melt the ice-drops of my heart,  
 And give within my circling veins  
 The blood a quicker, purer start.

I love to mingle in thy dreams,  
 I love to share thy upward flight,  
 I love to wander through those scenes  
 Which gave thee once such pure delight.

But most of all, I love thy lay  
 Which pictures forth domestic bliss,

As round thy feet thy children play,  
And share with thee the envied kiss.

To thee belongs the magic touch,  
To kindle, waken, and enflame  
Each dormant sense ; thy power is such,  
That man's rude passion it can tame.

Thy power is such it melts the soul,  
And draws a tear from beauty's eyes,  
E'en vice turns from the madd'ning bowl,  
And from the pois'nous chalice flies.

Thy pensive moans, thy plaintive strain,  
Deep touch a chord within my breast,  
Tell me life's joys are fleeting vain,  
That man has here no settled rest.

Mild be the beamings of thine eye,  
As faith lights up the coming hour,  
When earth's loved scenes shall fade and die,  
And thy rapt spirit upward soar.

Oh, may that grace which gilds the bed  
Of death and shines with kindling ray,  
Cast its bright splendors round thy head,  
And waft thee to a brighter day.

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THE SERENADE.



It was a lovely evening,  
All nature seemed at rest,  
Alike an infant sleeping  
Upon its mother's breast.

The silvery moon revealing  
Its brightness through the trees,  
When music sweetly stealing,  
Rose on the gentle breeze.

The strains melodious lingered  
Upon the listening ear.  
Mid evening's stilly softness,  
Like rushing waters clear.

They come upon the weary  
Like seraph songs above,  
Floating in sweetness round them,  
Breathing the notes of love.

Sweet are thy charms, oh, music,  
We bow before thy shrine,  
And thanks from beauty's bosom,  
Brave band be truly thine.

Thanks for those thrilling numbers,  
Which rich in raptures roll,  
Entrancing all the senses,  
And stealing through the soul.

Thanks to each kind musician,  
And these bright sylvian bowers,  
Like the enchanting evening,  
Be all their future hours.

## STANZAS.



THE following lines were written on reading an article in the Literary Gem, on the meeting of the pure in heart.

Oh ! yes, the pure in heart shall meet  
 In heaven, their voices mingle sweet—  
     Shall wake the breathing lyre ;  
 Rolling in melting, thrilling strains,  
 For ever o'er the ethereal plains,  
 Where one eternal echo reigns,  
     From notes which never tire.

Souls which on earth drank in their bliss  
 From viewing others happiness,  
     Delighted there shall rove ;  
 Shall ramble o'er the perfumed glade,  
 With amaranthine flowers arrayed,  
 Recline beneath their crimson shade,  
     And bathe in seas of love.

Look backward on the parting hour,  
 When nature sunk beneath the power  
     Of the destroyer, death !  
 When love hung o'er the sufferer's bed,  
 Wept, as each trace of reason fled,  
 Pressed to her heart the wildcring head,  
     And caught her last drawn breath.

Where the bright seraph spreads his wing,  
 The pure in heart shall meet and sing—

"Sin, pain, and death no more!—  
 Sin, pain, and death are fled," they cry,  
 "For ever fled," the saints reply;  
 Cherubic armies sound it high—  
 "Sin, pain, and death no more!"

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## LINES,

WRITTEN IN VIEW OF THE RIVER THAMES, THE DEPOT, ETC.

THE busy world moves awfully on,  
 Nothing prevents its rapid roll;  
 The magic scenes we gaze upon,  
 Like meteors flash athwart the soul.

Soon will these scenes be lost to me,  
 These bells, this steam, these cars no more  
 Shall I behold—nor shrub, nor tree,  
 Upon my own loved sea-girt shore.

There shall I muse upon these hours,  
 When through the stilly noon of night,  
 I've listend to their mighty powers,  
 Nor check'd my spirit's upward flight.

Immortal Fulton! every stream,  
 From fairy Thamea to Indies' sea,  
 Bears on its crested wave thy name,  
 Son of a nation—proud and free!

Steam's mighty power contracts the world,  
Impelled forth by hidden fires ;  
As over seas and mountains whirled,  
It rushes on and never tires.

High o'er the blue waves, like a bird,  
The steamer comes with spirits rife ;  
When not a gossamer veil is stirred  
By gentle breezes true to life.

Like a white swan in pride she sails,  
With snowy breast and flashing eye ;  
Hurries—whereon the glittering rails,  
She sees the cars like lightning fly !

And then the rush—the tinkling bells,  
The roar of steam, the quick exchange—  
The parting looks, the sad farewells,  
As each to different countries range.

I'll think of this when borne along  
Majestic o'er the watery waste ;  
Where Naiads chaunt their vesper song,  
As forth the evening shadows haste.

And when on my beloved isle,  
I listen to the Atlantic's roar,  
I'll speak of thee where young eyes smile,  
And tell thy wonders o'er and o'er.

## LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF THE AMIABLE MRS. P. G. GARDNER, WIFE OF THE  
 REV. R. GARDNER, AND DAUGHTER OF COL. S. MILLER,  
 OF EAST HAMPTON.



HOPE's loveliest vision for ever has fled,  
 And the young and the beautiful sleep with the dead ;  
 Like a bright summer-cloud she has pass'd from our eyes,  
 But its brilliance and form in the mind never dies.

So the blast of the tempest goes forth in its wrath,  
 And the lightnings of heav'n scatter death in their path,  
 And the sun which to-day without clouds meets our eyes,  
 To-morrow 's eclips'd in his path through the skies.

When hope smiles the sweetest, 'tis often the hour ;  
 When the heart moves the fleetest, then death in his pow'r  
 Dissolves the gay frost-work of earthly delight,  
 And hope, love, and beauty, expire on the sight.

Could the kindness of friends, could the prayers of the just,  
 Could the tears of her husband, her bosom's first trust,  
 Have arrested the blow, the stern mandate of heav'n,  
 And back to their arms her brief loveliness given,  
 How would they have striven the stroke to evade !  
 And sunlight had pierced through the depth of the shade.

Vain, vain were their efforts, for the signet of death  
 Stood pale on her brow as they watched her last breath ;  
 And their hopes, like the leaves of the autumn, are fled—  
 Like the seared leaves of autumn, are blighted and dead.

Oh, torn from thy friends in the bright morn of life,  
 When thy days were the sweetest ; when daughter and wife  
 Softly blended together in a mixture of bliss—  
 When a mother's warm lips gave the mother's first kiss ;  
 In an hour when thy hopes and thy joys were the highest,  
 And all thou desired or wished for were nighest ;  
 In those hours of rapture which announced thee a mother,  
 Thou wast call'd from this sphere of delight to another.

Thou hast gone in thy loveliness down to the tomb,  
 Like the young flowers of summer, all fresh in thy bloom ;  
 While the wail of thy babe broke low on thy ear,  
 And drew from thy bosom's deep fountain a tear.

When over thy soul came thy husband's deep sigh,  
 Like the sad dirge of autumn when its beauties all die,  
 'Mid the heart's desolation, 'mid earth's dreary wild,  
 One gem still remains, 'tis thy own precious child :  
 Now sparkling in beauty, to the mourner 'tis given,  
 To remind him while here of his lov'd one in heaven.

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## THE MEETING OF FRIENDS.

THE meeting of friends ! oh, what joy it imparts,  
 When long years of absence have vanished away ;  
 What melting of souls, what communion of hearts,  
 What thrills of delight o'er the mind sweetly play.

E'en life seems to tremble, as in the embrace  
 The warm gush of feeling flows fresh from the soul  
 And the bright tear of joy, as it steals down the face,  
 Speaks the fulness of bliss in its eloquent roll.



The heart's cheering welcome, the kind how d'ye do,  
The smile on the lip, the eye's softened glance,  
Show the feeling of love ever fervent and true,  
Which the mines of the Indies could never enhance.

Past scenes, past enjoyments rush quick o'er the mind,  
The curtain is rais'd by Remembrance' fond hand,  
And the voices of love, once soothing and kind,  
Fall sweet on the ear of a "far better land."

There 's a rapture in meeting which ne'er can be told,  
But in its intenseness there 's often a pain ;  
And the heart's warm emotions grow frozen and cold,  
As the bosom responds, " we must soon part again."

Part again ? oh, beware ! let no tincture of gloom  
Arise to destroy this bright " frost-work of bliss ;"  
'Tis the raven who croaks, let him speed to the tomb,  
And flap his broad wings where the foul serpents hiss.

But the heart will rejoice in this banquet of sweets,  
The soul will exult in such fulness of bliss ;  
Dissolve, as transported the loved one it greets,  
And faints 'neath the touch of the life-giving kiss.

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## THE SOLAR SYSTEM.



How glorious must that being be  
Who formed creation by a nod ;  
None can behold his brilliancy,  
Or comprehend him, but a god.

His wond'rous works, His power divine,  
Inspire with awe my trembling soul ;  
And planets as they sweetly shine,  
Delight me with their ceaseless roll.

All balanced in the empty air,  
All marshalled in their bright array,  
System outstretching system fair,  
All lightly moving on their way.

The sun, vast luminary, grand,  
A centre formed of blazing fire,  
Around which worlds at God's command  
Revolve in space and never tire.

No human power can scan his bound,  
Nor comprehend this globe of flame :  
High in the ether rolling round,  
As bright as when from naught it came.

First, Mercury takes his silent course,  
And his burning splendor plays,  
Borne onward by a secret force,  
To revel in his brilliant rays.

Next Venus comes, the lover's star,  
The earliest in evening's train ;  
Listening she hears her vows afar,  
And weeps when they are false and vain.

Earth follows on with steady pride,  
And round and round delighted rolls,  
Sailing upon the ethereal tide,  
And balancing her central poles.

Next Mars, the god of war, appears,  
Majestic in his dizzy height ;

He smiles with scorn at human tears,  
And urges on the deadly fight.

Then Jupiter, with face divine,  
Is seen in dazzling splendor drest,  
His moons around him sweetly shine,  
Like diamonds 'throned on beauty's breast.

Next Saturn, like an exiled queen,  
Girt with a lucid zone around,  
Far in the distance, lo! he 's seen  
Alone in gloomy grandeur crowned.

Last, slowly on his winding ways,  
Arrayed in brilliant robes of light,  
Herschel his sattelites displays,  
Revolving round their centre bright.

The Comet speeds his upward flight,  
And fearless drives his fiery car,  
Darting amid yon worlds of light,  
Away beyond each twinkling star.

Our solar system placed on high,  
With the bright sun which makes our day,  
Forms but a speck in yon arch'd sky,  
Where thousand other systems play.

Those fixed stars to other spheres,  
Suns larger far than one we see,  
With their bright beams through rolling years,  
Proclaim aloud a Deity!

One who upholds them by his power,  
Who formed them by his own decree—  
"Let there be light!"—and in that hour  
They rushed from all eternity!

Oh ! might I rise through boundless space,  
 Where other suns and systems roll,  
 And gaze upon that lovely face.  
 Whose smiles delight the enraptured soul—

Who spake ! and straight at his command,  
 Each twinkling star from chaos sprung ;  
 Then forth from his almighty hand,  
 Abroad like sparkling gems was flung.

## STANZAS,

TO MR. AND MRS. P., OF SAG HARBOR, ON THE RECENT DEATH  
 OF THEIR CHILD.



WEEP, for the cherub of beauty has fled,  
 Mourn, for the lovely lies shrouded and dead,  
 Weep, that on earth he no longer could stay,  
 Mourn, that so soon he was summoned away.

Weep for the eyes which sparkled so bright,  
 Are closed for ever and shrouded in night ;  
 Mourn, for the light which around him he threw,  
 Was brilliant and fleeting as morning's light dew.

Weep for the smile which played over his face,  
 For those dimples which charmed when in your embrace ;  
 For that smile it has fled, and those dimples are gone,  
 And your young bud of promise lies cold and alone.

Mourn, that no longer will break on your ear  
That soft silver tone so enchanting and clear,  
"My father, my mother," which came o'er the soul,  
Like the songs of the spheres as in sweetness they roll.

Ah! yes, you may mourn, for no longer he'll greet  
Those parents he loved with his light buoyant feet,  
That young bounding heart which illumined his face,  
Lies chilled by the fervor of death's cold embrace.

When the grate is replenished and the lights burning clear,  
When the fierce winds of winter howl dismal and drear,  
When the billows of ocean, as they break o'er the deep,  
Chill the heart of the mourner, ay, then you may weep,

For the tempests which thunder in wrath through the sky,  
But increase the warm tears as they gush from your eye;  
For remembrance will linger where the green willows wave,  
And weep as the storm murmurs sad o'er his grave.

But here you must stop, and remember 'tis o'er—  
The child whom you worshipped will suffer no more;  
From earth he's escaped, like a bird from his snare,  
And lit on those groves ever blooming and fair.

Oh, look as the tears of affection they roll,  
As the dark waves of anguish pass over the soul—  
Look away to yon heaven where the lovely all meet,  
The "stainless with stainless, the sweet with the sweet."

In the regions of bliss behold now your boy,  
Your young pledge of love, your pride and your joy;  
The angel of mercy has borne him on high,  
Where he warbles with seraphs the songs of the sky.

## THE SAVIOUR'S VOICE.



I saw him walking on the wave,  
 On billows high which lashed the shore,  
 Arrayed with power divine to save,  
 When tempests wild tumultuous roar.

He lifts his voice above the storm  
 That madly sweeps o'er sea and sky ;  
 In tones more sweet than seraph's form,  
 He bids the winds in silence die.

The waves are stilled in quiet rest,  
 A placid smile plays o'er the deep ;  
 The storm-rocked ocean's heaving breast,  
 Like a hushed infant sinks to sleep.

The dark, wild clouds all straight retire,  
 The roaring winds are heard no more ;  
 The glorious sun, bright orb of fire,  
 Around his dazzling beauties pour.

The bow of promise spans the world,  
 Where all in deep despondence lay ;  
 It brilliance o'er the earth unfurled,  
 Sheds forth a pure and hallowed ray.

With faith and hope fixed on his arm,  
 Whose voice can still the tempest's power,  
 Man stands secure from every harm,  
 And smiles to meet his final hour.

“WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST!”

WRITTEN AFTER A COMMUNION SEASON.



CAN you tell me what of One  
 Who left the bright abode on high,  
 Who on the mountain's top alone,  
 Wept over sinners doomed to die?  
 Can you tell me what his name,  
 Who he is, and whence he came?

Can you tell me why he stooped  
 To visit mortals here below,  
 Why his lovely head he drooped,  
 Where Cearon's waters murmur low?  
 Why in Gethsemane's lone vale,  
 Was heard afar his dying wail?

Say, what think you of that love  
 Which naught could conquer or subdue,  
 Love which first in heaven above,  
 Spoke a language bold and true.  
 Hear a Saviour deified,  
 “Father, spare them, I have died.”

When the heart is tempest toss'd,  
 When each earthly scene looks dim,  
 When e'en the anchor hope seems lost,  
 Do you love to think of Him?  
 Do you love in such an hour  
 To plead his promise and his power?

How to you does he appear,  
Is he lovely, all divine ?  
Does his grace your spirits cheer  
As his glories round you shine ?  
Do you long to fly away,  
And reign with him in endless day ?

Then around—if thus your souls  
Pant for God—the table come,  
Gather where salvation rolls,  
Lo ! its waters waft you home,  
Waft you to the shores of bliss,  
To the far off land of peace.

Lo ! the banner is unfurl'd !  
Jesus meets his people here ;  
Lo ! the Saviour of the world  
Calls his weeping children near.  
Raise your suppliant voices high,  
Pleas'd he listens to your cry.

Here, the feast for you is spread,  
Here his blood like water flows,  
Come and taste the living bread,  
Come where heavenly pasture grows.  
Come embrace your dying Lord,  
Come and worship round his board,



## PARTING.



WHEN on the trembling lip is breathed  
 The last farewell ; and anguish there  
 Around the soul her spell has wreathed,  
 And left the mind to dark despair—  
 How all the earth fades on the sight,  
 And desolation's strong control  
 Shrouds all created things in night,  
 And wraps its pall around the soul !

Nature 's a blank, with all her charms,  
 The sun emits no cheering ray ;  
 The world, were it within our arms,  
 Could not convert our night to day ;  
 Could not restore the pleasing smile,  
 Could not bring back the look of love,  
 Could not the tedious hours beguile,  
 And make this world like that above.

Could not within our echoing halls  
 Bring back the bird-like voice again,  
 Nor to the lute's unuttered calls,  
 Restore its simple, touching strain.  
 No joy the tortured bosom feels,  
 Each living thing renews its wo ;  
 In every breath remembrance steals  
 The past returns where'er we go.

Oh, could the soul one ray of hope  
 To meet indulge for one brief hour,

Creation's verge, its farthest slope,  
 To it would prove a fairy bower.  
 'Tis the blest hope which heaven bestows,  
 That forms a halo 'round this earth ;  
 And the pure light that from it flows,  
 Illumes the spirit from its birth.

A hope which gives religion power,  
 Exerts o'er man a magic sway,  
 Gilds with its beams life's darkest hour,  
 And points to an unclouded day.  
 Where all the loved of earth shall meet,  
 And as eternal ages roll—  
 "We part no more"—in accents sweet,  
 Prove the response of every soul.

### A THUNDER STORM.



'Twas midnight, and the thunder's crash  
 Broke loudly on my ear ;  
 Then came the light'ning's vivid flash,  
 Proclaiming God was near.

Fitful they played around my head,  
 Bright were their arrowy forms ;  
 While far and near, with noiseless tread,  
 Wandered the God of storms.

Revolving clouds rolled dark and high,  
 And ever and anon,  
 The light'ning's flash, and thunder's crash,  
 Came quick, and then were gone.

Hushed for a moment was the strife  
 Of elemental war ;  
 E'en nature's pulse seemed 'reft of life,  
 When sudden from afar

Was heard the roar of warring winds,  
 Borne by the clouds along ;  
 The rain fell fast from thousand springs,  
 And mingled in the song.

One wild uproar, one constant flash,  
 Illumed the troubled sky ;  
 The wind, the rain, the thunder's crash,  
 Raised the grand pean high.

Lord ! what an emblem of that day,  
 For which all days were made ;  
 When all that 's born on earth must stand  
 Before thy throne arrayed.

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STANZAS,

TO MRS. E. S., ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

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SAY, has that lovely cherub fled,  
 On whom so late you smiled ?  
 And have you numbered with the dead,  
 Your youngest, sweetest child ?  
 They tell me how from day to day  
 He bowed his beauteous head,  
 'Till his young spirit soared away  
 Among the happy dead.

They tell me that his bright blue eyes  
Now smile on you no more ;  
They tell me how his mother cries  
And weeps for him she bore.  
My dear Elizabeth, restrain  
Your fast, your flowing tears ;  
Remember, you can ne'er again  
Bring back his baby years.

Remember, he was not your own,  
But lent a while to love ;  
Your bird of song to heaven has flown,  
To welcome you above.  
Then think not of his opening charms  
As on your breast he lay ;  
When softly slumbering on your arms,  
You gazed the hours away,

And think not of his forehead fair,  
Nor of his dimpled chin ;  
Gaze not upon that lock of hair,  
Sole relic left of him.  
Oh, think not of those happy hours,  
When your sweet babies played  
Beneath the trees among the flowers,  
And gambolled in the shade.

Dwell not upon his infant glee,  
'Twill but increase your grief ;  
The strongest powers of memory  
Can yield you no relief.  
But look, dear friend, to yon bright sky  
Where storms and tempests cease,  
Where tears no more shall dim the eye,  
And all the realm is peace.

## STANZAS,

WRITTEN AT DR. P. . . 'S, AT GREEN PORT, L. I., BY THE AUTHOR,  
 THE FIRST TIME SHE WAS THERE AFTER THE DEATH OF  
 HIS DAUGHTER.



WITHIN this hospitable dome,  
 This seat of earthly bliss,  
 From place to place, as 'round I roam,  
 One little form I miss ;  
 Whose placid looks and cheerful smile,  
 Illumined every scene ;  
 Did every lingering hour beguile,  
 Sweet beauteous Prosaline.

With bird-like voice, and blooming face,  
 And features mild and fair,  
 Moving around with matchless grace,  
 And steps as light as air.  
 From whose bright eye there stole a beam,  
 As soft, as sweet, as mild,  
 As moonlight on some silver stream  
 'Mid forests deep and wild—

Whose wavy hair in ringlets hung,  
 Around her neck of snow ;  
 And o'er her face such sweetness flung,  
 As earth could seldom show.  
 Ah, where is now that seraph form,  
 And that sweet tuneful voice,  
 Which made the coldest bosom warm,  
 Made every heart rejoice ?

Alas ! I read the reason why  
In her dear parent's face,  
Why I cannot her form descry,  
Nor her bright image trace.  
Insatiate death, that cruel foe,  
Has sized the victim fair ;  
And laid the little cherub low,  
The child of so much care.

Full well he knew how sweet the flower,  
And came with ruthless sway ;  
With his keen scythe, and in an hour,  
Cut the young bud away.  
That cherished bud of roseate hue,  
Just bursting from the shrine ;  
He plucked, while yet the morning dew  
Sparkled upon the vine.

But now he 's done—his work is done—  
His barrier is the tomb ;  
But this sweet flower, 'neath heaven's bright sun,  
Eternally shall bloom.  
Where never withering wreaths entwine  
'Mid fields of living green ;  
There may I see thy form divine,  
Sweet, beauteous Prosaline.

## STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF HENRY E. THOMPSON, ELDEST SON OF

BENJAMIN F. THOMPSON, ESQ., OF HEMPSTEAD, L. I.



DELUSIVE hope ! enchanter of the soul,  
 How it deceives with visions bright and fair ;  
 Visions, which vanish as the moments roll,  
 False as the wind, and baseless as the air.  
 Yet such is man, fixed is his steady eye,  
 On joys as evanescent as they're vain ;  
 Fleeting as rainbows painted on the sky,  
 Transient as evening in her gilded train.

The hues of beauty mingle as the light  
 Shows her soft drapery o'er the earth and sea ;  
 Brightens, as Sol pursues his upward flight,  
 And spreads at eve his brilliance o'er the lea.  
 Hope sits enthron'd on the retiring cloud,  
 With gorgeous hues she paints the dreamy west ;  
 Man looks for light, but oh, the darken'd shroud,  
 That wraps at morn its pall around his breast.

Thus human joys perish within our grasp,  
 We hug the phantoms, but we find them air ;  
 They pierce our bosoms as we fondly clasp  
 Their airy forms, and fill us with despair.  
 Thus die the lovely, thus the fairest flower  
 That opes its petals to the rising day ;  
 Withers and fades, nor all the earthly power  
 Can bring its bloom, or wrest its longer stay.

The living die when cherish'd ones depart,  
 'Tis they who feel the sting as death draws near ;  
 The living weep when hope forsakes the heart,  
 And lays its broken promise on the bier.  
 'Tis not in circles where the giddy meet,  
 'Tis not where revelry and banquet yield  
 Their feverish joys ; not these the sorrowing greet—  
 The gay of heart, where every pulse is steered.

No—though they once within the lighted dome  
 Pursued the star that with its cheering beams  
 Illumed their path, its shadows round them come,  
 And sad reality awakes from dreams.  
 A withering pall o'er every joy is spread,  
 The heart 's a desert where no spring is found ;  
 Visions of darkness flit with noiseless tread,  
 And dance in solemn mockery all around.

Henry, on thy young brow hope's fairy hand  
 Pencill'd the promise of unclouded days ;  
 Oh, how deceptive was her magic wand  
 Which lit the future, then obscured its rays.  
 Bright was thy morn, discretion led the way,  
 Strewing thy path with sweetest flowers of earth ;  
 No rankling thoughts the guilty past portray,  
 Though oft in scenes of vanity and mirth.

Thine was the form, and thine the active mind,  
 The winning face, the pure confiding heart,  
 In which each noble virtue was enshrin'd,  
 Which drew from death the keen envenom'd dart.  
 From thy dark eye impassion'd beauty stole  
 Like sunlight on the deep, when from afar  
 The god of day lit up each distant pole,  
 And in his splendor faded every star.



No more when evening spreads her silvery light,  
 Wilt thou return thy parents' hearts to bliss ;  
 Brothers and sisters, through the stilly night,  
 No more will pant to view thy loveliness.  
 Thou'rt dead, sweet youth—draped are the echoing halls  
 Where music gave the soul-subduing lay ;  
 Like morning dew the silent footstep falls,  
 And friendship mourns the loved one far away.

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## HEMPSTEAD HARBOR.

WRITTEN WHILE AT THE RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH M. MOULTON, ESQ.

~~~~~

DELIGHTFUL spot! glory of all the earth,  
 Bright miniature of Eden's blissful bowers ;  
 Beauteous, as when in thy primitive birth,  
 Thou stood'st array'd in shrubs and blooming flowers.  
 Before the blight of sin faded thy bloom,  
 Unbounded nature knew no fairer spot ;  
 And when creation felt her withering doom,  
 Amid her works thou surely wert forgot.

Thy hills and streams, and each pelucid pool,  
 Reflecting soft the silvery orbs of even ;  
 Thy purling brooks and limpid waters cool,  
 Sweetly resemble faith's bright views of heaven.  
 Hill after hill meets the enraptur'd eye,  
 In one unbroken, undulating reef ;  
 Stretching along beneath the blue-arch'd sky,  
 'Till all appear in striking, bold relief!

Embower'd beneath the sheltering cliffs afar,  
 The neat white cots are in the distance seen,  
 Lit up at evening like some lovely star,  
 Throwing its radiance on the fairy scene.  
 Amid the groves, beneath the verdant boughs,  
 Waving in beauty 'mid the gusty air ;  
 The lover breaths at eve his tender vows,  
 And happier grows amid a scene so fair.

The autumnal spirit o'er the wavy wood,  
 Spreads her soft mantle, bright with nature's dye ;  
 Beauty, delighted, lingers on the flood,  
 And lends enchantment to the admiring eye.  
 Majestic, grand, sublime at morning's hour,  
 When o'er the landscape, gemm'd with pearly dew ;  
 The sun appears, and in a golden shower,  
 Shows his rich beams upon the pleasing view.

From Moulton's heights, how beautiful the scene,  
 Varied and bold, magnificent and grand ;  
 Lakes, vales and streams, mingle the hills between,  
 And the blue Sound laving the solid land.  
 I stand delighted 'mid the tangled wood,  
 I gaze enraptur'd from his lofty dome ;  
 I look around, and wish my pencil could  
 Portray the beauties of his pleasant home.

But language fails—the eye of man must see,  
 See for himself—no pen can e'er describe,  
 Nor poet tell, the bold sublimity  
 That meets the view surveyed from either side.  
 Nor least, at twilight bursts the thrilling view,  
 When the pale moon upon the babbling stream  
 Throws her mild light, and stars with silvery hue,  
 Mirror their beauty as they sweetly beam.

Oh, I could gaze upon this heavenly spot,  
 And fess't my soul upon its magic charms ;

'Till time itself, amid the scene forgot,  
 Should steal like friendship from my folded arms.  
 Not only trees, and shrubs, and wooded hill,  
 Lakes, ponds—the bay, and the blue rippling sound  
 Attracts and please, but manners soft distill,  
 And show a genial influence all around.

M—le and C., to thee my thanks are due,  
 And H—t, crowned with honor and with years ;  
 Fond recollections shall the past renew,  
 And steep its memory in delicious tears.  
 Farewell, bright groves and every winding stream,  
 I leave you now for purer joys at home ;  
 Where o'er my vision, like a fairy dream,  
 Your sweet remembrance shall in fancy come.

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TO MISS M. S. K.

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OFTEN your image steals o'er me  
 Since you have left your own sweet home ;  
 And now shall wake my minstrelsy,  
 While in a distant land you roam.

'Twas hard to rend yourself away,  
 Although your guiding star was bright ;  
 'Twas hard from her you loved to stray,  
 And turn her sunny day to night.

How oft I've thought, who now will cheer  
 That mother when her Julia 's gone ?  
 At evening's hour, what kindred dear  
 Will hear her sigh when all alone ?

When all alone she trims her fire,  
As winter winds howl sad and drear  
Their anthems on the wild wood lyre,  
Ah, who will view the bitter tear

Steal down her cheek, as of the loved  
Her spirit dreams, now far away ;  
Children, who oft her kindness proved,  
Who formed her heaven, who lit her day ?

How oft around her vine-clad cot,  
Like a bright seraph have you strayed ;  
We look, but ah, we see you not,  
The lovely girl, the dark-eyed maid.

No longer music's melting strain  
Comes stealing o'er the list'ning ear ;  
Thrilling through every circling vein  
In notes melodious, soft and clear.

Thy brother, too, whose winning smile  
Illumined oft the social bower,  
No more the hours his flute beguile,  
No more we feel its witching power,

In southern climes this cherished gem  
Inhales the soft enlivening breeze ;  
Beholds fair nature's diadem  
Impearled on spangled groves and trees,

Oft as he rambles o'er the lawn,  
Culling the wild flowers wet with dew,  
At evening's hour, or early morn,  
His thoughts fly quick to home and you.

Who with him oft delighted shared  
In childhood's morn the envied kiss ;

To that loved mother, now debarred,  
The fullness of her earthly bliss.

Awake, my lyre ! a nobler theme  
Comes rushing o'er my spirits now :  
Awake ! it is no feverish dream  
Inspires me with its transient glow !

On high, above this dusky sphere,  
Enthroned, I see among the blest,  
One who, when here, dried every tear,  
And soothed each anxious care to rest.

Your sainted father, lo ! he stands  
Arrayed in robes of dazzling light,  
A golden harp within his hands,  
Waiting your spirit's upward flight.

Another beauteous form I see,  
The young-eyed cherub is her guide ;  
It is Louisa beckoning thee  
To purer pleasures by her side.

Again my muse with pinions spread,  
Flies quickly o'er time's hasty round,  
Mingles among the rising dead,  
And lists the trumpet's solemn sound !

The sunny south, the distant west,  
The chilling north, the eastern world,  
Are all convened ; the good, the blest,  
'Neath heaven's bright banner's wide unfurled.

Upon a throne of liquid light,  
Which from its splendors casts no shade,  
Encircled with a halo bright,  
The Prince of glory stands arrayed.

Your father, mother, sister dear,  
 I see amid that brilliant band,  
 You, with your brother too, appear  
 And hail with joy the "better land."

List! on the ear from opening skies  
 Impassioned strains of music roll;  
 A choral band of symphonies  
 Awake new pleasures in my soul.

How soft the strain at this lone hour,  
 When midnight tolls her solemn knell,  
 And with a strange mysterious power  
 Comes o'er my spirit—fare thee well.

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## THE DEPARTURE.



He's gone, 'tis o'er, the last farewell is breathed,  
 And love's warm kiss the trembling lip has wreathed.  
 The spell is broken, which for years has wound  
 Its magic influence o'er the hearts it bound.  
 Fled sunny days and evening's peaceful hour,  
 When seated in the dear domestic bower;  
 He read aloud, until in bold relief,  
 Before our eyes appeared each object brief.  
 'Till the pure flame which glowed on every page,  
 Found a response in childhood, youth, and age.  
 Our bosoms glowing, as enwrapt inspired  
 We wept, and smiled, we wandered and admired.  
 His pencil, too, with what delight we viewed  
 Its rapid progress, as each touch renewed  
 The kindling up of genius in his soul,

Which naught had power to conquer or control.  
 The verdant landscape with each ayvan scene,  
 The towering castle on the mountain green;  
 The limpid pool, the broad majestic sea,  
 The bright cascade which tumbled o'er the lea.  
 All these, with faces of the loved and dear  
 So often sketched—and then the smile sincere  
 As parents praised, as all fond parents do,  
 When nature prompts what genius would pursue.

Oh, blessed scenes, when all around was bright,  
 And morn renewed the pleasures of the night;—  
 When gathered round the sparkling grate we read  
 The great achievements of the sleeping dead.

Thanks to thy name, immortal Homer, thou  
 Sole king of poets, with the laurelled brow;  
 Thine was the power to paint the soul-lit eye  
 Of spartan beauty and each grace descry.  
 Picture the living characters of men,  
 The shield, the helmet, and the diadem.  
 The Olympian mount, where the great thunderer Jove,  
 And Juno dwelt, themselves the sport of love.  
 When night dews fell upon the landscape, oft  
 He read the Illiad, 'till his bosom soft  
 Heaved with the impulse which each figure gave  
 Of heathen gods, the beautiful and brave,  
 Of Virgil, too, whose fascinating verse  
 Of Trojan wars, the senses all immerse;  
 As forth through coming time the spirit goes,  
 When unborn nations, whom the world compose,  
 Shall read astonished of the present time,  
 As we of Greece, of Rome, or Persian clime.  
 Delightful hours, when on the sacred page,  
 We trace the Saviour, prophet, priest and sage,  
 The Jewish nation, and from them on earth,  
 All the renowned of valor or of birth.

For ever fled, for ever past the hours,  
 When from the study, 'mid the blooming flowers,  
 He culled the fairest with its gaudy wing,  
 And to the loved gave the first flower of spring.  
 Oh, world deal gently with thy tender charge,  
 On thy rough tide is launched his fragile barge ;  
 Let prosperous winds fill every fluttering sail  
 As forth he rides before the enchanting gale.  
 Should all prove fair, and not a ripple move  
 The sunlit stream o'er which he's called to rove,  
 Let him prepare for fortune's changing tide,  
 For often whirlpools treacherous billows hide.  
 On thy broad bosom, world, oh, may he find  
 Deep veins of knowledge, where his ardent mind  
 Shall rich luxuriate in the golden store  
 Of classic beauty, and of hidden lore.  
 Guided by wisdom to those golden mines,  
 Which lead to honor and the mind refines ;  
 Praising his soul above each meaner scene,  
 The world made better, that on earth he 's been.

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### THE BAPTISM.

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THE day was cold and chill,  
 The earth in snow was drest,  
 Which glittered on each rising hill,  
 Like gems on beauty's breast.

The roaring winds were hushed,  
 The sun in splendors bright,  
 Poured its rich beams upon the floods,  
 And filled the world with light.



When from his peaceful home,  
Toward a cottage fair,  
A man of God urged on his way,  
And soon was welcomed there.

A gentle female form  
Received him at the door,  
And in a soft and silver tone,  
His presence did implore.

Toward a little room  
She quickly led the way,  
Where on a sick and dying bed,  
A widowed mother lay.

Her racking pains had fled,  
Her face with glory shone,  
A holy joy which seemed to say,  
Thy will, oh, God! be done.

There the baptismal font,  
The Bible lay there too,  
And the rapt seraph bowed his head  
The solemn scene to view.

Two lovely children clung  
Close by their nurse's side,  
One, a sweet cherub, smiling hung,  
While her young brother cried.

Softly, the man of God  
Whispered the dying one,  
"Yes, I have strength," she faintly said,  
"Now let the rite be done."

Upon her sunken cheek  
There came a roseate hue,

As on her babes she turned her eyes,  
Her eyes of heavenly blue.

“ Into my Father’s hands  
My children I commend ;  
Better than life I’ve loved them here,  
And loved them to the end.”

She called them to her bed,  
Their infant forms were bent ;  
Her dark eyes closed, we knelt in prayer,  
Her soul on God intent.

Upon her little son  
Her beauteous hand did rest,  
The other clasped the round, white arm,  
Which lay across her breast.

Then hand in hand they came,  
The sacred rite was done.  
Most touching was the heavenly scene,  
As she embraced her son.

“ Dear mother,” asked her child,  
“ Are now our hearts quite clean ?”  
“ God cleanses them, my dear,” she said,  
“ Now you must lean on him.”

“ Mother, I’m glad,” he said,  
“ He’ll be your father, too,  
And sisters, when we both are good,  
And that will comfort you.”

A sweet celestial smile  
Illumined her angel face,  
And calm as infancy’s soft dream,  
She sunk in death’s embrace.

There was within that room  
A silence long and deep,  
As that young mother closed her eyes  
In their cold marble sleep.

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## HUMAN LIFE.



I stood upon a towering rock,  
Amid time's ocean wide;  
I saw the smooth sea smiling mock  
The heaving billow's maddening lock,  
And felt the elemental shock  
Of winds and surging tide.

Alternate changes rolled before—  
At once the sea was bright;  
And then again its angry roar  
In awful grandeur swept the shore,  
And shook the rocky base which bore  
Me on its dizzy height.

And thus, I thought, is human life;  
At once the flatterer creeps  
And winds around his silken spell,  
Or bitter imprecations swell,  
Furious and loud, a dying knell  
To innocence' soft sleep.

Alike the treacherous winds that blow  
And vary every hour;  
Thus man's short life is fraught with wo,

'Mid smiles and tears I see him go,  
Aspiring high or sinking low,  
Exerting every power.

At times the smooth sea's quiet roll,  
Invites his steps along ;  
Ten thousand beauties charm his soul,  
His passions rage without control—  
Heedless he quaffs the poisonous bowl,  
Lured by the syren's song.

While mirrored in the flowing deep,  
Ten thousand beauties rise  
In brilliant hues, like beacons sweep,  
Warning the soul of man to keep  
Aloof from pleasure's dangerous sleep,  
Where peace and virtue dies.

But by their brightness lured away,  
All reckless of his doom,  
He rushes onward—nought can stay,  
Not e'en the clouds which shroud his way,  
So artfully the phantoms slay  
Their tenants of the tomb.

His fancied pleasures, bubbles fair,  
That break as he pursues—  
He grasps them, and they flee like air,  
And fill his soul with wild despair,  
And rack his breast with anxious care :  
Still he the chase renews.

Although around on every side  
Are fragments of his hope,  
Before him still his mirror wide  
Allures his steps along the tide,  
A fleeting phantom is his guide,  
And ruin is her scope.

Like to a mother's warning voice,  
 His own experience tries  
 To arrest his steps—but vain the joys  
 That leaves no sting—which never cloy—  
 That heavenly peace which ever buoys  
 The virtuous to the skies.

From ruin he would fain absolve—  
 His steps he would reclaim ;  
 He listens, and would fain resolve ;  
 A thousand times his mind revolves,  
 " A thousand times he re-resolves,  
 And then he dies the same."

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STANZAS TO —,

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR CHILD.

~~~~~

WHEN the sweet and lovely die,  
 When parents' hearts are riven,  
 Friendship's off'ring is a sigh  
 Which wings its way to heaven.  
 And through the lovely twilight hour,  
 When hush'd and still the scene,  
 Fancy sways her magic pow'r,  
 And pictures what has been.

Look back on days and hours of bliss,  
 When in their infant's earliest kiss,  
 These parents seal'd their love ;  
 When cradled on her mother's breast,  
 So sweetly there she sunk to rest,

That angel's round her pillow prest,  
 And watch'd her from above.  
 They saw she was too pure for earth,  
 And mark'd her as their prize ;  
 'Mid beauty's bloom and infant mirth,  
 They bore her to the skies.

Through the lone hall  
 No footsteps fall—  
 No greetings meet the ear—  
 No cherub voice  
 The hearts rejoice,  
 Of parents once so dear.  
 Upon her little breast,  
 Her tiny hands they rest,  
 Which ne'er were still before ;  
 Her mother's plaited hair,  
 Across her forehead fair,  
 She'll part no more.  
 How calm and still her sleep !  
 Like infancy's soft dream,  
 A holy slumber, long and deep,  
 On eternity's cold stream.

Sweet cherub ! didst thou lose thy way—  
 Could nought below induce thy stay—  
 Was earth so bleak and wild ?  
 So fill'd with wo, so fraught with pain,  
 That thou so soon should'st seek again  
 Thy heav'n, my child ?  
 Adown life's silver tide,  
 How quickly thou didst glide,  
 A seraph bright :  
 With sails all trimm'd and furl'd,  
 Through this low world,  
 How swift thy flight.  
 Thy hasty voyage is o'er,

Thy brightly beaming eye,  
 Will upward cast its glance no more  
 To meet thy parent's sigh.  
 The last sweet kiss is given,  
 The last lov'd word is spoke,  
 Flown to thy native heaven,  
 While their fond hearts are broke.

Alas! alas! how deep  
 Is their lov'd infant's sleep;  
 Time scarce can number,  
 In her last slumber,  
 The years before their eyes shall meet,  
 With joys divine, each other greet  
 Where spring immortal blooms,  
 'Yond earth's confining tombs,  
 In worlds of bliss above,  
 Amid bright bow'rs of love,  
 When time can ne'er again destroy  
 Their first born pledge of hope and joy.

## STANZAS,

ON VIEWING A BEAUTIFUL LAWN, ONCE A

FLOWER GARDEN.



ALL hail! thou lovely spot of earth,  
 How beautiful and green;  
 Thou ever from thy birth  
 With fond delight wert seen.

Through many changes thou hast pass'd,  
And known the blighting pow'r,  
Oft times sharp scythe, and felt the blast  
That withers in an hour.

Once thou wert fill'd with choicest flow'rs,  
Arrang'd with nicest care,  
Often I've stray'd in childhood's hour  
Amid the roses fair.

Thou wert a fav'rite spot of one,  
My own sweet mother dear,  
Whose daily task it was to come  
Each tender plant to rear.

Her bending form, with nicest skill,  
Assign'd each flow'r a place ;  
The hyscinth and daffodil,  
Came forth with matchless grace.

How oft at twilight's pensive hour,  
I've heard her gentle tread  
Supporting in her roseate bow'r,  
The lily's drooping head.

Each weed she pull'd with tender care,  
And nurs'd each trembling leaf,  
Till all would flourish strong and fair,  
In their bright transit brief.

Like falling tears the dew drops hung  
Upon the leaves all night,  
And sparkled as the morning flung  
Abroad her crimson light.

My mother ! oh, that hallow'd name,  
Like some enchanted flow'r,



Around her threw a holy flame  
Which brighten'd every hour.

'Twas by her care, sweet spot of earth,  
Thou didst like Eden bloom ;  
She watched each flower's unfolding birth,  
And drank its rich perfume.

My father ! oft I've seen him stand  
With rapture in his eye,  
Look through these flow'rs to Canaan's land,  
To brighter worlds on high.

Sweet spot of earth, thy charm remains,  
Though all thy beauties fled ;  
A guardian pow'r my life sustains,  
While those I lov'd, are dead.

Are dead—ah, yea ! their lovely forms,  
Like the sweet flow'rs which bloom'd,  
Are swept away by life's fierce storms—  
Are crush'd, decay'd, intomb'd.

Alone, upon this fair green spot,  
One crown imperial rears  
Her steatly head, and mourns her lot  
In her pelucid tears.

And now within my father's halls  
Which once were fill'd with glee,  
Silent and sad each echo falls,  
But one lov'd form I see.

One sister dear, upheld by him  
Who rules and reigns above,  
Whose eyes by mem'ry oft are dim,  
Whose bosom beats with love.

She still remains on earth to bless  
 And cheer me on my way,  
 Mere travellers through life's wilderness  
 To heaven's unclouded day,

Where pleasure rolls her living streams  
 Amid celestial bowers,  
 And noon-tide glory pours its beams  
 Through everlasting hours.

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STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON READING AN ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DUEL

AT WASHINGTON.



HARK ! hear that mournful wail  
 Break wildly on the ear ;  
 And see that widow sad and pale,  
 Bedew'd with sorrow's tear.

Behold her streaming eyes  
 And her uplifted hand,  
 And mark her soul's deep agonies  
 O'er them she's no command.

In anguish hear her shriek  
 For him she lov'd to come ;  
 " Wilt thou not answer when I speak,  
 Come home, my love, come home.

Come to your babies and me,  
 And clasp us in thy arms ;  
 Let me once more my Cilley see,  
 And gaze upon his charms.

They say you 're dead, my love,  
 Oh God ! and can it be ?  
 My smitten band, where shall we rove,  
 Thy father's face to see ?”

Heart broken, stricken one,  
 Well may your sorrows flow,  
 For fate her deadliest work has done,  
 Has struck her deadliest blow.

A nation 's bath'd in tears,  
 A nation weeps for thee ;  
 While on a sable cloud appears,  
 The goddess Liberty.

Not with a laurell'd wreath  
 To deck the victor's brow,  
 But wither'd by a murderer's breath,  
 She bears the cypress bough.

“ Was it for this,” she cried,  
 “ Through toil, and blood, and strife,  
 Your fathers fought and nobly died,  
 And yielded up their life ?

Was it to see young Cilley fall  
 Beneath a barbarous hand,  
 That sorrow spread her darkest pall  
 O'er fair Columbia's land !

Was it to grieve your patriot sires  
 In brighter worlds on high,

That you thus aim the rifle's fires  
By which her sons must die !

I can't indure the sight,  
It pains me to the heart,  
To see my chosen guardians fight,  
I must from hence depart."

Thus spake the weeping maid,  
Her stay was sad and brief ;  
She in the hall of Congress laid  
The wither'd cypress leaf.

The mourner fled away  
And veiled her lovely eyes ;  
Oppress'd with terror and dismay,  
From scenes of blood she flies.

Ye rulers of our land  
In whom we put our trust,  
Disgrace no more your honor'd band  
By words and deeds unjust.

List to that widow's moan,  
And hear those orphans' cries ;  
Indignant in one general tone,  
Let your displeasure rise,

And spurn the base who dare  
Destroy domestic peace ;  
And firmly on the altar swear  
That duelling shall cease.

Ye children of our God,  
Whene'er you bend the knee,  
Cast your kind sympathies abroad,  
And human suffering see.

## A U T U M N .



THE sad days of autumn have returned again,  
 To some they are sweet and they love them the best,  
 No shade of spring's festival now they retain,  
 The buds and the flowers have all sunk to rest.

The songs of the birds in their green bowers of bliss,  
 The soft babbling fountain, the clear gushing stream,  
 Which rush from the opening with winter's cold hiss,  
 Have gladdened our hearts and fled like a dream.

But yesterday, summer beamed bright on the hill,  
 With sunshine so fierce and the insects' night song,  
 The lone bird of night, and the shrill whippwill,  
 The zephyr's mild breeze floating sweetly along.

Now summer has gone, the brown spoiler has come,  
 The leaf turns pale, it trembles and dies,  
 The groves are deserted, the tenants have flown  
 To climes more congenial 'neath soft southern skies.

The last sheaf is gather'd, the harvest is o'er,  
 The moon turns pale 'mid her bright starry train,  
 The moss-cup and lily will blossom no more,  
 On autumn's shrine wither'd all faded and vain.

The sunbeams which play'd on the fair folded leaves,  
 On the fields which the flowers so richly adorn'd ;  
 All brown dark and dreary its dark robe now weaves,  
 For autumn its odors and sweets have purloin'd.

The autumnal winds howl, and the torrents loud roar,  
 Chant summer's sad dirge as they break on the ear,

While old ocean heaves his mad waves on the shore,  
And clouds and wild storms around us appear.

Sad is the reflection that earth's loveliest things  
Must fall and decay, there is none can resist  
The unsparing power of old time's rapid wings,  
The beauteous and lovely they fly like a mist.

But 'mid these dense shadows there 's sunlight and bloom  
When beauty's soft spirit descends on the woods ;  
Deep, varied, and beautiful, unwreathing their tomb,  
And casting their tints on the silvery floods.

The garniture of heaven is stretching away,  
In the dim hazy distance revolving in space,  
The hills are all clad in their vestments of gray,  
And the hoary dense forests in autumnal grace.

The intermingling of beauty as the sun he retires,  
Of the earth and the heavens, like the poet's sweet dream,  
Sinking slowly from sight in the chariot of fires,  
In peerless magnificence down the blue stream.

In the perishing bloom and the slow falling leaf,  
When all things around us are dying away,  
The head sinks on the hand in a prospect so brief,  
As mem'ry recalls the events of the day.

As round the lov'd circle the eye wanders wild,  
Since the last vernal season 'tis narrow'd and small,  
We look but the aged, the youth and the child,  
Like the sear'd leaves of autumn, are dead to our call.

Oh ! may we by faith be enabled to spy  
A spring-time immortal whence change ne'er can come,  
A season of joy and beauty on high,  
Undying in glory, in heaven our home.

## THE WRECK.



HARK ! hear the tempest as it howling flies  
 O'er earth and seas, and wraps in gloom the skies.  
 See hail, and snow, and sleet, in fury hurl'd,  
 And maddening waves in awful grandeur curl'd ;  
 See lofty trees their yielding bodies bend,  
 As the fierce winds their twisting branches rend ;  
 See nature struggling 'mid the furious blast,  
 As o'er creation her dark pall is cast ;  
 Hear the wild shriek which comes in every form,  
 High in the blast, upon the wings of storm :  
 Its thundering roar breaks o'er the deep wide main,  
 With power resistless nothing can restrain.  
 The trembling bark upon the rolling wave  
 Points the tossed seaman to a watery grave,  
 As high they're cast upon the dashing spray,  
 And then engulfed beyond the light of day.  
 Alas for man ! what now are dreams of bliss,  
 Of home, of friends, of love's " sweet honied kiss ?"  
 High in the air their cherished names are borne—  
 With wild despair their aching hearts are torn.  
 The proud ship reels as deafening tempests roar,  
 And urge her onward to the rock-bound shore.  
 High dash the waves, the sea-bird screams afar ;  
 Man looks in vain to view one wandering star :  
 All disappear as o'er the shattered deck  
 The white waves curl and sweep the parted wreck.  
 Of " home, sweet home," of friends most dear they speak,  
 Mercy and home 'mid closing waters shriek !  
 As down they sink amid the deep blue wave,  
 'Mid caverns drear in ocean's coral cave,  
 Where breakers lash the proud Atlantic shore,  
 And chant their dirge in one eternal roar.

As the fond mother trims her evening light,  
And while her babes draw round with faces bright,  
Whose cherub voices mingle all in one,  
And cry, "Dear mother, when will father come?"  
"Soon as the spring with its sweet vernal flowers  
Return to bless us with its sunny hours,  
Then from the blue seas will your father come,  
And fly with transport to his own sweet home."  
While yet the smile sits radiant in her eye,  
And her young heart with joy is beating high,  
There comes a wail from off the Atlantic wave,  
Borne on the breeze from ocean's dreary cave,—  
A wail of sorrow, as the whitening sail  
Moves slowly on before the eastern gale.  
Can nought arrest it from that beauteous one,  
On whose soft bosom sleeps her infant son?  
Whose little daughter, kneeling by her chair,  
With cherub voice lisping her evening prayer,  
Repeats the words which love can ne'er retain,  
"Oh, bring our father back to us again!"  
Can nought, oh God! avert the pointed dart,  
That time now brings to pierce that tender heart?  
Ah no! she reels—the fatal truth 's revealed,  
And all her dreams of future bliss are sealed.  
Closely she clasps her children in her arms;  
Oh! who will now gaze on your infant charms?  
A mist of anguish o'er her senses roves,  
In wild despair she shrieks for him she loves!  
Deaf is his ear, and nerveless is his power  
To cheer her in this dark, this trying hour,  
But One can soothe the anguish of her soul,  
He who the winds and waves alone control;  
'Tis He alone can give her spirit rest,  
And calm the tumults of her throbbing breast.



## WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?



I've seen the lovely infant die  
Upon its mother's breast,  
Seen the last glance of his bright eye  
Look upward to his rest.

At morn I've seen the sprightly boy  
With bounding ball and kite,  
His bosom fill'd with hope and joy,  
Lie cold and dead at night.

I've seen the youth in beauty drest,  
With bright and sparkling eye,  
The rainbow promise in his breast,  
In death's embraces lie.

I've seen the son, his parent's all,  
For whom each life-pulse beat,  
By honor's artful syren call,  
Lie breathless at their feet.

I've seen the daughter, whose young charms  
Grew brighter every hour,  
Within her frantic mother's arms,  
Yield to the tyrant's power.

I've seen the youthful partner bend,  
With pangs too keen to bear,  
Over the death-bed of her friend,  
In mute, in wild despair.

I've seen her kiss the quiv'ring lip  
Of him she lov'd in death,  
With frantic grief the nectar sip  
With ev'ry short'ning breath.

I've seen the husband, father, stand,  
His soul with anguish riv'n,  
A cherub form in either hand,  
And faith fast fix'd on heaven.

I've seen him yield that form to earth  
He'd seen in beauty drest,  
The one who gave his children birth,  
And nurs'd them on her breast.

And I have seen the aged die,  
As stars which sink in even,  
Seen the rapt spirit upward fly,  
Toward its native heav'n—

Stood round the couch and watch'd the flight  
Of ev'ry fleeting breath ;  
Eternal joys dispell'd their night,  
And grace it conquer'd death.

I've seen the sun in splendor bright  
Roll through the vaulted sky—  
Have seen his glory quench'd in night,  
And ev'ry glimmer die.

I've seen creation's richest bloom  
While nature round me smil'd ;  
Seen tempests hurl them to the tomb,  
In blasting fury wild.

I've seen the loveliest flow'rs of earth  
Rear high each crimson head,

Beheld them in their earliest birth  
All faded, pale, and dead.

I've look'd upon the aged oak  
With branches spreading wide,  
Have seen it fell'd by one rude stroke,  
And trunk and branch have died.

Then oh ! my soul, if such is life,  
And such its transient hour,  
Yield up to God the unequal strife,  
And glory in his power.

## MY BROTHER'S LAST KISS.



WHILE mem'ry lives, oh ! in my heart,  
That place, that spot, that hour of bliss,  
Will never, never, once depart,  
Where I receiv'd my brother's kiss.

My brother's kiss—so pure and warm—  
So fraught with love—so free from guile !  
There lurk'd within that kiss a charm  
Which blended with his parting smile.

I see him yet as he was when  
We laughed away the sunny hours ;  
When by the brooks and through the glen,  
We ran to crop the opening flowers.

For ever fled, those halcyon days !  
Ah ! my lone heart, well may you sigh ;

You'll trace no more those winding ways,  
Nor o'er the beauteous landscape fly.

Can I forget his last embrace ?  
Can I forget his pleasant voice ?  
And mem'ry fond no more retrace  
Those sounds which made my heart rejoice ?

Can I forget the soft delight—  
The transport—oh ! the rush of bliss ?  
Can I forget those spots so bright,  
Where oft I've felt his fervent kiss ?

Whatever yet I may forget,  
One long remembered thrill there is,  
Which I have felt, and feel it yet—  
My brother's last—last parting kiss !

Its freshness on my mind shall dwell  
Till I resign my fleeting breath ;  
My lips shall of its sweetness tell,  
Until they're still and cold in death.

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STANZAS.



[THREE bodies were recently seen floating on a cake of ice near Green Point, L. I., supposed to have been among the number of those who lately perished by the burning of the ill-fated Lexington. The following lines were composed on hearing of this event.]

THOUGH beautiful in death  
Their lovely forms appear,  
Yet soft affection's balmy breath,  
Nor love's bright pearly tear,

Can ever o'er them flow,  
Can ever o'er them weep,  
A joy so pure friends ne'er can know,  
Nor wake their marble sleep.

Rolling billow, still thy motion,  
Let thy current gently glide ;  
Soft thy dirge, thou heaving ocean,  
Over thy pelucid tide.

Fierce tornadoes, hush your roar,  
Let the breezes gently blow ;  
Cease awhile, ye rains, to pour,  
Lightly fall, ye flakes of snow.

Let the undulating wave,  
Though 'tis winter's dreary hour,  
Gently roll o'er ocean's cave,  
Where beauty sleeps in coral bow'r.

Dolphins, who delight to play  
In your elemental flood,  
For awhile your gambols stay,  
And restrain your merry mood.

Naiads of the stormy deep,  
Rock, with anxious care, your young—  
Let them not awake to weep,  
Nor break the silence with your song.

Mermaids with luxurious hair,  
In your pearly rooms below,  
As you weave the sea flowers fair,  
Chant your requiem wild and slow.

Dryads of the grove and wood,  
As you tread the mountain's height,  
Should you see them on the flood,  
Lift on high your beacon light—

Till the sea, with faithful care,  
 Shall, upon its crested wave,  
 Waft the beautiful and fair  
 On our shores to find a grave.

For there float upon our waters,  
 Forms beloved, for ever dear ;  
 Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters,  
 On their surface cold and clear.

Be propitious, oh, our Father !  
 Kindly grant us this request ;  
 Let friendly hands these loved ones gather,  
 Lay them in their tombs to rest.

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STANZAS,

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[THE following ballad was woven from a story written by Professor Park, called Plowden Halsey, who was killed by the accidental explosion of a sub-marine machine, called a Torpedo, in 1814, in New London harbor.]

WHEN loud upon Columbia's plain  
 The silver clarion pealed,  
 Warriors upon this western main  
 Rushed to the embattled field.

Along New England's crimsoned coast  
 Albion's proud banner streamed ;  
 To humble their vainglorious boast,  
 The eye of freedom gleamed.

Wisdom and strength, and art combine,  
To form a dread machine,  
Beneath the waves to spring the mine  
Which deals out death unseen.

The fiery car in caverns deep,  
Where ocean rolls its tide,  
Assails the foe while wrapped in sleep,  
Spreads ruin far and wide.

While Bacchus in the goblet shines  
The feverish lip to lave,  
The haughty foe destruction finds  
Beneath the rolling wave.

While on the fields the cannon's roar  
'Mid battle's dread array,  
Torpedoes lingered on the shore,  
Armed for the deadly fray.

The cry was loud, Who'll meet the foe  
Upon yon stormy flood ?  
Brave Halsey cried, " Here 's one will go"—  
Straight on the shore he stood !

Although upon his glowing face  
Warm were his mother's tears,  
And warmer still the fond embrace  
Of one he'd loved for years ;

Although from her bright beaming eyes  
The tears like dew-drops fall,  
Away he rushed from beauty's cries,  
To obey his country's call.

What though that mother's eyes were wild,  
Her heart with anguish riven !

She loved her country and her child,  
But gave them both to heaven.

But oh ! alas ! for that sweet maid,  
The beautiful and fair :  
She wept beneath the myrtle shade,  
And tore her raven hair.

Soon as she saw the patriot's fire  
Illume her lover's breast,  
With soothing strains she swept her lyre,  
To lull his soul to rest.

'Twas vain—he gave the parting kiss,  
And held the maiden long  
Close to his heart : how short the bliss !  
And glory—oh, how strong !

Upon his mother's heaving breast  
Awhile entranced he lay ;  
Then on her lips sweet kisses pressed,  
And tore himself away !

Toward the shore he sped his flight,  
His faithful friends to meet,  
While here and there a flickering light  
Lay mirrored in the deep.

That fearful night was dark and drear,  
Scarcely a zephyr played ;  
Dense clouds of blackness far and near,  
The angel death portrayed !

Into his bark, already manned,  
The youthful patriot sprung,  
Which darting from his native land,  
Quick from its moorings swung.



Oh! was not it a thrilling hour,  
When that young hero stood  
Firm in his bark, with nervos power,  
And gazed upon the flood?

The rattling rain in torrents fell,  
The howling winds arose!  
His soul's deep anguish who can tell,  
As he drew near his foes?

When prisoned in his dire machine,  
Did none for Halsey weep,  
As down beneath the waves unseen  
They lowered him in the deep?

Beneath the Atlantic's stormy wave,  
They left this exiled one;  
He sank, oh God! in his lone grave,  
Unknelled, unmourned, alone!

His friend who watched the proud ship's mast,  
Beheld a darting light,  
And heard a noise amid the blast,  
Like men prepared for fight.

Mounting upon the billowy height,  
Their trembling bark is driven,  
When lo! a blue, unearthly light  
Enwraps the sea and heaven!

Then quickly came a startling peal  
Than thunder's voice more loud!  
'Mid whirlpools did the proud ship reel,  
Engulfing mast and shroud!

Britannia's sons, a grave they find  
'Mid billows dashing high,

While like a feather in the wind,  
Their trembling barks all fly !

But where, oh where, is he, the young,  
The beautiful and brave,  
Round whom the arms of beauty clung,  
To shield him from the grave ?

Exploded is the dread machine !  
The awful work is done !  
No more among his friends is seen  
Columbia's martyred son !

Though seas were calm and sparkling bright,  
Hushed by the Almighty's breath,  
To that lone mother all was night,  
Horror, despair, and death !

'Twas darkness to that lovely girl—  
No joys their rays impart ;  
To her, oh ! what was ocean's curl,  
Mid of the broken heart ?

Far down beneath the deep blue wave,  
On coral's rocky bed,  
Where sea flowers bloom 'mid ocean's cave,  
There rests the hero's head !

But not in vain the hero fell,  
Unhonor'd did not die—  
A nation's groan his dying knell,  
His requiem beauty's sigh.

For many a long and lingering year  
An angel form was seen,  
At morn and eve to wander near  
Upon the churchyard green.

There on a sculptured marble stone  
 Which bore her lover's name,  
 She wept her flowing tears alone  
 When pensive evening came.

The silent grief, the secret sigh,  
 Consumed her lovely form;  
 She sank as early blossoms die  
 Beneath an April storm.

Where the young willows' branches wave  
 O'er the white urn of love,  
 They sweep across the maiden's grave,  
 And sigh whene'er they move.

That mother! calm was her last breath,  
 On God her soul she cast;  
 The hour her son encountered death,  
 Its bitterness had passed.

With angel spirits round the throne,  
 The pure and lovely rest;  
 They roar 'mid seraphs' loftiest tone,  
 The stainless and the blest.

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THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.



Go stand on Alpine's stormy height,  
 Whose summit hails the sun's first light,  
 Girdled with clouds around;  
 Or where the cypress' deepest shade  
 Enwraps with gloom the forest glade,  
 Where human footsteps never strayed,  
 Nor harps Æolian ever played—  
 There the Almighty's found!

Go list the dashing cataract high,  
Whose thunders rend the earth and sky,  
    In one broad sheet of foam ;  
Whose bursting waters leaping o'er,  
Roll, rush, and break, as forth they pour  
Over huge rocks with ceaseless roar,  
And lash with sullen pride the shore—  
    There 's the Almighty's home !

Where tempests sweep, where thunders break,  
Where lightnings rife earth's centre shake,  
    With flash and forked form ;  
'Mid scenes imposing, grand, sublime,  
Where elemental powers combine,  
And winds, and waves, and clouds entwine—  
There God in awful splendor shines,  
    And rides on wings of storm !

Where morn smiles sweet through summer showers,  
Enthroned within its roseate bowers,  
    All bright, serene, and clear ;  
Where zephyrs sport on every gale,  
The sun repeats the pleasing tale,  
And flies o'er every hill and dale,  
O'er every landscape, every vale,  
    And echoes God is here !

Thus when the soul its orgies keeps,  
And every passion 's lulled asleep,  
    Save that of holy fear,  
Which wraps the senses round and round,  
When heart, and soul, and spirit is bound,  
And every place seems sacred ground—  
Who, that on earth such peace has found,  
    But feels that God is near ?

## N A P O L E O N .



Oh, why disturb his marble sleep,  
 Or break his solitude :  
 Rocked by the undulating deep,  
 He slumbers where the willows weep,  
 His lullaby, the ocean's sweep,  
 Where no rude feet intrude.

No din of arms, no cannon's roar,  
 Disturbs him o'er the seas ;  
 On St. Helena's rocky shore  
 He hears the startling peal no more,  
 Nor sees the floating standard soar  
 High in the gusty breeze.

Then let the exile here remain,  
 In dreamy silence rest ;  
 No more upon the embattled plain,  
 Amid the dying and the slain,  
 You see the conqueror again,  
 Nor view his dancing crest.

Mountains nor rivers, lakes nor seas,  
 Shall feel the hero's tread ;  
 Europe no more at every breeze  
 Shall start, least she Napoleon sees—  
 The "thunderer" is dead !

Ah ! let him rest, ye sons of France,  
 There 's none can fear him now ;  
 Closed is the eye whose piercing glance  
 Could lead whole armies in advsnce,  
 No more he wields the warrior's lance,  
 No crown adorns his brow.

He sleeps in silence and alone  
Upon yon sea-girt isle ;  
No tears of love on his cold stone  
Is shed—no widow's thrilling moan,  
No friend's deep, despairing groan,  
Rise o'er his funeral pile.

Should Europe's varied powers combine  
His obsequies to grace,  
Garlands of gold would they entwine,  
Which should a thousand suns outshine,  
His deeds of glory to enshrine,  
They never could efface,—

They never, never could atone  
When his full heart was riven ;  
For that sad hour he fled alone,  
To England's monarch on his throne,  
When other refuge he had none—  
Through fire and blood he'd striven.

Oh, had the haughty monarch bent,  
And made his heart his home ;  
Eagles, their golden wings had lent,  
Round the wide world his deeds had went,  
Angelic spirits had been sent,  
To guard his kingly dome.

Now let him rest—ah, let him sleep  
Beneath the willow tree ;  
His faithful sentinel shall keep  
His sacred slumbers long and deep,  
Where wind and waves unceasing sweep—  
There let the hero be.

## STANZAS.



[THE following lines were occasioned on reading an account of the last days of Bishop Beveridge, in the New-York Observer.]

Ah! say, can memory ever sleep?  
 Can hearts forget to love?  
 Can time in dark oblivion steep  
 Joys pure as those above?

Say, can true friendship e'er expire?  
 Can memory lose its power?  
 Can men forget the soft desire,  
 The impulse of that hour,

When round his soul, in life's young morn,  
 Love wove her silken chain—  
 When woman's love was newly born,  
 And Eden smiled again?

Scenes of delight can man forget  
 When infant beauty smiled,  
 When with redoubled joy they met,  
 The parents and the child?

Oh, days of bliss! can memory fail  
 To dwell on such an hour?  
 O'er the bright world sweeps there a gale  
 To blight so fair a flower?

Can memory cease, ah! can it cease?  
 Can the remembrance die,  
 When angel women whispered peace,  
 And soothed each rising sigh?

Ah! yes, it can, it will forget  
Objects beloved and dear—  
Those scenes so blest, so truly sweet,  
When death 's approaching near.

To each remembrance man is lost,  
And life appears a dream,  
As near eternity he 's tossed  
Upon its chilling stream.  
He then forgets each tender tie ;  
Life and its pleasures fade :  
But point his eye of faith on high,  
Point where his hope is staid.

And though he may forget them all,  
Forget each scene of bliss,  
Forget love's sweetest, softest call,  
Forget its honied kiss.

What though his mind becomes a wreck,  
Like some frail shattered bark,  
And in the distance life 's a speck,  
While all within is dark.

Still there 's a chord whose pulse will beat  
Even in the hour of death—  
A chord which springs, if touched, to meet,  
When the departing breath

Is lingering round the immortal frame,  
Impatient to be gone—  
Will bound with joy at Jesus' name,  
And hail heaven's rising dawn.



## LINES TO S. C. NEWMAN.



THE busy day had flown,  
 Night, with her ebon wings,  
 A rayless majesty had thrown  
 O'er all created things.  
 At midnight's stilly hour  
 I mused upon the past,  
 Until a strange mysterious power,  
 O'er me its influence cast.

My heart awoke and sung  
 To memory's breathing lyre ;  
 While lovely spirits o'er me hung  
 And fanned the hallowed fire.  
 I little thought that hour,  
 When walking with the dead,  
 A soul on earth would feel its power,  
 When the bright vision fled.

But oh, to nature's harp  
 There are a thousand springs  
 Which vibrate, if the slightest touch  
 Sweeps o'er the trembling strings.  
 Though Alpine's mountains rise,  
 And seas in grandeur roll,  
 There is a sympathy in sighs  
 Which melts the feeling soul.

Oh, if one pulse has beat  
 For heaven beneath my strain,  
 In death the thought will be most sweet,  
 That I've not lived in vain.

My lyre had ever slept,  
 Had sunshine crowned my days,  
 'Twas adverse winds which o'er it swept,  
 That tuned its sweetest lays.

Affliction taught my soul  
 To feel another's wo ;  
 Could both the Indies round me roll,  
 I'd not that life forego.

For there is a bliss in tears  
 The world has never known ;  
 A joy in sorrow, hope in fears,  
 A smile when all is frown.

Could I but catch the strains  
 My friend had sung so sweet,  
 I'd cull a wreath from laureled plains,  
 And lay them at his feet.  
 My grateful muse would soar,  
 In bolder numbers swell,  
 Wing her bright way o'er sea and shore,  
 On green Parnassus dwell.

There would she sing his praise,  
 Who paints to nature true,  
 And pour new pleasures from his lays  
 Like drops of morning dew—  
 Whose thrilling measures roll  
 Upon the gusty breeze,  
 Like music stealing o'er the soul  
 Upon the flowing seas.

Though we are strangers here  
 In this dark world below,  
 Yet in a brighter, happier sphere,  
 May we each other know.  
 Where poets tune their song,  
 And strike their harps of gold,  
 Their sweet enrapturing strains prolong  
 In numbers never told.

## T I M E .



“Time, like an ever rolling stream,  
Bears all its sins away.”

TIME is a stream upon whose steady tide  
Kingdoms, and thrones, and empires glide away.  
Heroes, renowned in every age, pass like  
Swift-speeding bubbles from the astonished gaze,  
Down his oblivious stream. And loveliness  
And beauty, in all their glowing charms, float  
On his rolling current.

Proud man, adorned  
With health, girt round with strength, abroad he casts  
His eyes, and cries in his own majesty,  
“These, these are all my own. This lofty dome,  
Those towering spires, this spacious amphitheatre  
Of all that’s grand and great; these flocks and herds,  
These singing men and women; these timbrels  
And these harps are all my own!

Move, move along  
The giddy dance; raise high the flowing bowl,  
Sing aloud of pleasure!” His lofty brow  
He rears, his curling lip he presses, and  
Folds his arms as if he were immortal.  
While drinking in full drafts of adulation,  
A whirling eddy sweeps his sands away;  
He totters! lo, he falls! and where is he?

The warm devoted lover, flushed with hope,  
His bosom beating high with promised bliss,

Feels his full soul rejoice, and in his laughing  
 Eyes, you read his transport ; as gently from  
 Her hallowed shrine a mother's breast he rears  
 His beauteous bride ; as the sweet rose is  
 Plucked from off its parent stem in all its  
 Purity, and leads her forth, sweet gift, from  
 Her loved father's hand, in glowing pride to  
 The hymeneal altar.

Ere yet the rite  
 Begins, she seems identified with his  
 Existence. And with suppressed rapture  
 His happy soul catches the breathings of  
 Her parted lips—lists to the solemn vow  
 " I'm thine." Then, when he'd fold her as his own  
 For ever to his loved bosom, and bid  
 Her seek her heaven there. She faints ! great God !  
 She reels, and in his arms she falls ! The deep  
 Pulsations of her heart art still—no breath  
 Is found—no look—no murmuring from her cold  
 Compressed lips. Closed are her beamy eyes  
 On all she ever loved !

Then rose a cry  
 From the deep fount of wo—a shriek of wild  
 Despair—as down they laid her on her bed—  
 Her bridal bed—to sleep alone, the long,  
 Long sleep of death ! Like a bright meteor,  
 Whose little day was spent—then disappeared  
 In its own brilliancy.

The pleasant boy  
 With hoop and ball, bounds o'er the dewy lawn,  
 The pride and joy of his fond parent's eyes.  
 Upon life's flowery bank he careless strays,  
 Catching at bubbles as they blow along.  
 While his light heart is filled with mirth ; while o'er

His lilly brow the breath of love soft steals,  
 And kisses mingle on his young fair lips :  
 Forward he bounds, the gayest of the gay—  
 And while his eyes are sparkling with delight,  
 Away—he's borne—and strait is seen no more !

This is the mirror God holds up to man—  
 Vain, puny man, he scorns the beacon light,  
 Laughs loud at human wo ; and on the tide,  
 The treacherous tide, he rushes still, till death  
 And judgment stare him in the face !

Oh ! then—

He'd fain return—worlds, worlds he'd give for one  
 Short hour's reprieve. The stream rolls on—he's gone !  
 And thus like pebbles on the clear smooth lake,  
 Each circle widens till it laves the shore,  
 And sets its impress on eternity !

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## BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

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“ AMERICAN LADIES PROVE YOURSELVES WORTHY OF YOUR

PATRIOTIC MOTHERS.”

~~~~~

LISTEN to the thrilling cry  
 Borne upon the gentle breeze,  
 Raise the monument on high—  
 Beauty—now the moments seize.  
 To you, ye fair, the honor's lent  
 To crown the noble monument.

Woman—freemen turn to thee,  
Turn to thee with hearts intent,  
Daughters of the brave and free,  
Help us build the monument.  
Man waits the kindlings of thine eye,  
To rear the lofty spires on high !

Here was Freedom's stormy birth !  
Here she drew her vital breath—  
Rocked by the whirlwinds in their mirth,  
Nursed by carnage, fire, and death !  
There she dug th' oppressor's grave—  
Burst the fetter of the brave !

Let mothers to their children tell  
The tragic story o'er and o'er,  
How the trumpet's martial swell  
Mingled with the cannon's roar.  
Tell how frantic women prest  
Infant beauty to her breast.

Tell how oft our patriot sires,  
When their bosoms glowed with love,  
Left their altars, homes, and fires,  
Through the trackless wilds to rove—  
Upon the embattled plain they met,  
Where their sun of life is set !

Freedom, from the gilded tower,  
Wept to hear their dying groans ;  
Peace, within her sylvan bower,  
Shrank afrighted from their moans.  
Now we revel on the flood—  
Channelled by their noblest blood.

A lasting monument we deem  
Bunker Hill, demands its due,

Based upon the crimson stream,  
 Colored by its purple hue !  
 Beauty, lift the tearful eye,  
 Raise the monument on high.

Look, ye fair ones of our land,  
 Look and view the unfinished spire  
 Quick ; extend your fairy hand—  
 Touch the fane—it rises higher.  
 Martyred spirits on you smile.  
 As you near their funeral pile.

Lovely in her native charms,  
 Let the fair Celumbeia bride  
 Take the bracelets from her arms—  
 Take the bauble from her side.  
 Beauty needs no ornament,  
 Give them to the monument.

Lay the gift on Freedom's shrine,  
 Beauty's offering it shall be—  
 Wreaths immortal shall enshrine  
 Woman's name with liberty !  
 Let her stand our nation's pride,  
 Where the gallant Warren died !

Go—pursue your work of love,  
 Meet like Roman women true ;  
 Lay aside the hat and glove,  
 And the honored task renew.  
 Delighted let the needle ply,  
 To rear the monument on high.

Let faithful memory turn her eye  
 With meteor wings upon the past,  
 Listen to the matron's sigh,  
 See the maiden stand aghast !  
 From their hearts convulsed with wo,  
 Hear them sob—beloved—go.

Tell the tragic story o'er,  
 Till your breasts with Spartan fire  
 Burn like patriot hearts of yore,  
 To erect the honored spire.  
 Beauty ! unto you 'tis given,  
 Rear the monument to heaven !

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## STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE ATLANTIC OCEAN IN A STORM.

In twilight's sad and pensive hour  
 I stray'd along the sea-beat strand,  
 And gazed with wonder on that power,  
 Who holds the ocean in his hand.

The tempest raged with deafening roar,  
 The storm was awful, grand, sublime ;  
 The foaming billows lash'd the shore  
 Which they had beat from earliest time.

The clouds grew dark, the winds were wild,  
 The heavens in blackest sackcloth spread ;  
 No sun, nor moon, nor star now smil'd  
 Upon the gloom around my head.

No feathery sea-bird's scream from far  
 Came o'er the wave to greet mine ear—  
 To calm my fears amid the war,  
 That loud proclaim'd destruction near.



The lightnings blaze, the thunders roll,  
The earth's deep centre seemed to shake ;  
All nature, too, from pole to pole,  
With awful terror seemed to quake.

The cliffs, the hills, the mountains round,  
Looked trembling on the swelling tide,  
While beasts, and birds, and solid ground,  
Seemed anxious for a place to hide.

While omens dire on wings of storm,  
Were seen o'er Ocean's waves to sweep,  
And winds unpent, in raving form,  
Warred furious on the troubl'd deep.

Alone I stood and view'd aghast  
This grand, sublime, and awful scene ;  
And hoped amid the angry blast,  
Once more to see the sky serene.

That moment did an angel's voice,  
High o'er the storm, fall on my ear,  
And bid my trembling soul rejoice,  
And cast away my every fear.

" I hold the winds, I chain the waves,  
I hold the thunders—lightnings dart ;  
My word 'mid raging tempests saves,  
And gives sweet calmness to the heart.

" No more distrust my powers divine,  
While in life's dark and stormy way,  
But let true faith and hope combine,  
And point thee to a brighter day."

He spake ; the tempest cease to roar,  
The clouds disperse, the thunders cease,

The billows die upon the shore—  
The face of Ocean smiles in peace.

The sky is clear, the moon shines bright,  
The evening star hangs o'er the west ;  
I wander homeward by their light,  
And find with joy my couch of rest.

---

THE TEMPERANCE BOY.

“DEAR father, will you go with me  
Where the people flock around  
A little flag on a temperance tree,  
And call it holy ground ?

“My uncle Ben and all his sons  
Are standing 'round the tree ;  
They're going to fire the temperance guns—  
Come, father, go with me.

“Aunt Mary 's there with her young boy,  
And never in my life  
Did I e'er hear such shouts of joy—  
The very air is rife !

“There 's six big men who stand and speak  
Till every body cries ;  
And even poor old father Zeke  
Had tears in both his eyes.

“Those very men who used to drink,  
And, father, curse and swear—

I saw those very men, I think,  
Stand up and make a prayer.

“The women smile, though every eye  
Is gushing forth with tears ;  
The greatest men among us cry—  
And every body cheers !

“I want to see my mother smile  
As other women do ;  
Now all the hours she spares from toil,  
She spends in prayers for you.

“Dear father, come, and go with me,  
There 's a paper handed round  
Which makes each one who signs it, free  
Upon that holy ground.”

“I cannot go, my son,” he cried,  
“My clothes are old and gray ;  
How often have I wished I'd died  
Before I'd seen this day.”

“Oh yes, dear father—yes, you can,  
They had a temperance creed,  
And I heard good Mr. Delavan  
Say that you can succeed.

“He says there 's men from Baltimore  
The temperance pledge have signed,  
And thousands on old England's shore—  
And many more inclined.”

He pulled him gently by the arm,  
While the breath of woman stole  
Over his bosom like a charm,  
And fixed his wav'ring soul.

“ ‘ Hurrah ! hurrah ! ’ oh ! hear them cry—  
‘ Hurrah, hurrah, ’ they say ;  
‘ The temperance flag, oh ! let it fly,  
We’re sober men to-day ! ’ ”

He led his father to the tree  
Where the banner proudly waved  
In triumph and in majesty,  
O’er men no more enslaved.

Around upon the gathering crowd  
He fixed his steadfast eye,  
And then exclaimed in accents loud,  
“ My deadly foe shall die ! ”

He laid the paper on his knee,  
His face was bright with joy,  
“ I sign this pledge, ” he cried, “ for thee  
My brave, my noble boy ! ”

His son beheld him write his name,  
While tears of rapture flowed ;  
’Round his young form a hallowed flame  
In all its pureness glowed.

Clasping his little hands, he cried,  
“ Come, cheer my father too ; ”  
“ Hurrah ”—a thousand lips replied—  
“ Hurrah for him and you ! ”

## STANZAS,

ON SEEING A PICTURE OF THE SAILOR'S WIFE'S GRAVE IN THE  
LADY'S GARLAND, THE FOLLOWING FACT WAS PENNED.

~~~~~

THOU mournest not alone,  
Young sailor of the deep ;  
A brother fain would come  
And on the altar weep.  
One like thyself oppress'd with grief,  
On the cold grave would seek relief.

Loved'st thou the things of earth,  
And did they quickly fade ?  
The scenes of joy and mirth  
The shadows of a shade ?  
Does thy heart bleed o'er blighted love ?  
Then let me all a brother prove.

Bright was my nuptial morn,  
No fairer sun e'er shone  
Than that which lit the dawn  
When H. was all my own.  
A fair young bride of yesterday,  
And beautiful as flowers in May.

Over the wooded hills,  
And through the shaded grove,  
Beside the murmuring rills,  
We breath'd the tale of love.  
The blue waves as they kiss'd the shore,  
Witness'd our vows when day was o'er.

Soon the white sail was spread,  
 "All hands on board," they cry;  
 Then ceased our pensive tread  
 Beneath the starry sky.  
 To see us weep, the pale moon veil'd  
 Her lovely face as forth she sail'd.

I sought the bounding main,  
 And 'neath love's dewy star  
 The past appeared again,  
 And Harriett smil'd afar.  
 I saw her in her bridal dress,  
 Imaged in her own loveliness.

I dream'd—my sleep was sweet—  
 I drew her to my breast.  
 Again—"no more we met"—  
 Disturbed, and broke my rest.  
 Yet still I hope, and still I sigh'd,  
 To view once more my beauteous bride.

Borne on by gentle gales,  
 We sought our native land;  
 And soon our flowing sails  
 Sped by the whiten'd strand,  
 Where oft we stray'd in days of yore,  
 And listen'd to the ocean roar.

The dangerous coast we passed,  
 And reach'd the wished-for shore;  
 My Harriett's form I clasp'd,  
 And thought my perils o'er,  
 Clasp'd in my mind, to my fond heart,  
 Resolv'd we never more should part.

With buoyant step I flew  
 To grasp th' extended hand;

When back I quickly drew—  
 Not one of the bright band  
 Appear'd to welcome me—but all  
 Looked sad, and tears began to fall.

Swift as the lightning's speed  
 I sprang from off the deck ;  
 My spirit, as if freed,  
 Floated a mote—a speck—  
 Around, above, afar it fled,  
 Then waked to know my bride was dead !

Was dead—and laid in earth !  
 And our young bud of love,  
 Just passed her hour of birth,  
 And flew to realms above.  
 They both were dead ! and I alone—  
 Oh, God ! why turn'd I not to stone ?

They led me to the spot  
 Where the green willows wave ;  
 And there alone—forgot—  
 I found my Harriet's grave.  
 A little mound rear'd by her side,  
 My precious babe, and my young bride.

What was this world to me ?  
 I sought the waves again ;  
 Gaz'd on the deep blue sea,  
 And wooed the heaving main.  
 And long'd within its glassy breast  
 To find my everlasting rest.

With thee now let me weep,  
 I'll give thee tear for tear ;  
 The verdant sod we'll steep  
 With memories ever dear.  
 Where shall we hapless sailors turn,  
 Who knew no home but beauty's urn ?

## FILIAL PIETY.



“ DEAR father, will you lead me where  
 The pretty violets grow ?  
 And where the mountain daisy peeps,  
 And yellow cowslips blow ?

How long before the flowers will bloom,  
 The lilac and the rose,  
 We placed around our Willy's tomb,  
 To guard his sweet repose ?

It seems but yesterday he died,  
 My darling little brother ;  
 Then every one around us cried,  
 And you, and I, and mother.

How like a lily pale he lay,  
 Dress'd in his cambric bands ;  
 His forehead, oh, how beautiful !  
 And his white waxen hands.

How beautiful the lock of hair  
 Upon his face of snow,  
 Which mother used to dress each day,  
 And curl upon his brow.

I wish our Willy could have liv'd  
 And gone with me to play,  
 I miss him every where I go,  
 And more and more each day.



When you are gone my mother weeps,  
Her heart is sore oppress'd ;  
I cry until I fall asleep  
Upon her gentle breast.

She says the summer soon will come,  
And pretty flowers will bloom,  
And then with me she'll wander forth,  
And dress sweet Willy's tomb.

The other day she took me there,  
And then she knelt and pray'd,  
And on the cold white altar stone,  
Her own sweet face she laid.

I sometimes fear that she will die,  
And then what should we do ?  
No other in the world I'd have,  
But only God and you.

Come, father, let us both return,  
And homeward bend our way ;  
To visit little Willy's tomb,  
We'll come some other day."

With quicken'd steps they sought their home,  
The father and the child ;  
No mother smiled to see them come,  
Her eyes was strangely wild.

" Why brought you not my Willy dear ?  
For him I've waited long,  
I cannot, will not, tarry here,  
But seek my bird of song.

I see him like a seraph bow  
And reach his little hand ;

With fadeless flowers around his brow,  
Pluck'd from the 'spirit land.'"

The father caught her to his breast,  
Entranc'd awhile she lay—  
Clung closely to her place of rest,  
Then soared from earth away.

"Thy mother's heart, my child, is broke !  
Look now to God and me ;  
Oh, heavy, heavy is the yoke  
So early laid on thee."

"Oh, father, father, take me where  
Sweet Willy lies alone,  
And lay my mother by my side,  
Close by the altar stone."

"What, leave your father all alone,  
My sweetest, dearest joy ;  
Thy mother, Willy, Charley gone,  
Who'll care for me, my boy ?"

"No, father, no, for you I'll wait  
Till mother from on high,  
And Willy calls us, then we both  
Will lay us down and die."

## THE TROUBADOUR.



THE proud Saxon gazed on his beautiful child -  
 As she came in her jewels array'd ;  
 " No Norman," he cried, " in these dense regions wild,  
 Shall look on her charms so heavenly and mild,  
 Though he come on his war horse, a knight-errant styl'd,  
 Nor glance e'en his eye on the maid."

How deluded the Saxon, he knew not the hours  
 Which love had made joyous and sweet ;  
 He knew not how often in Sherwood's green bowers,  
 When the wild primrose bloom'd 'mid a forest of flowers,  
 The Norman had knelt, disarmed of his powers,  
 And bowed himself low at her feet.

" Come, haste thee, my loved one," the proud Saxon cried,  
 " To the tournament quickly repair ;  
 And I on my palfrey my banner have tied,  
 The old and the young in their gladness have hied,  
 My helmet and shield, and thee by my side,  
 I pant in my soul to be there."

To the tourney they sped, already were there,  
 A multitude gathered around ;  
 The knights of the garter, the temple and star,  
 The Norman, the Saxon, the hero from far,  
 Appeared in their armor, equipped for the war,  
 And assembled *en masse* on the ground.

The arena was cleared—the conflict began,  
 The contest was bloody and long ;

Two brave gallant knights, whom all to a man,  
 Had yielded their prowess, met now in the van ;  
 They hurl'd their bright lances, on each other ran,  
     Inspired by the shouts of the throng.

"Be ye Norman or Saxon," the bold Harold cried,  
     "By my vow no longer I'm bound ;  
 The one who shall conquer, let what will betide,  
 The fair Saxon beauty shall have for his bride—  
 Such a son in my halls, my glory and pride,  
     Ere nightfall shall surely be found."

The white plume of Edgar waved high in the air  
     As the words of the Saxon were heard ;  
 He leaped from his steed with chivalrous care,  
 And met the young foeman, whose dark waving hair  
 Had escaped from his visor, while the eyes of the fair,  
     Revealed how the contest was feared.

The young Saxon beauty looked on in dismay,  
     For the loved of her heart was dismayed ;  
 'Twas a moment—when bright in his costly array,  
 The shield of his foe 'neath his valor gave way ;  
 He conquer'd—and hastened his laurels to lay  
     At the feet of the maiden alarmed.

The young queen of beauty bowed low as he knelt,  
     And received the white glove from his hand ;  
 'Twas a Norman, and Harold, though displeasure he felt,  
 Yet true to his word, gave his quiver and belt,  
     And hail'd him the lord of his land.

At the board the wine-cup went merrily round,  
     The guests were assembled in glee ;  
 Old Harold he laughed as the joke fully wound,  
 To think that the knight, on his own kingly ground,  
 Was no stranger, but that the fair Saxon had found,  
     And charmed with his sweet minstrelsey.

His lady-love smiled as the Norman he bowed,  
And led her delighted along ;  
As they passed to the altar amid the dense crowd,  
The Saxon looked up and his heart became proud :  
He remembered the day when his own praise was loud,  
And he danced to the Troubadour's song.

---

## THE "SPIRIT LAND."

A DREAM.



I DREAMED I soared 'mid fields of light,  
Above each twinkling orb afar ;  
My form array'd in dazzling white,  
And on my head the morning star.

Immortal youth upon my brow,  
Enstamped her living image there ;  
Flowers, which alone in Eden grow,  
Were braided in my flowing hair.

Celestial music 'round me stole,  
In one unbroken, heavenly choir,  
Enwrapt, entranced, all ear, all soul,  
I mounted higher yet, and higher,

'Till in the distance, far away,  
Throned on a cloud of azure blue ;  
A temple, brighter far than day,  
Arose mid hosts, like morning dew.

No sun was there, nor full orb'd moon,  
 No stars dispensed their silvery light;  
 And yet, more brilliant far than noon,  
 Arose that temple on my sight.

Two winged ones, as near I drew,  
 With golden harps in either hand,  
 Flew from the city in my view,  
 And whispered, 'tis the "Spirit Land."

The "Spirit Land!" oh, take me there,  
 And let me find my place of rest;  
 They bore me upward through the air,  
 And laid me on my Saviour's breast.

---

STANZAS TO—.



HEAVEN oped its golden portals wide  
 And bade the lovely come;  
 Sent angel spirits for her guide  
 To bear her safely home:  
 On pinions bright they swiftly sped,  
 And hovered 'round her dying bed.

She heard the music of their lyres  
 As near her couch they drew,  
 But still her bosom's warm desires  
 To one loved object flew.  
 She could not leave her house of clay  
 'Till she had seen the loved — away.

She wished once more to fondly gaze  
On one for ever dear.  
The sweet companion of those days,  
Undimm'd by sorrow's tear.  
Her spirit waited for the voice  
Which ever made her heart rejoice.

Her burning head she longed to lay  
Upon his faithful breast—  
To have him kiss her life away,  
While to his bosom prest ;  
She thought 'twould ease the pains of death,  
To have him catch her dying breath.

'Twas sweet, she thought, when called to die,  
To know that he was near ;  
'Twas sweet to think her latest sigh  
Would murmur in his ear.  
She wished once more to grasp his hand,  
And point him to the " Spirit Land."

Death could not draw the fatal dart  
O'er one so passing fair ;  
He could not stop her throbbing heart,  
And crush the fond hope there.  
The foe insatiate quailed to see  
Such mingled love and agony.

'Twas love undying, love divine,  
Which back the arrow kept ;  
'Twas the pure light on friendship's shrine,  
Which never yet had slept.  
The hidden power of woman's love,  
That made the archer back remove.

Her wavy hair dishevelled lay  
Upon her neck of snow ;

Her life was ebbing fast away,  
Its pulses waning low,—  
More breathless every moment grew,  
'Till the loved object met her view.

Enfolded in his loved embrace,  
Her happy spirit fled ;  
He read the triumph in her face,  
The beautiful was dead !  
She clasped the blessing she implored—  
Beloved in life, in death adored.

Take now one lock of her dark hair,  
If one to you be given ;  
Time never can the gift impair,  
'Tis true as yonder heaven.  
Keep the bright curl one fleeting year,  
And steep it oft with memory's tear.

This sacred relic — take,  
And wear it near your heart ;  
Oh, keep it for Maria's sake,  
And never with it part.  
And when with care and wo oppress'd,  
'Twill prove a talisman of rest.

And if you should in after years  
Select another friend,  
Still will you know there 's bliss in tears,  
Which life can only end.  
The tear of fond regret will roll,  
When joys departed light the soul.



## T W I L I G H T .



SWEET is the hour when lingering in the west,  
 Departing day throws 'round his roseate hue ;  
 When gorgeous vapors on the mountain rest,  
 And valleys glitter with the falling dew.  
 When eve's first star above the distant main,  
 Like a pure spirit from a holier sphere,  
 Hangs in the beauty of some hidden chain,  
 And throws around a radiance mild and clear.

When the pale moon up the ethereal height  
 In silent grandeur winds her mystic way,  
 Veils with a cloud her lovely face from sight,  
 And then breaks forth with more refulgent ray.  
 When in the distance the lone Whippowill  
 Pours his shrill notes from off some friendly tree,  
 And from the summit of a neighboring hill,  
 Are heard the echoes of the Kata Dee.

When ocean rolling o'er its coral caves,  
 Dashes in thunder on the lonely shore,  
 While on the cliffs the wild grass gently waves,  
 And bows to hear its everlasting roar.  
 When the young sailor on the flowing deep,  
 Firm at his helm, surveys the dashing foam,  
 Thinks of the cottage where the woodbines creep  
 Around the windows of his " own sweet home."

When wearied man plods on his musing way,  
 His scanty earnings o'er his shoulder flung,  
 Sees 'round his door his little ones at play,  
 With words of kindness flowing from their tongue.  
 When from his home, to meet his fond embrace,  
 His Ellen hastens with a joyful bound ;

The smiles of pleasure beaming on her face,  
As husband, children, circle her around.

The mellowed hour, when pensive lovers stray  
O'er wooded hill and through the shaded grove—  
When murmuring brooklets, as they softly play,  
Listen delighted with their vows of love.

The spirit hour, when o'er the dewy earth,  
Memory comes dancing 'mid her shadowy train  
Of hopes that perish'd in their hour of birth,  
As vain as fair, and false as they were vain.

To well-remember'd scenes she soars away ;  
When 'round the altar of domestic bliss,  
Parents' lov'd smiles lit up each opening day,  
And children climb'd to gain the envied kiss.  
When the charm'd cup gave forth its dreamy draught,  
And wrapt the senses in untold delight ;  
When morning in the glorious sunshine laugh'd,  
And evening revell'd in the moon's pale light.

To golden moments when the heart beat high,  
And music lent enchantment to the hours,  
When love was breath'd beneath the star-lit sky,  
And dew-drops sparkled on ambrosial flowers.  
When fears were banish'd and the heavens were bright,  
When tempests slept and whirlwinds held their breath,  
When thunders linger'd neath th' electric light,  
And hope and joy disarm'd the monster death.

Bright spots on which remembrance loves to dwell,  
As evening shadows drape the world around ;  
Oases green, which on life's desert tell,  
That here and there a little rill was found.  
Rills of delight, they murmur 'round the soul,  
As twilight brings the lov'd of other years ;  
Their gushing music o'er the senses roll,  
And melt the senses in delicious tears.

Like healing balm rich virtue tears impart,  
 When memory, too faithful to her trust,  
 Unlocks the secret chambers of the heart,  
 And there surveys the beautiful, *in dust*.  
 The beautiful, who, though they sleep in death,  
 Whisper at twilight in the curling vine, —  
 Float through the air upon a zephyr's breath,  
 And 'round the soul their shadowy arms entwine.

We clasp the phantoms 'neath love's dewy star,  
 The tell-tale planet of departed joys;  
 Converse of hopes which glimmer'd from afar,  
 And met the blast that with a breath destroys.  
 The blast which scattered in its direful wrath  
 Contagious vapors o'er earth's fairest flowers;  
 Poison'd the fountains playing in its path,  
 And dimm'd the lustre of its silver showers.

These forms ethereal on the spangled sky,  
 Teach us a language God has written there;  
 Show how the stars that gild the vault on high,  
 His love and glory in their light declare.  
 They bid Remembrance yield to Faith her wand,  
 Faith, heavenly maid, wipes every tear away;  
 Mounting, she bears us to the "Spirit Land,"  
 And opes the regions of unclouded day.

Delightful prospect! where eternal noon  
 For ever shines, "where skies no night e'er wear,"  
 Where the dim stars and the inconstant moon,  
 No more are seen in waning beauty fair.  
 But one broad stream of uncreated light,  
 Bursts from the centre—God himself the gaul,  
 Dispensing strength to the immortal sight,  
 As day succeeds the "twilight of the soul."



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